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A WALLACK WOMAN

TRANSYLVANIA;

ITS PRODUCTS AND ITS PEOPLE.

By CHARLES BONER,

AUTHOR OF 'CHAMOIS HUNTING IN THE MOUNTAINS OF BAVARIA,' 'FORMOSAN CREATURES,' ETC. ETC.

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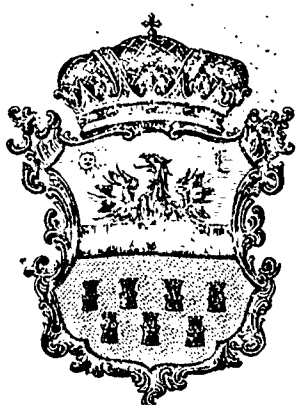

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PREFACE.

ANY traveller in Transylvania will discover the difficulty of obtaining correct information on particular questions, owing to the influence of nationality and of political feeling. I have endeavoured to correct my statements by weighing the evidence obtained from a variety of persons of the most opposite ways of thinking; and no conclusion has been formed without being carefully sifted and compared. For political views I am, of course, alone responsible. Errors have, no doubt, crept into the book, in spite of all my care to avoid them. I shall be grateful to any one, competent to point them out, who will call my attention to them, and shall gladly rectify the mistakes, if an opportunity be afforded me.

While in Transylvania I found every one willing to aid and give me information; and the assistance thus rendered was of the greatest service. To Professor Henry Finály, of Klausenburg, I am indebted for copies of the Roman tablets, and an acquaintance with their mode of use and their inscriptions, and for elucidation of many a subject which was not quite clear to me. To several

of the Hungarian noblemen whose acquaintance I had the good fortune to make, I owe a better knowledge of the statistics and the revenues of the country, and the deficiencies in many of the existing laws, as well as in their method of working.

My honoured friend John Charles Schuller has ended an active, bright career while this work was going through the press. Both from his works and his conversation I derived much instruction, and as long as I was in the land, he was unremitting in his endeavours to introduce me to those who, in literature and science, had made for themselves a name. I am under great obligations to Baron Blasius Orban, for most kindly allowing me to make use of a number of photographs which he had himself taken, while travelling through Transylvania, for a large work illustrating the country.

Rector Frederic Müller, also, most kindly gave me *clichés* from the woodcuts in his treatise on the fortified churches of the Saxons, which are excellent aids in my description of them.

It is from Dr. Teutsch's History of the Transylvanian Saxons, and Sievert's Monograph on Hermannstadt, that I have taken the facts given in Chapters V., VIII., IX. It may perhaps be found that in the following pages, the same subject is alluded to more than once. However, this repetition only shows how general the practice or the feeling spoken of, is throughout the province, and may tend, therefore, to produce on the reader the same impression which the author received by hearing and seeing things constantly repeated.

The present work was to have appeared some months earlier, but for certain reasons its publication has been

deferred. This statement is necessary, as the changes which since then have occurred in the Austrian Cabinet have given the long-pending Hungarian question an entirely new phase. But for this explanation, many a remark here made on political views and character might seem to the reader uncalled-for and even contradictory.

It is ardently to be desired that the proposed changes may, by mutual concession and mutual confidence, be brought to a happy termination. No one wishes this more sincerely than myself; and heartily glad should I be, if, by their moderation and avoidance of ill-placed mistrust, the Hungarians were to prove the opinions here expressed to be ill-founded. I shall joyfully and as readily proclaim my mistake.

Every one who knows the Hungarians, must fervently hope for a change that will put an end to their present unnatural isolation; and all who wish well to Austria must anxiously look forward to a better understanding between herself and the most powerful portion of her Empire.

CHARLES BONER.

London, October, 1865.

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ERRATUM.

At page 143, line 23 from top, *for* North *read* South.

TRANSYLVANIA:

ITS PRODUCTS AND ITS PEOPLE.

CHAPTER I.

DOWN THE DANUBE.

On quitting the station at Vienna to drive to the hotel, all you see impresses you with the idea of a large town. There is a life and activity in the streets, which struck me perhaps all the more on account of my having come from Bavaria. How all has been changed—both city and people—within the last few years! The new political life they have received seems to have imparted itself to the physical existence of each one; bodily and mentally he moves and breathes more freely.

The diversity of character which the various physiognomies present that meet you at every step, also tell of the many nations which here are brought together. What women, especially, pass you in the street! The slim, lithe Hungarian,—a perfect Lamia woman,—with passion-pale cheek, jet-black hair, and eye in which lurks a latent fire; the more oriental Wallachian, with softer, sensuous air,—in her style of dress and even in her carriage unlike a dweller in the West; a Moldavian princess,

wrapped in a Turkish shawl, her dark, yet clear complexion seeming to mark her as a daughter of the ardent South; and as she glides by majestically like a reigning queen, a glance from her quick eye falls upon you and almost makes you tremble beneath its searching power. And now a Serb marches proudly past, his countenance calm as a Turk's; or a Constantinople merchant sweeps along in his loose robes and snowy turban. There are, too, Greeks, Dalmatians, and Croats, all different in feature: there is no end to the variety.

A circumstance showed me how unstable every condition was considered to be in the empire, and how prepared men were for a daily change. On buying a map of Transylvania, I observed to the bookseller that the different divisions of the districts were not marked. "That is no matter," he said, quite gravely; "in a week perhaps all may be changed. If I were to give you the map you want, before you reached Transylvania very likely everything might be altered." At present in Austria all is in a transition state: and it is well that it is so, if only each step taken be a remove from the old system to one more adapted to an awaking land,—to one that has begun the great work of regeneration.

A day or two after, I started for Belgrade. Some way beyond Vienna we changed our little steamer for a fine large boat, and went down the magnificent river at a good rate.* And yonder, on a limestone crag, stands a ruined

* The engine had on it an English maker's name, "Penn." These were the best, so the captain told me, of any the company possessed. Out of 124 steamboats, only two had not English engines.

British workmanship and British enterprise are met with everywhere. A Hungarian gentleman on the boat spoke of an Englishman who lived near his estate, "one of the best engineers in the country." And lower down, on his way to the Servian shore of the Danube, I met an adventurous Englishman who had a band of men at work in a coal-mine he had

castle: that is the border-fortress Theben, and the land we look upon is Hungary, where so much valour and chivalrous feeling has been displayed; the land, too, of open-handed hospitality, but where also, unfortunately, self-will and vanity and a depreciatory estimate of whatever is not Hungarian have worked, and still work, so much evil.*

We stop for some moments at Presburg, bare and dejected-looking, and take some gipsy soldiers on board, who were being sent home,—most of them as black as Hindoos, and, despite their military training, still showing in their looks that impatience of restraint peculiar to a wild animal.

As we proceed further the river is covered with fowl; ducks, geese, and herons were wheeling in the air or alighting with a whirring commotion on the broad expanse of water.†

By degrees all changes more and more. Our old every-day scenes give way to others, on which men with other looks are moving. The land is flat, like the desert, and the slightest elevation, however far off, is seized and dwelt

lately opened, and he was now taking down bullocks, sheep, wine, and corn, to his little colony, lodged in tents and huts among the wild gorges of the mountains. Sometimes, he told me, when pressed for time, he rode across the country through the forests, with a peasant taken from the next best village as his guide. Sometimes he would make his way over the mountains quite alone, and knowing the direction of his goal urged on his shaggy pony thitherward, looking occasionally at the compass to know if he were going right. And with his few words of Servian he would demand a lodging and food at some miserable inn; his brave bearing alone perhaps preserving him from attack; for the Servians are a lawless set, and every man you meet is armed to the teeth. I felt proud of my countryman, of his manly resolve, his open cheery manner, and his resoluteness and determination.

* Like the Turk who calls every foreigner a "Frank," the Hungarian designates every non-Hungarian as "Nemet."

† There I saw the water-raven, *károly katona* in Hungarian,—a bird somewhat smaller than a goose, black, and resembling a raven in shape. They make a circle, like fishermen, to drive the fish; and after remaining all day in the water, roost at night on trees, although web-footed.

upon by the wearied eye, glad of any object to break the monotony. The water was low just now, and long banks of sand showed everywhere in the river. The broken banks, too, on either side, gave evidence of the power of the stream. There were few villages, and you felt, as you went on thus hour after hour, that it was very desolate. The sunlight even could not make the Danube here look cheerful. Now on a long strip of sand in the middle of the river stood a solitary white figure, with a boat drawn up on the shoal,—far or near, no human habitation,—and the lonely man seemed like a wrecked mariner that had been cast up on this great solitude.

The Danube is something magnificent. It produces a strange melancholy feeling, and an awful one of power. It is master here. It rolls on through these vast plains, deluging them at times and tearing away whole tracts with its waves. The American rivers must have a similar character. The Rhine and the Thames are mill-streams in comparison with it.

From time to time there is a little life on the shore. Large herds of white oxen plunge into the stream, and brown children, with long black locks hanging over their shoulders, and large linen trousers, bleached by the sun and air to a dazzling whiteness, play about or stand and shout as we pass; or a fragile cart, with three horses abreast,—thin, long creatures,—dashes over the plain, and there is a merry hubbub of voices and gay laughter, as the smart Hungarian youth flourishes his whip and screams to his nimble team. And now we land two bright-faced ladies, and a light carriage-and-four is there with their husbands or brothers; and there are glad hearty greetings, and we can just see them, as we steam away, dashing along over the Pusta to regain their Hungarian home.

Where some tributary stream enters the Danube, a steamer is waiting to take passengers up the river. How lonely and sad all looks, not a living soul to be seen on that vessel's decks! One might think it were stranded there and all on board had perished. Except Pesth and Gran and Peterwardein, there is not much to be seen; but still for a European,—for one who has not seen the rivers of America,—it is worth while to come down here by boat, that he may behold the mighty stream and be witness of its power, and see how it lords it over everything around.

Our boat was filled with most picturesque groups—Serbs, Dalmatians, gipsy soldiers, and Wallack women in rich and varied costume. Some, in snow-white linen, were lying on a mat asleep, partly covered by a coarse carpet of Turkish web and sober colour. Here a Servian gentleman, with his greaves and Turkish trousers, and in the shawl round his waist two long Oriental-looking pistols; and there a group of long-bearded men seated on the deck on their outspread carpet, smoking and talking together. The poorest among them had an air of quiet dignity. Whether it was their arms which gave evidence of power, or their fine forms and handsome countenances, or the character which the turban imparted, that produced this effect, I know not, but it was impossible to stand face to face with one of them and not acknowledge that it was there. On board, however, were one or two with a sinister air; and had we met in a forest, the long knife would, I think, have been soon unsheathed, unless my quicker hand had shown the revolver ready for instant use.

Until lately the Servians were always called "Ratzen" (the *a* pronounced long, "Rätzen), just as the present Rumains (Romänen) were, till the other day, called Wal-

lacks. Not long since both were a wild horde, without a trace of civilization; but since that malignant epidemic, the "nationality fever," has raged in Europe, both have changed their old appellation, and the word "Ratzen" is now considered by every Servian as an insult

At last, in the distance a hill is perceptible, and on its sides and top are walls and houses and pointed towers. Yonder lies Belgrade.

We stop at Semlin. How disappointing! I walked into the town prepared for new costumes and new sights, but all is provokingly old-fashioned; and the answer of the maid of the inn when she heard me call, "Was schaffen Sie?" was quite overwhelming. They were the very words of a Munich *Kellnerin*. Beware of Semlin, ye travellers! It has a bad reputation for honesty, and deserves it well.

If disappointed with Semlin, the visit to Belgrade repaid me for my waiting. Our boat took two barges in tow down the river to the fortress, and there sat and walked about soldiers of the Sultan—real Turkish men—in their bright uniform. One sat on his carpet on deck, with turban on, quietly smoking his chibouk,—a bearded turbaned Turk! What a pleasure it was to look at him and feel that here at last was something essentially of the East, and that a new world was beginning to open before me! It is no doubt an event in a man's life to be for the first time in love, but it is no less so when for the first time he sees a genuine live Turk upon Eastern ground.

We approach the fortress, and there are troops of soldiers moving about, others fishing, and some squatting down to see us Christians pass. Here and there, one above the other, at their different posts, stand the sentinels, mostly in Turkish dress, but some few in Frank uniform.

And now we are at the landing-place, and a troop of Servians come on board for the baggage, and each placing

a sort of saddle low down upon his back, stoops while his comrades load him like a beast of burden. Box upon box and packing-case upon packing-case, and trunks are piled up, and he stands still the while, mute as a camel; and when the enormous pile is complete and a rope thrown over all, he is told to jog on. And he does jog on, bent downwards and with a strange waddling gait. Some of these men are small thin fellows, who must, you think, be crushed by the superincumbent weight. And standing about are other men, all in white; and some with sandals on and highly-coloured leggings, and in their broad girdles pistol and formidable knife.

Belgrade is worth all you see between it and Vienna, from the perfect novelty of everything. The population is very mixed, but still quite unlike what is met with in Western Europe. The water-carriers, the curious arrangements of the shops,—all told of life belonging to the East. The dress of the Servian women is extremely beautiful, and that of a group of ladies returning to Belgrade in the evening was rich and costly beyond description. As a necklace they wore a row of ducats overlapping each other like the buttons on the peasants' coats in Bavaria, and in their dark hair were rings and gold coin. One wore a light purple silk skirt with large flowers, while her jacket, open partly in front with a bodice beneath, was of the palest blue satin trimmed with silver. A long scarf loosely knotted was wound round her waist, and hung down on one side. A rich silk kerchief was crossed over the bosom, and under it a covering of most delicate lawn. On the head was a roll of purple velvet, and intertwined with it were thick braids of hair, so arranged that the whole formed a sort of natural diadem. In front was a large button of pearls, and on both sides also. Another had a jacket of dark red-brown velvet embroidered with

gold, and her jet-black hair showed beneath a Turkish fez. I met these lovely laughing Belgrade girls as I was returning to Semlin; they came just in time to gladden my eyes with their beauty.

As it was necessary to have permission to enter the citadel, I went to the police to get the necessary paper. After waiting an immense time I learned that the officer was asleep, and his men were afraid to wake him. This was unfortunate, as there was little time to lose on account of the steamer's departure. But as he was only in the next room I did my best to disturb him by walking heavily about the floor, upsetting chairs, and opening and shutting the door. At last he shuffled in, half asleep and evidently in a very bad humour, but he gave me the paper. The dirt of such a police-office is hardly to be described. The men, too, a fine strong race, look begrimed and unwashed, and their Frank uniform becomes them much less than their own native costume.

A very intelligent Turkish artillery officer was good enough to accompany me round the fortress. He had been long in Vienna, and in order to make himself well acquainted with the different branches of military service, had served for a time in an infantry and cavalry regiment, as well as in the artillery. We saw the men of a Turkish Jäger regiment at drill; and really nothing could be more picturesque. There was a theatrical look in their mode of exercise, swinging their rifle dexterously round their head, and other unnecessary evolutions; but it was a pretty sight. A Zouave could hardly show more activity than these men displayed; and it was evident they enjoyed what they were about, and thought it good fun. And what splendid fellows they were! And what heads! All were broad-shouldered and strong, and not in our own regiment of Guards

might be seen finer specimens of humanity. I went among them afterwards, when they were at their evening meal, and they were merry and laughing,—not taciturn as Turks are invariably represented to be. The Jäger were from Constantinople; the gunners from Anatolia; and my friendly *cicerone* was from the Dardanelles. The major was an Arab, as dark as a Bedouin, but with an intelligent warrior countenance. When all was over, came the parade; the music was cheerful and the tunes were very like the Scotch, the shrill fifes furthering the resemblance. At the end, there was a prayer for the Sultan, every one saluting; then came a flourish, and the men were dismissed.

The Turks hate the Servians with utmost intensity. They do not associate with them; and though now at peace, are still always prepared against sudden attack. Every redoubt is each night guarded by twenty-five men with a trumpeter; for without this precaution the garrison feel they would not be safe.

At drill, as in the field, the word of command is replaced by a trumpet signal. As there are many, the difference between them cannot always be strongly marked, and hence they are liable to be misunderstood. Once indeed, during a battle in Montenegro, owing to a mistake of the trumpeter, seven battalions were destroyed.

The streets of Belgrade were literally strewn with grapes; and men were everywhere carrying basketfuls about for sale. At the villages we stopped at on our journey further it was the same; and at Semendria, a Servian village, I bought an oka (2½ lb.) of luscious fruit for somewhat less than a penny. Our boat, too, was laden with piles of it, covered with bloom.*

* From my countryman on the boat I learned the price of certain articles at Belgrade, which it may not be uninteresting to give here. Fowls 6*d.* a-

At Basiasch, a railroad leads to Temesvar. It was fair-time there, and I saw Wallachian men and women for the first time. In spite of the heat, many had on their heavy sheepskins. There was a strange mixture of different nationalities, and altogether it was a wild barbaric scene. The bright colours of the costumes made it gay, and among these the black dresses of the Swabian peasants looked very sombre. These people, despite their long sojourn in the land, speak their *patois* as broadly as though they still were living in the Black Forest. Their neatness and cleanliness contrasted strongly with the dirt and half-civilized condition of the other peasantry.

There are two facts in natural history that perhaps are worth recording. The finest pigs it is possible to see anywhere are to be found in Hungary, and are called the Palatine breed. Round as they are, they do not grow unwieldy like our English swine. Nor is the fat the same; it is hard and firm, like that of the wild boar. They are covered with a fine curling hair, and are quite an exception to the ordinary disgusting animal of the same species. Their food, too, is not unsavoury; some handfuls of maize are flung before them, and, as they crunch each golden grain, one almost feels inclined to eat some with them. The other result of my observation is that Temesvar fleas exceed in size any that I have ever yet seen. They must be the survivors of that time when "there were giants in the land." Owing to the long drought, the suffering in Hungary and the Banat was dreadful. All was dried up, and there was no herbage for cattle, no food for men.* The cattle could not be sold at

piece, ducks 9*d.*, turkeys 9*d.* and 10*d.*, geese 13*d.*, a sheep weighing eight stone 5*s.*, the skin being worth 2*s.*, bullocks £3. 10*s.*, candles 11*d.* per lb.

* For affording pasture to 100 head of cattle from July to November fifty of the number were given as payment; of a flock of sheep two-thirds were accepted. Seven head of cattle—cows, bulls, and heifers—were sold

any price, for there was no one to buy them, though four florins was gladly accepted for a full-grown ox. And in order to try and save something, the peasant killed his sheep and threw them to the pigs, that they at least might for awhile have something to eat. Thatch five years old was pulled from the roof and given as fodder. Horses were driven forth to seek a living for themselves; if they survived and were found again, so much the better; but if they wandered away or were taken possession of by any passer-by it mattered not either. The whole Banat, the granary of Austria, usually so fertile and abounding in corn, now more resembled the floor of a room than ploughed fields or pasture-land; and a marsh lying between Temesvar and Basiasch, 50,000 *Joch** in extent, always filled with myriads of wildfowl, was this year completely dried up; a circumstance that had not been known since Trajan's time. In the evening, at supper, I had a foretaste of what I was later to become familiar with on my travels through Transylvania,—of that deep inimical feeling which everything emanating from Vienna calls forth in Hungary. My inquiries addressed to some gentlemen at table, showed them I was a stranger; and, after answering them, they said in an irritated tone, "But what do *you* come here or? there is nothing worth seeing in the land. What can *you* care to know anything about us, half civilized, half barbarians, as we are?"—"There is much to see that is

for 183 *fl.*, and their owner was glad to get so much for them. It was a sad time. Amidst such misery, it was an ill-placed economy and very impolitic on the part of the Stände Versammlung in Vienna to reduce the sum which Government proposed to lend to Hungary. Government wished to give thirty millions; the vote of the House decided it should be twenty. To chaffer at such a moment of dreadest need was unfeeling; to act so with a people so over-sensitive as the Hungarians, particularly at so favourable a moment for showing unanimous and fullest sympathy, was an act of imbecility.

* One *Joch* is nearly 1½ acre.

very interesting," I replied; "both land and people are so; at least for an Englishman." "Oh, Englishman!" one of them suddenly exclaimed; "Oh, if you are an Englishman it's all right;" and from that moment, his whole manner, as well as his tone, was changed. He told others who I was, and all were eager to give me information as to the country I was going to, and even some words of introduction to different persons there. It was impossible to be more friendly or obliging. For "die Leute dort oben" ("the people yonder") in Vienna, namely, by which the Government was meant, he had only words of bitterness.

I spoke of Kossuth. "Kossuth is a dead man," said one who, as I afterwards learned, was an active politician. He laughed at the thought of his ever playing a part again. Later, on renewing the subject, the laconic answer given me was, "I have already told you Kossuth is a dead man," and that seemed to be considered as making further talk about him unnecessary. Of Kossuth, one of the most influential Hungarian noblemen, one of the best patriots, spoke to me later as follows:—"His oratory was extraordinary, his manner and his personal appearance most winning. He was an excellent speaker, and an admirable newspaper-article writer; but that was all. Such qualities, however, are not sufficient to qualify a man for a statesman; and he was no statesman. He was, as every one knows, no soldier either. But he was very vain, and moreover he was governed by his wife; who, by the bye, was a very ugly, but very ambitious woman. Now there have been great musicians, philosophers, poets, painters, who were ruled by their wives; but history, I believe, cannot show us one name of a great statesman completely under womanly jurisdiction. This ambition of his wife, his subjection to her will, and his own vanity, caused him to commit a most grievous error. He

thought it would be a very fine thing for him to take and enter triumphantly the capital of Hungary; and his wife cherished with delight the thought of holding her court there. So when Görgei had beaten the Austrians at Waitzen, by which the army under Welden was forced to retreat to Presburg, Görgei, who was pursuing in order to harass and destroy it, was suddenly ordered by Kossuth to turn back and lay siege to Ofen. Now, the Austrians, under Hentzi, were here in sufficient force to occupy Görgei some weeks;* and, meanwhile, the retreating army not only got off in safety, but time was gained in Vienna to acquire fresh strength and devise new plans and operations. What Görgei ought to have done was to march at once against the Austrian frontier. When Bem heard of Kossuth's order, he could hardly believe it possible for a man to commit so monstrous a stupidity, and was beside himself with vexation. When Ofen was at last taken, three weeks were again lost without doing anything. But this was not Görgei's fault. Kossuth, however, had occasionally 'gute Einfälle' (a happy thought). One such was, when Windischgrätz was advancing upon Pesth, and there was no means of resisting the attack in force, his advising that the Chamber should retreat to Debreczin. This was a wise and admirable move. Had the Austrians arrived and had all been made prisoners, there would have been an end of the whole affair. As it was, Görgei caused a diversion, and held Windischgrätz in check. Time was thus gained. The roads were bad, the rail then was only finished a part of the way, and no advance was made on Debreczin. In the spring, the Hungarians advanced and were successful.

"That Kossuth was no statesman he showed by his promulgating the cessation of allegiance to the Austrian

* The siege lasted three weeks. The defence under Hentzi was heroic.

Emperor. He was warned not to do it; and in the Parliament were many—they were the minority, it is true, but a minority of the best and wisest and calmest men—who opposed the act with all their might. But he was not to be stopped, and this most foolish act was committed. An Englishman came to him—not sent from England, but from a Hungarian in Paris—to bring the warning. He was first at Ofen when he associated with the Austrians, and afterwards he went to Debreczin to carry the writing to Kossuth. He had it concealed in a button. But Kossuth was not to be counselled, and he proclaimed the renunciation of allegiance.

"With the people Kossuth was most popular, and he had great influence over them. With the calmer and more intelligent he had not this influence. These knew that good speeches and good newspaper articles are not the only things wanted in a leader. That he was sincere and well-intentioned there is no reason to doubt. He was not strict; on the contrary he was lax in his discipline, and if he had been severer some few might perhaps have suffered more, but the cause altogether—the great body of the nation—would have greatly gained. He had not the power of imposing by his presence. One very great fault in him was that he never could set himself a boundary beyond which he was not to go,—never fix a limit to his wishes. He had no determined and settled aim, kept continually in view as a fixed goal to be attained; but he was for ever wanting more and more. He would never have been satisfied; but when the prescribed aim had been attained, he would again have demanded more and more and still more, always going further and further. And that certainly is not statesmanlike."

I asked if my informant thought the revolution would have broken out if Kossuth had not stirred up men's

minds and roused them to opposition. The answer was,—"But for him I hardly think matters would have gone so far. You may see how little thought there was of rebellion, and how moderate the demands of the Landstag were, by the "representations" which, only three days before the revolution broke out, were sent to Vienna to be laid before the Emperor. When you read them, you will hardly think it possible that a revolution could so soon follow."

This perfectly coincides with other accounts which I have every reason to accept as authentic. The revolution broke out, no one well knew how. It was brought about by a concatenation of chance and quite unforeseen circumstances. It had not been meditated; but when once they found themselves in a state of rebellion, all stuck to the flag which was raised, and went on through thick and thin. Kossuth strove eagerly to inflame men's minds, thinking that from out the mass some one would arise to become the leader. That *he* should fill that post never entered into his calculations. Perhaps he felt himself unfitted for it, as indeed he was; and knew that his great strength, that *all* his strength, lay in his eloquence.

Returning to Basiasch, the steamer took me on to Moldova. Here were groups of women sitting in the street with their distaffs, on which were large masses of snow-white wool, brown gipsy children, resembling Indians, holding out their little hands for money, and Wallacks, in white frieze dresses, idling in the sun. But the most picturesque sight of all was the deck of our boat. There were Basnicks on board,—tall magnificent fellows, each to an artist wellnigh worth his weight in silver. One had on a crimson turban, wildly wreathed round his head. His profile was perfect, his eye full of command and fire. A faded weather-beaten loose coat, bordered with sheepskin,

hung over his shoulders; but on him it had the air of a royal mantle. His jacket was of coarse brown frieze, bordered with yellow; round his waist, from a broad girdle, hung pistols, knife, and cartouche; about his legs were yellowish wrappings, and on his feet red shoes. I never had seen so magnificent a creature.

Here, too, were Turks; and yonder Servians in all their bravery. There was also a Turkish woman among the passengers, her whole face covered with a white cloth and a narrow slit to peep through. Yet, if I but looked at her she put down her head most angrily; and once when she moved, she from a distance beckoned for me to get out of the way, that she might not be polluted by my neighbourhood as she passed. She was a young wife of fifteen, and cried and complained loudly that the man looked at her; yet one might as well have looked at a stone or a post, so little resemblance had the ball of white linen to a human countenance. Once she fetched her husband because a man in the cabin had passed near her. But, as usual, all the women were against her, and scolded and laughed at her for her wilfulness. Indeed, she seemed a headstrong spoiled child. Nothing could be more ungraceful than her movements; she shuffled along in a strange, awkward manner, and, long as her drapery was, I could see that her feet, thrust into large slippers, were turned inwards like a duck's.

Every one, Englishman, German, or Hungarian, with whom I spoke of the Turks, was unanimous in bearing testimony to their honesty and truthfulness. The Montenegrins, on the other hand, are acknowledged to be the greatest rascals possible. At Moldova are large stores of corn, and though it is there much exposed not a grain is ever stolen.

Towards evening the Turks spread their carpets, and

depositing their slippers beside it, reclined there to smoke the water-pipe. How rich their shawl turbans looked, with the long ends hanging over their shoulders! And there was Shylock walking about, and thinking of his ventures or of Jessica. He was in a long blue-and-white striped gown, and over it a black coat trimmed with blue and lilac, and bordered with fur. The blue sleeves of an undercoat showed beneath the roomy ones of the upper garment, and also in part the striped sleeves of the gown. A red scarf was round his waist, on his legs were black greaves, and his fine old Israelitish head was covered with a fez. He wore pendent at his belt a leathern case for papers, or writing materials, or money; and in it perhaps was the cruel bond signed by poor Antonio.

At Orsova we land. Here are troops of Wallacks waiting patiently with their carts to be hired to take the baggage lower down the river, as there are shallows where a heavily-laden boat could not pass. The place is alive with our arrival; heaps of merchandise are lying about, passengers of all nations waiting to go on, carts are being piled up with bales and trunks, and the inhabitants, their long black hair hanging over their thick dresses, are looking on at the busy scene. How commerce and industry completely change everything! Some distance further on is Severin, where ten years ago there were but six houses standing; now it is a large place with good shops, full of life, and with a busy trade. And here at this once miserable assemblage of huts is now a large inn, and offices of the steam company, and a post-office and warehouses and civilization. And what crinolines are to be seen moving about amid squalor and poverty! Their dimensions, too, are enormous,—looking most ridiculous in their juxtaposition to the Wallack women with their one white simple garment.

The bustle increases, there is an entanglement of carts, a hubbub of many languages, and the piled-up baggage-waggons begin to move. It occurred to me that the scene at Suez, after the steamer's arrival, preparatory to crossing the Desert, must be very like this.

I drove a good way down the river, which beyond Orsova has on either side low flat banks. Large reefs intercept the passage, and the water frets and eddies among the obstructing rocks. Higher up, between Basiasch and Orsova, the stream is confined in a narrow channel; the hillsides are precipitous, the scene is sombre and wild, and vultures, scared from their crags, wheeled high above us as we passed.

Some distance below Orsova, a few steps from the road-side, is the spot where in 1853 the crown of Hungary was found. It had disappeared during the revolution, and not a clue could be obtained that might tell what had become of it. Four years it had lain there with the other insignia buried in the earth, when at last an Austrian officer, by an ingenious combination of circumstances and cunning deductions therefrom,—so at least it was reported,—hit upon the spot where it lay concealed. Wonderful, certainly, had it been true. Even Edgar Poe's scrutinizing power and art of combining facts and eliciting evidence would have failed here to bring about a discovery. Without treachery how would it have been possible to find in the whole empire just the very sod underneath which the iron chest was concealed? The truth is, the spot was betrayed by Kossuth's secretary for 20,000 ducats. A small chapel marks the place. It is in low ground, covered with alders and willows; but these have been cleared away immediately round the building, and the plot of ground prettily laid out. In the centre of the chapel, four or five feet deep, is an excavation, walled round and guarded by

a railing. At the bottom lies a marble slab, on which the crown, a globe and sceptre are chiselled. This is the exact spot where the chest with the insignia was raised.

Here all along the frontier, short distances apart, are the stations of the "Grenzer;" sometimes, where an officer has his post, they are well-built houses of stone, but generally mere simple cottages, sufficiently large for five or six men. Before the dwelling rises a high pole swathed with straw and resinous wood, to be set fire to in case of need. The men at the next station see the blaze and hasten there with assistance, or they light their pole, and thus in a moment the lurid light streams forth for miles, and the whole line of frontier sees the signal and is in arms. No one is allowed to cross from the Servian side. Whoever attempts it is fired upon, should he not obey the warning and desist. These "Grenzer" are well-organized troops, though in reality but a sort of militia. Their excellent arms, which they take home with them when not on service, are furnished by the Government. Each man comes for his week of frontier duty in his usual dress, with sandals like the other peasantry, his sole uniform being a loose coarse linen undress coat, worn by the Austrian soldiers. When his certain number of days' service is over, he returns to his family. Each man receives a small annual sum as pay, besides enjoying many privileges, which from the very first were specially accorded these frontier regiments. Their existence forms a contingent of many thousand hardy men, well-drilled and armed, at any hour or a moment's notice. They form an army in reserve, always ready and maintained at a trifling cost. A so-called "frontier" is not, as I supposed, a mere narrow strip of land between two territories; but forms rather a large broad district wholly under military rule. For civilians there is civil law, but it is administered, like

all beside, by military authorities. There is no denying that the whole organization is admirable for the aim in view, though for trade or industry nothing is done. Nowhere are the roads so excellently kept, or the bridges in such thorough repair, the buildings so neat, the dwelling-houses so substantial, as on a military "frontier." There is order in everything. As there are Government schools for the population, the people speak good German, and stand much higher as regards culture than the inhabitants of the other villages not under frontier jurisdiction. As an instance of the extent of such "Grenze" territory it may be stated that the Romanen Banat Regiment, which means the district where the men forming it are enlisted, has ninety villages, hamlets, and market towns pertaining to it, and possesses as its own 300,000 *Joch* of forest. Strangely enough, this large tract does not bring in sufficient to pay the salaries of the foresters. This is partly owing to mismanagement, and arises partly from want of means of transport to places where the timber would be available.

Though in certain matters great advantages have been gained by the order and method developed under military superintendence, special technical departments are undoubtedly imperfectly administrated. That of the woods and forests is one. A major or a captain cannot be expected to know much about woodcraft, and the management as conducted by him, is on a par with the amount of such knowledge. Red-tapery exercises here, as in England, its baneful influence.

CHAPTER II.

MEHADIA.

On board the steamer was a young officer going to Mehadia—or Hercules' Bath, as the place is called,—so we drove thither together.

The road at first runs through a broad wooded valley, but afterwards, as it turns off to the right, grows narrower, and there are occasionally walls of rock with an increased profusion of wood on both sides of the way. We pass the remains of a Roman aqueduct, and crossing the stream beside which we had all the time been driving, keep along the other shore. The hills come closer together, there is a rich mass of foliage in front like a thick screen, when presently a sudden turn shows us a handsome building with a fine *façade* and a raised terrace, and all gives sign of order, neatness, and cultivation. This is the new hotel, as convenient and well-arranged inside as it is good-looking from without. The cost of the whole with furniture, which was sent from Vienna, amounted to 214,000 florins. I went through every part of it, and the excellence of all I saw took me by surprise. The house had been built by the committee of management, the members of which—this place belonging to the fron-

tier—are all military officers. The season being over it was now shut up, as well as the other large *Curhaus;* but on applying to the clerk I got a very good room in the latter establishment. The whole place consists only of the baths and the houses of the directors and visitors. It lies in a wild and picturesque gorge, and when full of the fashion of Moldavia, Wallachia, with visitors from Hungary and the Banat, the scene is gay and amusing. The rich boyards are there with their wives, and Oriental beauty as well as Eastern luxury meet you at every step. The dress of the native women, too, is bright with colour. The "obrescha," a broad girdle with red fringe hanging to the instep, and worn over the white shift, gives them occasionally, as they walk along the road with the long red dishevelled web flaunting in the wind, a wild witch-like air.* Some had a shawl wound round their heads, most of them a row of coloured beads across their forehead; and here and there was one with a head-gear, which from its shape and colour and arrangement reminded you at once of the Neapolitans. It was of white linen, three-cornered, and bordered with red, and was pinned over the front of the head, with bright medals hanging on either side, while the point hung down behind. In their whole appearance was something which spoke of the South. One beautiful young girl, whom I met coming up the steps from her bath, was sticking flowers in her hair as she ascended. She was dark as night, but lithe and lovely as a houri. At first I was much struck by the abundance of hair that here seemed to be a gift of nature to every woman, and which in massive braids was twined round her head. On nearer examination, however, I found that the ornament was false; the thick plaits were made

* Such an obrescha, I was told, cost from forty to fifty florins Schein, or from sixteen to twenty silver florins—thirty-two or forty shillings.

of tow, skilfully prepared, and were often of lighter colour than the hair itself. There was, I think, not a single woman, no matter how poor or old, without this artificial addition. A great number of the women, even of the lowest grade, wear rouge. Later, in Transylvania, I found this custom to prevail among the Wallack peasantry. Close by is a Rumain (Wallack) village, called Pecsenjeska, the women of which are famed for their beauty. In the season they come daily to Mehadia with fruit, flowers, milk and honey for the visitors, and if report speaks truth the younger generation of that village is a mixed race, with elements as mingled and manifold as the various nationalties that yearly visit Mehadia.

Beside the original building a new bath has been erected, with modern appliances and modern elegance. The waters here are of two sorts—those impregnated with sulphur and those with common salt. The former are similar to the springs at Aix-la-Chapelle, but contain far more sulphuretted hydrogen gas. Few baths are so strong in sulphur as those of Mehadia. Some springs come out of the earth with a temperature of 43–44° R., and must consequently be allowed to cool before being used. The Hercules Bad (salt) is analogous to that of Baden-Baden and Wiesbaden. In the driest weather it yields 5045 cubic feet of water in an hour. Its height above the level of the sea is 195 feet. There is a fixed tariff for the baths, which is very moderate, varying from ten kreutzers for a footbath to fifty kreutzers, or one shilling, which is the highest. There is one house allotted to the reception (gratis) of invalid officers and soldiers for whom these baths have been prescribed.

The rocks above the spot whence the Hercules spring rushes forth are full of fissures. Here, by putting your ear to the stone, a seething and rumbling noise may be

heard below. It is so hot in the opening that the hand cannot be held in it long.

The price of rooms in the new hotel, neat and pretty as they are, is very reasonable. Great improvements have been made in the last few years, and it is surprising to me that instead of going year after year to Baden, Homburg, or to Ems, where the same scenes and the same people are seen over and over again, English pleasure-seekers do not take a trip to Mehadia, where society would present another phase, where they would see picturesque costumes, beautiful scenery and new modes of life, without having to rough it or to give up those conveniences in absence of which such a journey would hardly be pleasurable. Temesvar may be reached all the way from London by rail; from here to Basiasch is also a railroad, and steamers daily pass this place for Orsova, which is gained in a few hours,—the part of the Danube passed over in this way being the most picturesque of the whole river. Carriages are always to be had at Orsova, and for three or four florins one may be hired to Mehadia. During the season it is, I am told, a very gay and pleasant sojourn.

As there was to be a bear-hunt at the market-town Mehadia, about an hour's drive distant, I went there in order to be on the spot. On the way, my companion pointed to a slope where the year before he had seen in the afternoon three wolves stealing upon a couple of oxen grazing there; while he looked, both rushed affrighted into the wood, and the wolves after them. There were bears in the neighbourhood; for during my stay in the place one had been in the plum-orchard of a peasant at whose cottage I stopped, and a herdsman had seen a bear with two cubs close by the night before.

(From my Journal.) *Monday, October 5th.*—The captain had already made arrangements, and was kind

enough to invite me to be of the party. We started at half-past five, and drove to a Wallack village lying at some distance from the road. It was long and straggling, as most of these are; the cottages of the humblest description, each having, as usual, a large space like a pound enclosed with hurdles. Here were horses awaiting us,—the small, thin, bony animals of the country, good for little seemingly, yet, when put to the test, as we afterwards found, doing their work bravely. Mounted on a high Turkish-looking wooden saddle covered with a carpet and a sheepskin, with ropes for stirrup-leathers, I sat as comfortably as possible.

We passed up a vale with bare lime rocks torn and weather-beaten on one side, and young wood on the other. Further on in the fields were pens or folds, well roofed over with interlaced branches and a high fence round them, as a retreat for the cattle at night, to be safe against the wolves; for here are abundance of these animals. The night before, one of the men who was with us had been out on the watch, and heard—for it was too dark to see, the moon not having yet risen—sixteen or seventeen of them. Every here and there might be seen in the forked branches of a willow a large haycock. The fodder was put here out of reach of the cattle, to save the trouble of enclosing it if placed on the field where it had been mown.

Occasionally over the bed of the mountain-stream stood a square wattled shed. At each corner three or four large stones, simply laid loosely on each other, supported the beams on which the whole was built. Within was a horizontal wheel that the water turned, and here the maize was ground which the villagers consumed. Nothing could be more primitive.*

* Hugh Miller, in 'My Schools and Schoolmasters,' speaks of "the small

As we rode on, the scenery became grander. In front rose a mountain of considerable height, and a large vale spread before us. The whole reminded me of the Bavarian highlands and of Tyrol. Presently we reached a troop of Wallacks seated on the grass, awaiting our arrival. They had guns of all sorts and sizes, and of immense length, like those of the Arnauts and Bulgarians. They were evidently of Turkish make, and the booty, doubtless, of other days, when the Infidel had his foot in the land. Some were held together by wire; there was hardly one which was not in a most dilapidated condition.

The important act of loading now took place. Each one came to beg for a charge or two of powder, and the horn measure held out to be filled was four or five times as large as any ordinary gun could have borne without bursting. The extra powder was carefully knotted up in the corner of a kerchief or bit of linen. Some had enormous bullets dealt out to them; to others a handful of coarse shot was given; and when the imperfection of the arrangements was considered, it seemed a wonder that these men should slay either bear or wolf. Yet one of them had shot fifteen bears; once he killed three in a morning. He tracked a bear to a cave in the newly-fallen snow while out watching the cattle with his wife. Having excited one of the bears with a pole till he got up and came out of his retreat, he fired and killed him. Giving

mills with horizontal water-wheels, of that rude antique type which first supplanted the still more ancient handmill." He saw them at Gairloch. "I am old enough," he says, "to have seen the handmill at work in the north part of Scotland, and the traveller into the highlands of western Sutherland might have witnessed the horizontal mill in action only two years ago. But to the remains of either, if dug out of the mosses or sandhills of the southern counties, we would assign an antiquity of centuries." Strange that in a part of highly-civilized Britain there should still be the very same rude appliances daily made use of as are employed by the inhabitants of these remote regions!

his wife a hatchet, he told her to stand at the opening till he had reloaded; and then in the same way he shot the second and third.

"The delight which these people have in the possession of fire-arms resembles that of a boy with a pony he can call his own. They are like children. They look at each other's gun, show the charge they are about to ram down, while all look on and watch the process with intense interest. Then the percussion caps I gave were handed round and examined. Later opinion was taken as to the efficiency of the coarse shot or hacked bullets; and more than once the charge was drawn, examined to see if it were in order, talked about, and again returned to the barrel. We soon came to steep places, up which I should no more have thought of riding than of the horse being carried up there by me. Yet on my proposing to dismount I was told by no means to do so. And in truth, up places where I was forced to hold on by the mane to avoid sliding off backwards, my little horse carried me without any apparent difficulty. My companion even, who weighed eighteen stone two pounds, was thus borne over the same places I passed, stopping only occasionally to let the animal take breath. These ponies are as sure-footed as mules. I let mine go as he liked, and he picked out his path as cleverly as possible.

Three times we beat a large part of the forest, surrounding it with our men, but neither bear nor wolf was to be seen. And yet, some time back, in this very wood, five bears had been killed in one drive.

On my way to the forest I spoke to the captain about the habits of the bear, etc., and of our chance to-day of meeting any. His servant, so he told me, had once seen three coming towards him when out shooting with his master, and ran away. "But I was very young then,"

said the man, who was with us, "I was but a boy." "That's true," said the captain turning to me; "he was only fourteen. I took him out with me, and, as chance would have it, the bears came to him." Later, in the last drive, this young man said to me as I took my appointed place behind a tree, "Der Bär, wann er kommt, ist schrecklich!" (It is terrible when the bear comes towards you.) "But the grand thing is to be quite quiet." He did not seem even yet to have forgotten his fright when a boy.

We unpacked our provisions, and large slices of meat being spitted on a stick nicely peeled for the purpose, they were roasted for dinner. We cut it from the stick as it was wanted, and found it juicy and savoury. The horses stood under the trees; the Wallacks lay around with high pointed Tartar-like sheepskin caps, their long guns resting against the trees; here and there was a large wooden gourd-like flask, painted in gay colours, filled with wine or Sligowitz, and the bright sun shone through the beech-wood on other wild groups and made the whole look cheerful. All the men who had no fire-arms carried an axe on their shoulders.

The bear on hearing the noise of the beaters is soon on the move. Unless the wind blow from you to him he goes forward at once: hence, supposing the wind to be quite favourable, if within a quarter of an hour after the drive has begun no bear makes his appearance, it may be looked on as a sign that none is there. The wolf, on the contrary, advances slowly and sneakingly. He will not go further onward than he is obliged, and very often is only seen when the beaters are at the end of the drive. In open day he will attack sheep and cattle, if an opportunity for doing so offers. This year the maize crop having been scanty, the bears have kept on the Wallachian side of the border, where they find more food. To-morrow we shall

try our luck among the rocks above the Hercules Bad, and as great numbers of wild apple-trees are near, it is confidently expected we shall find a bear or two. The year before last, a couple were shot there in one drive.

On returning to the place where we had left our carriage, I saw a very pretty young girl sitting before a cottage. "Is that your sister?" I asked of a young man who sat beside her. "That is my wife," he answered, rising as he spoke. "She is very young," he continued, "she is only just fifteen." As I looked at her the word "fromossa"* involuntarily passed my lips. "Will you not enter my dwelling," he continued, "and take a glass of wine?" Accepting his invitation, I went into the cottage. It was of the very humblest. Within the house-door was a small space—it could not be called room—used as a kitchen, with an earthen floor on which the fire was made. From here through a low narrow opening I passed into a room,—the only one in the house,—about ten feet long and six feet broad. On one side was a shelf, and here was the bed. A table stood against the wall before the little window, and the bench ran along beside the bed. It was a miserable place, yet my host seemed proud of it, and highly pleased to be able to show it me. He brought a large jug of new wine and a glass which he re-filled after every sip I took of it. It was turbid, but sweet and pleasant enough to drink. I handed the wine to the pretty young creature, the mistress of the dwelling, that she might also drink of it. She bashfully accepted it, and put it to her lips; then returning the glass, took my hand, kissed it, and raised it to her forehead with the utmost deference. Brunette as she was, the rising colour of her cheeks showed as clearly as in those of the fairest English girl. On her head she wore the three-cornered

* Beautiful!

piece of white embroidered linen, which by contrast showed how dark was her thick black hair. Large white flowers too were twined among it at the sides. Her husband—he was twenty-one—was the village schoolmaster; his salary, fifty florins (£5) a year, besides ten measures of maize which he receives from the community. He had three cows and several pigs in the "corral" behind his house, and some gipsies were at work there in his service, as he told me. One gipsy child of about eleven was winding off flaxen yarn,—a most picturesque mass of rags. Her shift hung down in a thousand shreds; and she might in reality as well have had on no garment, for the poor service it did in sheltering her nakedness. Round her waist she wore the customary obrescha, torn and tattered like the rest, and its red fringe hanging about her brown limbs. With large dark eyes she gazed at me as we spoke about her, and in her countenance was that peculiarly earnest look of sadness which distinguishes so many of the gipsies. Some of the girls' eyes have an expression so burning that it might consume you; but that of the greater number is of a sad yearning that seems befitting in a despised, discarded, and neglected race.

5*th*.—Went this afternoon with one of the officers to the gipsy settlement, a few hundred yards from the village. It consisted of earth huts about seven feet high. You might as well have been in New Zealand or among the aborigines of Australia, for any signs of culture to be found here. The habitations seen by Livingstone in the interior of Africa showed far more neatness and skill in their construction. Children were running about quite naked, and as dark as Nubians. Nothing can exceed the misery of these huts as human dwellings. Within, on the earth, for cooking purposes or for warmth they make a small fire; as there is no chimney, the whole

interior is filled with smoke. On one side is a board with a miserable blanket or some rags, and this is the bed of the family. The sides of the hut are made of mud, well mixed till it assumes a consistency, and within this place, like a large bee-hive, squatted on the ground were women and children, occupied with their household work, listless, or at play. Asleep on the bare earth was a naked child,—a state more befitting a wild animal, the whelp of a beast of the forest, than a human being. But its face was pretty, and it lay with that exquisite grace which is inherent in infancy. Some of the huts had a division, and the inner part served as a store-room for corn, an old barrel, or as a lair for some of the family. In one hut a mother was on her knees, bathing her babe of a year old in a sort of large wooden tray, and with her hands splashing the warm water over the brown young animal. She was herself very young, and it was a pretty sight to see her delight as the little creature chuckled and enjoyed the rough bath.

In each such settlement one man is named the overseer of the colony, and has to keep order and prevent quarrels. In the one where I was to-day it so happened that the son of the overseer had beaten his father, and separating himself from him had gone to live apart in a hut close by. On our approach both parties came to complain of their wrongs, and the mother of the worthless son immediately took part against her husband. The young wife of the delinquent was standing outside her hut, and seemed rather embarrassed at hearing her husband's behaviour so publicly canvassed. I went into every cabin, and accompanied as I was by an officer, they thought I came for some purpose, to inquire about their conduct or relieve their wants. The whole colony was in a state of excitement. Each dwelling was emptied of its inhabitants, who stood

outside, looking on in wondering expectation. Old and young, with the whole litter of children, came forth. In one there was really a most beautiful child with exquisite expression. To some of the "little wee things" I gave kreutzers, and even the babies in arms seized on them with avidity, and held them fast with the same instinct as a wild animal seizes on its prey. At the sight of silver coin the native eagerness awoke, and the tiny hands were outstretched in supplication. I played with the children, patted their pretty cheeks or bare backs, and it was felt, I suppose, that I took an interest in them. For one not of their own pariah race to do this—one too so high in station as they, in their ignorance, supposed me to be—was to them inexplicable; but it touched their hearts. Their head man, if I remember rightly, spoke German; the rest, their own gipsy tongue and Wallachian. On the countenances of some—of most indeed—was at first an uneasy look, as I walked into their dwellings and stared about. But it soon changed into one of wonderment, such as may be that of the Africans when they see a white man coming among them.

One little girl and I were soon good friends. She amused me highly by her archness and the pleasure she evidently felt at the mirth her appearance caused me. She was about six years old, and her whole costume consisted of a short blue silk spencer, cut sloping *à la postillon* as it is called, in front, and reaching behind to the small of the back. Where the bit of finery came from, who shall say? but she was evidently proud of it and was anxious it should be seen. I laughed heartily on seeing her, and she laughed too; and afterwards wherever I went she was suddenly at my side, looking up with intense delight at the surprise she was every moment causing me. And then she would proudly march on, as proudly as if she had

been at the Queen's drawing-room, and had behind her a splendid train instead of nothing at all.

While gazing on the child with the beautiful expression above alluded to, I said to my companion, "It would be really worth while to rescue that little one and bring it up properly. I wonder if the parents would part with it?"—"Oh, you can have it for a trifle," was the answer. "That I'll answer for. Shall I ask them?" But I would not let him tempt them, or risk hearing that they would have sold their child.

In the evening the gipsy musicians brought me a serenade. They came to the inn and played for an hour or two, and admirable was the music. They played with a fire and expression and feeling such as I have seldom heard, and the airs too were peculiar and national,—some wild and discordant, and others which went to the heart like the sad glances from the eyes of their own dark girls.

There is all along this frontier a good trade carried on in smuggled salt. This is natural. Salt here costs eight florins fifty kreutzers per cwt., while owing to a treaty made with Servia, the Austrian government furnishes that country with the same article for two-and-a-half florins per cwt.* It is owing to the excessive price that the contraband trade thrives so well. Though the punishment is severe, it has little influence in preventing smuggling. Salt is always to be bought in Mehadia for the price paid in Servia. On the mountain ridges in this neighbourhood a single step leads into the border territory, and as the Wallachians have salt depôts at very inconsiderable distances from the frontier, it is easy for the herdsmen and others to bring the precious necessary across the separating line. If the traffic is to be put a stop to entirely,

* The rivers Maros, Theiss, Danube, and Save are made means of communication for the transport of the article.

there must be an unbroken chain of men, so as not to leave a furlong of ground unwatched.

Every monopoly is bad, but a government monopoly is worst, because most unfitting of all. There are two in Austria, that of tobacco and salt. The latter article, unlike the former, which after all was originally a luxury, is an absolute necessity of life, and is mixed up with the household economy of every individual. A heavy tax on salt is on a par with our own old tax on light. To put an impost on the light of day—the common necessity as well as the common right of every living thing—is one of those acts of government which coming generations will be wholly unable to believe or comprehend.

One of the privileges of the people here is that every "Grenzer" is allowed twelve pounds of salt annually, at the reduced price of four florins per cwt.*

There is, I think, no act of government which would be hailed with such joy and accepted with so much gratitude as the removal of this heavy tax. It would be an act intelligible to all,—an act, the bearing and importance of which every one would be able to understand and fully appreciate. For it affects all alike; and the most illiterate, as he salted his porridge, would comprehend that his Government had removed from him a burden and had given him cause to rely on its wisdom and also to be thankful. Government measures which touch a man's daily necessities always cause bitterness and discontent. If they affected him indirectly, it would not so much matter. The monopoly brings in, it is true, a revenue of 4,147,000 florins a year (this was the sum in 1856); but this might be supplied from other sources. The restrictions which it imposes are felt doubly in such a case as, for example, the use of a salt spring in a village; then the

* They also have wood and pasturage free.

very water flowing out of the earth is not allowed to be fetched, except on certain days and at certain hours, lest the sale of salt should be lessened and the monopolists suffer.

This is not the moment for Austria to decide on any measure which should diminish her income; but when her finances are brought into better order, the government may take the system of monopoly into consideration; and with developed resources it will be easy to raise a revenue that shall cover the deficit arising from the repeal of the tax.

The priest here, belonging to the Greek Church, has between fifty and seventy florins a year. There are some even who have only thirty. An arch-priest gets one hundred florins. They all of course have land to cultivate, or it would be impossible for them to live. Their fees bring them in a trifle. For a wedding the tax is only seven kreutzers, but more is usually given. However there are other means of improving the small income. When a pair comes to announce an intention of marrying, the pope says the parties are not sufficiently prepared, and a florin or two is thus pressed from the couple to induce him to forego his opposition. Here, as everywhere, the priest has a disproportionate influence over the female part of his parishioners. The popes are almost always very good-looking men; and it frequently occurs that complaints are brought against them for incontinence. However, a bribe to the bishop ensures the escape of the offender with a gentle reprimand. Later I saw more of these men, and with slight variations they were all much on a par. "Sie taugen nichts" (they are good for nothing) is what was always said of them, and "They ought to have twenty-five"* was an opinion not unfrequently

* "Fünf und zwanzig"—the number of blows with a cane usually accorded as a punishment.

expressed. If their clergy were better, the Wallack population would also be more humanized.

There are fine beech woods in the neighbourhood of Mehadia, but there is no sale for their produce. The price of oak, as it stands in the forest, is twelve kreutzers, or threepence, per cubic foot. Close by are considerable strata of coal. Their possessor sells the mineral at thirty kreutzers per cwt.; it costs him ten kreutzers. The greater part he sends to Wallachia. This coal makes good coke, which is here used in the lime-kilns; it sells for seventy kreutzers per cwt. There is also iron ore here in great quantity, containing eighty per cent. of the metal. Ten kreutzers are paid for it per *Metzen*, which is some pounds more than a hundredweight. Wages, fifty kreutzers a day. There is water enough to drive any works: the ore too is close to the road, and that road leads to the Danube. In presence of these facts, it is incredible that nothing is done to turn the different products to account. My room at the inn was good; the cookery, detestable. But I could not expect much. I saw here one night, having to rise to drive away a squalling cat, what was to me a novelty. On opening the kitchen door, every part, floor, walls, ceiling, was literally one dense mass of living cockroaches: I quickly retreated. In the daytime not one was to be seen, nor in my bedroom, happily, which was adjoining, had any made their appearance.

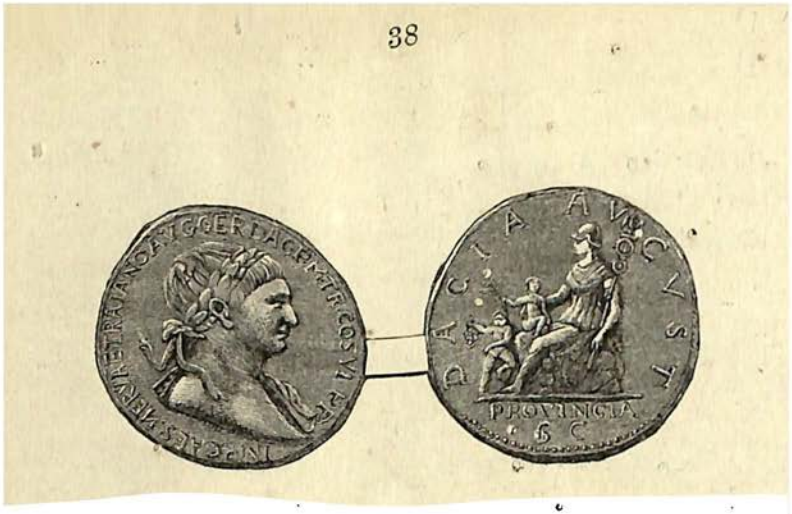
When about to leave, my landlady charged me exorbitantly for my room. On remonstrating, she explained her mode of calculation. The room cost so much; and then I must remember that as it was occupied by me, she could not let it to some one else, for which she also charged. This mode of reckoning was to me as novel as the sight of the myriad cockroaches. I asked her why she charged so little for my breakfast, as, to be consistent, she ought

to have made me pay the price of it, and then an additional sum, because, it having been eaten by me, she could not give it to another customer. With the coffee she thought this would not be a justifiable proceeding; but with the chamber it was quite right and lawful.

NOTE.

The following is an Analysis of the different Springs at Mehadia.

	Hercules Bath.	Ludwig's Bath.	Kaiser Bath.	Ferdinand's Bath.	Franzensbad.
Sulphate of Lime ...	0·645	0·782	0·334	0·480	0·745
Carbonate of Lime ..	0·364	0·104	0·562	0·544	0·246
Silica	0·142	0·112	0·165	0·204	0·198
Chloride of Potassium	7·800	5·213	16·134	16·054	19·281
Chloride of Sodium ...	10·779	9·916	31·111	25·348	40·084
Per Cubic Inch.					
Carbonic Acid Gas ...	0·56	0·60	0·62	0·72	0·62
Nitrogen Gas.....	0·50	0·59	0·58	0·40	0·48
Sulphuretted Hydrogen	—	0·48	0·88	0·95	0·90
Carburetted Hydrogen	—	0·41	0·49	0·52	0·56
	1·06	2·08	2·57	2·59	2·56



CHAPTER III.

THE LAND BEYOND THE FOREST.*

As the grey of the dawn gradually disappeared, the growing brightness of the sky and the invigorating freshness of the morning gave evidence that another pleasant day was to be added to the many I had already enjoyed. The road was good, and on we went at a brave rate. In Austria the high-roads are all good, but here especially, on the military frontier, they were really admirable. At short intervals along the wayside stood neat well-built cottages with the words "Weg Einräumer, No. 9," on the walls. Here lived the men who had to keep the road in order, all being numbered and regulated with military precision.

On this autumnal morning troops of peasantry were going into town,—for there was a market and fair at Karansebes, and, early as it was, life and activity were seen all along our route. We now changed horses for the last time, and with four little animals started off again. A merry youth drove them, and the delicious elasticity of

* *Trans, sylva.*

the air seemed to have inspired and made him happy and buoyant. By Jove! how we whirled along with that young charioteer! Hark how he shouts to his horses, and they answer to his voice! Before the lash of his long whip, flying through the air, can enliven the off or near leader, they spring forward as if in a race, and as though another, panting for victory, were close behind them. In wonderful circles that whip is now playing about, then it is caught up with a jerk, and the wheelers are double-thonged in the most approved style. Again a loud shout, which bespeaks exuberance of youth and joy more than anything else, and again those wiry little animals spring forward at their utmost speed. How that boy enjoys his drive! And how I enjoy it too! For the whole distance he never ceased calling to his team; and thus, the bells merrily jingling, the whip whirling round his head, and with loud and noisy shouts, in we came to Karansebes as though we were an express with the intelligence that the whole frontier was up in arms, that the Servians had crossed the Danube and were marching onwards to destroy with fire and sword, or some other equally momentous and astounding piece of news.

I went at once to an inn, whose exterior with neatly-painted green blinds seemed to promise decent accommodation. But what dirt and disorder! It required good practice to breakfast in such a place; however, I was not unused to similar trials, and the meal was soon well over.* And now for a conveyance to Hátzeg! My man is already at the door with a little four-wheeled waggon

* All the rooms being engaged, I was allowed to go into the bedchamber of the landlord and landlady to make my morning toilette. But filthy and untidy as the place was, there was still a long coil of steel hoop hanging up there to make a crinoline for mine hostess. The charms of crinoline seem to be everywhere irresistible.

crammed full of hay, with carpets spread on the top on which I was to enthrone myself. But those miserable rats of ponies! Why, they will never get to Hátszeg by the evening! "Won't they, though?" said my blackguard-looking Jew driver; "they are in prime condition," (they were skin and bone, I beg to observe,) "and you'll see how they can run."

And away we go,—I on my hay throne, and my little shaggy team springing along at a good gallop. For awhile we passed a whole population all streaming into town. There were troops of women and cart-loads of peasants and young girls in holiday attire, nearly all in snow-white shifts with broad stripes of embroidery, red or blue, over the shoulders and round the sleeves; and large silver medals hanging from their necks over their bosom. Some wore around their head a large white kerchief, but so full and long that it fell over them like a veil and flowed low down behind. There is something very graceful and feminine in this spotless head-gear, with its many and waving folds. Others had brighter-hued kerchiefs, but purple seemed to be the favourite colour. Anon came a chattering company in bran-new jackets of sheepskin without sleeves, all embroidered with red and green and blue leather, and having a very holiday air. Then others with a sort of scarlet fez upon their heads; and some with a covering having two horn-like corners rising in front, reminding you of Aaron's budding ornament. Now a gipsy passed, dark as a Hindoo; and though most of the wayfarers were clean and in their Sunday clothes, there were some who, it was evident, had no thought of merry-making, and everything about their persons was blackened, coarse, and dirty. Pleasing and picturesque as the simple clothing of these women is when fresh and tidy, in the contrary state it has an air of perfectly savage

life. The "obrescha," being then almost black with dirt, and torn and entangled, looks like horsehair hanging and flying about, and has a most strange, uncomely appearance.* Now in the distance a whole bevy of young girls come stepping on, with shifts and head-gear white as the daisies of the field; and as they breast the morning breeze, the bright red "obrescha" streaming and fluttering in the wind, might almost make you think a flock of flamingoes was moving over the plain. Most of them had distaffs stuck in their girdle, and one with arms distended was winding off red yarn; the sun, too, was shining, and lighted up the bright figures, which quite illumined the sober-coloured autumn landscape. It is astonishing how they can spin as they walk, for they advance at a brisk rate, and their feet and merry tongue keep pace with each other.

What busts you see here, where stays are unknown, and there is nothing to cramp the full development of the figure! The linen covering does not conceal the beautiful outline of the bosom, but rather serves to define it; marking now an oval bud and now a full-rounded form. And the drapery falls over this loveliest feminine feature in a sharp angular line, as though beneath were firmest marble; and marble it is, but glowing with passionate life.

On our road my driver pointed out to me a point in the mountains where one evening he had seen "a gold fire."—"And what is that?" I asked. "'Tis a light which hovers over the spot where gold is buried."—"Of course you went and took possession of it," I said, laugh-

* The "obrescha" is the girdle worn by the women over the shift, and consists of a broad band of plaited twine-like cord, from which, before and behind, hangs a fringe reaching nearly to the ankle. It is much the same thing as that which savage tribes wear as their sole covering. It is of a bright red, and contrasts greatly with the white linen beneath.

ing. "Yes, but being so far I could not find the exact spot, and therefore got nothing."

His two horses, which still went along bravely, had, he told me, cost him forty florins. We met a peasant who had bought a cow and her calf and was now driving them home. For both he had paid only eight florins; such was the effect of the dearth and drought in Hungary.

The road was even all the way, with wooded hills at a little distance on either side. The villages were neatly built, the houses good and solid-looking, and, if I remember rightly, often standing separate. They stood in a row far back from the roadside, so that an immense breadth was thus given to the street. Owing to this mode of building, a village spread to a considerable length. The neatness and regularity all gave evidence of former military supervision, and the road, too, was broad and smooth as a billiard-table.

"You'll see the difference when we get to Transylvania," said my man to me; "directly we get there, all is bad,—roads, bridges, everything." I observed here, as well as later elsewhere, that the people of a military frontier always piqued themselves on their superior condition, seeming to appreciate their orderly state after they had been once broken in and got accustomed to it. We stopped at a hovel which the driver called an inn,—a wretched place, with dirt, dirt, dirt in abundance. Wallachian peasants were lying asleep on benches, and the whole place looked miserable and broken down. Like Dr. Johnson in a similar predicament, I had recourse to eggs, superintending the frying of them myself. The people were Germans; they said that all the innkeepers along the road were so. And even here in this miserable hole there were two crinolines hanging on the wall of the dirty room; the second being a miniature one, for a little

child. This product of civilization was a droll contrast to a group of gipsies a little further on. A boy was leaping about perfectly naked. One little girl among them had a cape fastened at the neck just covering the shoulders; but for this she was—to use a penny-a-liner term—as "nude" as her companion. They were like little savages, and so were those other children who had a few rags on.

We are so accustomed to see the place where our dead repose protected and tended with evident care, and the graves marked by what, however humble, has some pretension to artistic skill, that it produced quite a strange and jarring sensation to observe a churchyard fenced in by hurdles, and opposite it, close to the roadside, another unenclosed, the mounds which were in it marked with mere sticks from the hedge.

Presently my little Jew, pointing to a broken bridge with an air of satisfaction, exclaimed, "Here is Transylvania! Look how bad the road is!" which I felt in all my limbs was true enough. "You see the difference between this and the frontier." This road leading on to Hátzeg was not a high-road, however; for in Transylvania also these are excellently kept.

We were now approaching the Eiserne Thor Pass. On the right were dense woods, on the left, hills without any forest. Gradually the ridges before you sink down, and you see a dip where you can pass through. Just this spot is the Pass. You now descend somewhat, and presently the whole Hátzeg valley is outspread before you.

This vale is the pride of the Transylvanians. The question if I had seen it was always put to me when it was known I was travelling through the country. The road passes over a fertile plain covered with maize-fields, and on your right are mountains, whose peaks were just catching the last rays of the sun as we hastened onwards.

On the slopes of the hillsides stand villages, with their simple churches; and in all directions, from the foot of the mountains up towards their summits, are rustic dwellings dotting the grand declivity. It is very like the valley of the Inn between Innsbruck and Kufstein, except that here the vale itself is very much broader.

It was near Hátzeg that some years ago a handsome Roman pavement (mosaic) was discovered. Unfortunately nothing is now left; every visitor having carried away a portion till at last none remained. Here, too, on the road to Déva is the ruin of the famous castle of the Hunyadys. In its perfect state it must have been a most imposing edifice, with its picturesque towers and turrets rising above the Cserna and Zalasd, whose waters play at the foot of the steep limestone rock on which the strong fortress was built.

At eight we arrived at Hátzeg, and though we had been travelling all day, my driver immediately turned his horses' heads about, to return part of the way that same evening. The inn here is good, and there were no fleas. The apothecary being a sportsman, I immediately made his acquaintance, and found him most willing to oblige me and give me every information about the chase. In his pretty and neat house I saw the skin of a magnificent bear, which he had shot the year before. There was soon to be a bear hunt, but as my time was measured, instead of waiting for it, I begged him to let me know as soon as it was over what had been the result. In the letter he was good enough to send later, he told me that there had been four bears in one drive, but owing to the carelessness of the beaters they had all escaped. The animal whose skin I saw was shot in the head. He rose on his hind legs when the bullet struck him, put his paws over his head as a man might do on feeling violent pain, and fell forward dead.

Once on the highway again leading to Broos, the road is excellent. You enter now upon a broad valley with green pasture-land extending to the banks of the Maros, and on the other side the river are white cottages on the upland, and a village is seen glittering in the sun on the hill slope. Here and there along the river's banks are groups of trees forming large masses of shade, and dotting the plain and breaking its uniformity. It was a pleasant sight,—a picture of peace and calm and beauty. A little further on the road turns somewhat, and another plain, long and broad, filled with cornfields and maize, opens before you. The Maros goes winding on its way, and on its many serpentine bends the sun sparkles, so that you see the dancing light glittering from afar. This is one of the pleasing characteristics of Transylvanian scenery,—there is a constantly recurring change. The traveller passes from one valley to another, and new sights are continually opening before him. The view is almost invariably bounded by wooded hills or peaks of higher range, and you have your little or your larger world all before you. But now a low hill is ascended, or the road winds round a jutting promontory in the landscape, and your world of just now is left behind, and another smiling scene unlike the last appears. Thus there is a never-ending succession of surprises, of discoveries of fresh tracts come upon suddenly, but which at last you get accustomed to and anticipate. The mind is kept on the alert with the gentle excitement of expectation; with expectation, too, that will rarely know disappointment.

Broos is a Saxon town, not very neat, with good well-built houses. A large new inn is here, called "Count Zéchenyi." It was in Broos that I first tasted Transylvanian wine, which later I enjoyed so much and learned fully to appreciate. Half a bottle, very good and palat-

able, cost seven and a half kreutzers—not quite twopence. Of the peasant who grew the wine this was bought for twenty kreutzers, fourpence, a quart. That for which thirty or forty kreutzers are paid is excellent, and when some years old is as generous as sherry or Madeira. From Broos to Mühlbach are hills overhanging the Maros, the vineyards are good all the way; but those near Broos—so an old gentleman told me—were the best. There in summer it is as hot as in Italy; and hence the excellence of the wine.

From here with the stage to Hermannstadt. We had five horses, and the diligence, as indeed it does throughout Austria, went well; but a great deal of time was lost at the different stations, with the formalities required in delivering the letter-bags, parcels, etc., as well as through the slowness of the postilions, who are never ready, come when one may.

The Wallachian villages always reminded me of Robinson Crusoe's settlement, so coarsely were they built, and as if in their construction the various appliances of civilized life had been entirely wanting, which was in reality the case. The ground round the house is generally enclosed with hurdles, and is divided into numerous partitions like so many pounds. In one are pigs, in another a cow, and a third contains a rick of maize straw. Here and there is a conical shed, thatched with stalks and the broad leaves of maize; but this is not done neatly, or with anything like finish. These hang about or stick up in wild disorder, and it looks as if a gust of wind would blow the whole litter away. In every courtyard is a large wicker receptacle raised on four poles—a huge basket, in short,—and into it is put the peasant's store of Indian corn. This is his granary. The whole together—the conical roofs, the wattled fences, the uncivilized thatching—invariably called

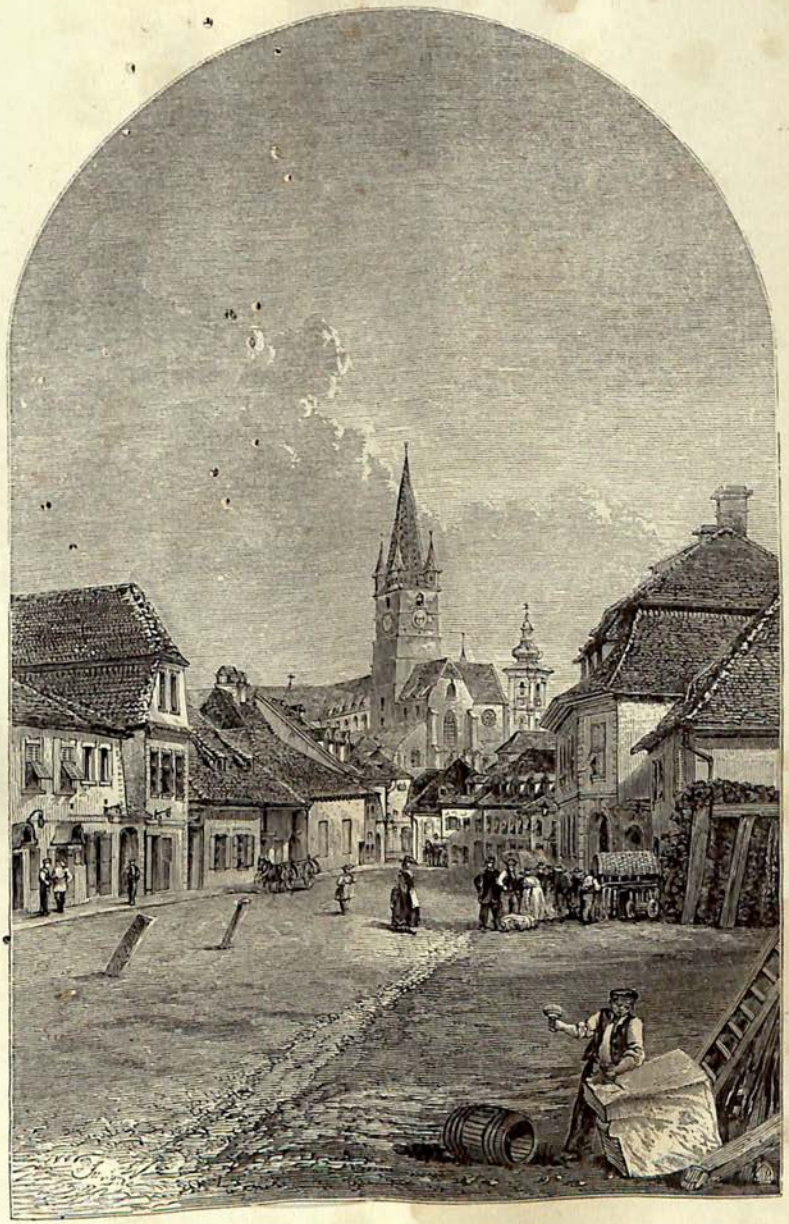
to mind the pictures which Bernaz has given of the dwellings in Abyssinia. The two have a great resemblance to each other. The cottages are first built up of logs or coarse wicker-work, and then plastered over with clay mixed with straw. There is no chimney, and the smoke finds its own way through the roof. Of better-built houses only one or two might be seen.

The Wallachian villages in the south of Transylvania seem to me to be far behind those in the north of the province. I do not think that this opinion arose from the circumstance that the southern villages were the first I saw, and that later I grew more accustomed to their peculiarities. In comparing, from memory, those since seen in different parts of the country, the villages in the south still appear the most miserable.

CHAPTER IV.

HERMANNSTADT.

On your very entrance to the town, as you come from the west, you are reminded of some old place or other seen in Germany, and dating from the Middle Ages. The street is steep and narrow, and winds past ancient walls; and as the coach lumbers on to the Post-Office, you might, for aught you see to the contrary, be entering Augsburg, or Nürnberg, or Ulm. This is just the old quarter; the principal street has less of such medieval character. But how neat it looks, and how quiet! for it is yet early, and the burghers are only beginning to think of opening their shops. A good pavement is on both sides; and there are flowers at the windows, and green blinds, and the whole has a comfortable and tidy air. At the end of this street is the "Place," where stand some handsome mansions, and the principal church, and the Corps de Garde, with a green tree or two in front, flinging cool shadows over the groups assembled there. The inhabitants are Germans,—Saxons as they call themselves, not coming however from Saxony,—and in dress, physiognomy, manner, and manner of life, pretty much like those of any small town in Germany. The shops are open now, and



STREET IN HERMANNSTADT.

in them are the same wares and the same arrangement as we have often seen before on the Rhine or Danube. There are peasantry from the neighbouring villages, and Wallacks too with their sandalled feet, and Wallack girls, whose bright dress gives colour to the moving scene.

Here, however, they do not wear the obrescha; but a piece of red stuff, called *kretinsa*,—also black sometimes, —like an apron, is worn over the shift in front, and the same behind. In the neighbourhood of Hermannstadt, these strips of cloth are so broad that they meet and lap over at the sides. Thus, the skirt looking as if in one piece, the whole has the appearance of an ordinary scanty dress. Towards the north of Transylvania it is otherwise: the two pieces do *not* meet, except above or on the hip; and thus the white shift is seen from the waist downward on either side. Its snowy white sleeves are large as a bishop's, and here the garment is worn longer than elsewhere, and reaches quite to the ankles. On the head the girls wear a sort of shawl, either red or yellow; it covers the forehead, and descending on either side the face, is tied under the chin. Some married women have an abundance of white drapery on their head, full, large, and loose and turban-like, just as we see it in the old German pictures representing Bible history: women going up to the Temple of Jerusalem, or pressing forward with female curiosity to see the new-born babe in the stable at Bethlehem. The long ends of the gauzy veil or fine white cloth hang down behind, and the flowing folds and the fair purity of colour lend a graceful air even to the commonest wearer. Here and there is a girl with a blue cloth jacket, like that of the Saxon maidens. It is open in front, and the white shift is seen falling angularly over the magnificent full bosom. The Saxon peasant wears a broad-brimmed felt hat, and his long hair falls back to the

nape.* He has a decided taste for white, and his jacket and breeches are made of a thick white frieze, manufactured close by, in Heltau. Yonder villager comes from there. Large boots reach to the knee; a broad leathern girdle is strapped round his body, confining a short shirt of coarse homespun linen, the skirts of which appear below the jacket. This is the every-day costume; but on holidays he dons another of far more stately air, and goes to church like a patrician.

It was Sunday when I strolled over to the neighbouring village of Hammersdorf, so I had an opportunity of seeing the rich dress of the village lasses when going to church.

Over the blue woollen skirt they have a large white muslin apron, the border fancifully and deftly worked. But what is especially remarkable is a broad girdle of bronze, though sometimes, and more frequently, of silver gilt, dotted all round with high knobs or buttons set with turquoises, amethysts, garnets, and old pearls. Some are handsomely wrought with filigree-work in dead gold. At the house of a rich peasant, I had an opportunity of examining one more minutely. The clasp in front was embossed and massy; the whole was so handsome that an emperor might have worn it at his coronation, to belt on his sword.

In dimension they are generally larger than sufficient for the waist, and from the arrangement of the clasp were evidently intended to fall downwards from the hips in front, as we see in pictures of Venetian dames when Venice was still a queen. Indeed these girdles have so noble an

* The original reason for wearing it so long was in sign of being a free man. The younger generation, however, is beginning to crop its flowing locks. And as such flowing hair was a mark of freedom, a shorn head denoted servitude. Hence the newly-married Saxon wife has her hair cut off, like a nun that takes the veil, to indicate subjection to her husband.

air, and from the broad metal and the stones and the cunning workmanship look altogether so regal, that one cannot help wondering how such an ornament came to belong to the adorning of a peasant maiden. Some of these cost 250 florins and more. They have been since time immemorial in the different families, and descend as an heirloom from generation to generation. With the girdle is worn a brooch—a round gilded metal disk, variously ornamented; and this, too, is studded with garnets and other stones. Sometimes these are massed together, which has a good effect. The whole is the size of a small plate, and being thus somewhat out of proportion to its purpose and to the wearer, this shield-like thing has rather a barbaric air. Its metal and jewels contrast strangely with the woollen web and other simpler ornaments of the dress. A small sheepskin jacket is worn either open in front or fastened at the side, and, when new, the bright red and blue embroidery shows on the white ground right gaily. A strange cylinder of pasteboard, covered with black velvet, is perched upon the head; and from the plaited tresses a whole collection of tape bands—red and green and blue—fall low down over the dress. This black cylinder is like our own black hats, without the brim, and is nearly as ugly. The married women also have—and they only—a cloak of black cloth, plaited together in innumerable folds, such as we see in old Flemish pictures. But this does not close round the neck, which it might be supposed a cloak was intended to do for warmth's sake. Through the collar is passed a strip of board, so that, when worn, the upper part forms a straight line from shoulder to shoulder. The whole garment is merely an ornament,—a sign of matron state,—and if warmth is needed, the large sheepskin coat is put on underneath. Immediately on returning from church, the cloak and girdle and brooch are taken off,

and carefully laid aside in the large long locker, which forms part of the furniture of every peasant's house.

There is a vineyard on a gentle declivity, the distance of a pleasant walk from the town, and from here a good view is obtained of the surrounding country.

At Hammersdorf, I for the first time visited a Saxon village, and became acquainted with a Saxon clergyman. In his house there was the homely arrangement that one would find in the dwelling of a substantial farmer in the South of England,—everything simple, neat, and orderly, very plain, and without the least pretension. The pastor's wife soon brought in a plate of honeycomb,—but such honeycomb!—cakes, bread, grapes, and wine. "One must not leave a Saxon clergyman's house without some refreshment," said our host, on my remonstrating about the abundance of good things offered. And in truth it

was all very enjoyable. Honey like that of Transylvania I have never yet tasted,—so pellucid and aromatic, so flowing, too, and delicately flavoured. This was indeed food for the fairies. The cells were of the finest consistence, the waxen walls being as transparent as the luscious amber-drops within.

In some parts of the country, honey is a great article of commerce, and at Rosenau, near Kronstadt, as well as in the Vale of Kockel, bees are kept on a considerable scale, and unless especial ill-luck attend the speculation, it generally turns out very profitable. Such honey as I have eaten here and at Rosenau is really delicious. A plate of the fresh comb is constantly offered you, with bread and wine, when you drop into a house in the country; and I was always glad to see it appear, not only on account of the coming enjoyment which it promised, but also for the delight I take in the cunning architecture, and the colour of the pale dropping gold.

Both here and in the other Protestant villages, I was struck by the relation—that of a tried and valued friend—in which the clergyman and his parishioners stood to each other. In his manner was genuine kindness, in theirs perfect confidence. They showed him the deference due to a higher teacher and a man of education, but withal there was—not familiarity, for that implies something else,—but the tone of intimacy which esteem and long acquaintance will give, and which is most pleasant and gratifying to hear.

The predecessor of this village pastor was a diligent antiquarian, and had formed an important collection of Roman remains. Some of these, and a number of curious petrifactions he had left to the village, and for want of a better place, they were then in a little summer-house in the garden. The Saxon schoolmen and clergymen are

undoubtedly the best-informed men in the country. Every one who studies for the church is obliged to pass two years at a German university, or three years at the Faculty of Protestant Theology at Vienna. Berlin and Tübingen, and in earlier days Wittemberg, were those most generally visited. He thus leaves the narrow sphere of thought and acquirement of home; he mixes with new men, who combat his opinions; he gains more enlarged views of political and social life; and what is of vast importance for his future mental progress and development, a link is formed which will not easily be broken, between himself and that great world of culture in Germany, to which he instinctively turns for his intellectual food. He has come in contact with minds whose influence on him is lasting. The power they once exercised remains. For even though he should become supine, wrapping his talent in a napkin, he still has known a better state, in which men are striving to solve great problems. And this knowledge and the old experience will and do make themselves felt, when their power of usefulness might be supposed to be long since gone. A most wise regulation, also, is that every candidate for a living should have passed so many years as professor of some branch of knowledge at a public school, before being elected pastor. One teaches chemistry, another mathematics, a third Greek, or he lectures on modern history, botany, or physics; and thus not only is a proficiency in some other study besides theology ensured, but the great defect of one-sidedness, or narrow-mindedness, which is synonymous with it, is prevented. Moreover, a man who has obtained an insight into various departments of human knowledge will be less likely to estimate his own particular study of theology above all others. He will be freer from prejudice, and in every way be more fitted to fulfil the duties of his station.

Thus the house of the Saxon clergyman in Transylvania is—to me, at least, it always was so,—like an oasis in the desert. I speak here of the villages, and of the impression made upon me when travelling on bye-roads and out-of-the-way places. You drive into the place, and all you see is in accordance with the social life of a remote hamlet. There is the inn, and the huckster's, the apothecary's shop, and maybe one of greater pretensions for haberdashery and the like. You cannot expect high culture here, nor have you a right to do so. And now you turn into a courtyard, and get out at the steps of the little parsonage. You are received with a friendly welcome, and led into the house. There are good prints on the walls, of foreign towns, portraits of literary celebrities, and books in various languages, and music, and other signs that the dwellers here, though separated from the great intellectual world by distance and mountains, are still linked to it mentally, and mentally also follow attentively the pioneers of knowledge out yonder. Later, when you stroll in the garden or sit with your host and talk about various matters, you discover how much is hidden of real brightness by that plain exterior. One is a close observer of nature, and in his travels through Germany, Russia, Italy, or Greece, has noted much that it is interesting for you to hear. Another is a profound historian, and has accurately traced the eventful career of his own nation, with all its many episodes. But he is no Dry-as-dust; and though he may not possess the accomplishment of verse, there is poetry in all his feeling. And here one studies the customs and character of the peasantry, their rites and ceremonies and superstitions, and connects them with the myths which have come down to us of other people; or he collects their songs and folk-lore, and gives us the results of his researches in random papers, which are most pleasant

reading. This man is a botanist, and that one makes daily meteorological observations, which he imparts to others in distant foreign lands, who are occupied with the same studies as himself. And so on throughout the country. Of course, I do not mean to assert that every clergyman you meet with is, without exception, of eminently superior ability. In England, neither, is every clergyman a White of Selborne, a Buckland, or an Arnold; but in not one such little parsonage do you miss knowledge; and men like those mentioned above are scattered, not thinly, over the whole Saxon land.

My host spoke about England and English customs with great admiration. The deep religious feeling which, he said, (but I do not know how far he is right,) was diffused throughout all classes of society, was the most admirable feature. The quiet of an English Sunday he greatly liked. He was the only foreigner I ever met who did so. It was right, he thought, to keep it in such a manner.

I found people here who were as familiar as myself with the names of our Members of Parliament, and our living authors. One, who spoke English, was expecting daily the arrival of the newest work from England, which was ordered but had not yet arrived. Being a Protestant village, I was surprised at sunset to hear the evening bell. It was rung in remembrance of the plague. At the end, three blows are given on the bell, and the peasant takes off his hat and remains for a moment silent and attentive.

Here, as indeed generally throughout the country, the farmer never knew how many acres he possessed. He reckoned by the number of measures of seed sown on the land. The answer to my question was invariably the same. "Das weiss ich nicht; ich brauche aber so und so viel Kübel Aussaat."* Later, on seeing the strips of land scat-

* "I can't say; but I use so and so much seed-corn." This reminds one

tered in different places, a few roods here and a few somewhere else, all belonging to the same proprietor, I comprehended the difficulty of stating the sum total in acres.

For some years, a considerable trade in silk has been carried on in Transylvania. Hence you generally find in the courtyards of the villagers' houses a mulberry-tree planted, which they let to the contractor for about two florins a year. He is in most cases an Italian; his agents, spread over the country, collect the cocoons at an appointed time, and pay for the food and tending of the worms. Several landed proprietors have lately begun to plant orchards of mulberries,—a proof, as it would seem, that the speculation pays.

I entered several houses, and found them neat and clean. Endless rows of small pitchers of coloured earthenware hung close together on pegs round the upper part of the principal room. The next also was adorned in like manner.* Such cornice of pitchers, with occasionally large pewter tankards among them, forms the invariable ornament of every Saxon peasant's dwelling. Many of the better houses of the Wallacks have it too, but not in such profusion. A hundred pitchers may sometimes be seen ranged on the walls; and the greater the number, the prouder is the housewife of her household arrangement.

One special difference between Saxon and Wallack villages is that the houses of the former are built of stone, of the latter,—with here and there an exception,—of wattles, or perhaps of wood. Those in Hammersdorf had mostly a portico, to which you ascended by four or five steps, and here or immediately beyond was the "Sommerküche,"

of the highland laird, who, as Landor relates, placed pipers at certain distances round his estate, and judged approximatively of its extent by the number so stationed, each being just within hearing of the other's pipes.

* These pitchers are only used at weddings, when the number of guests always present calls for an abundant supply of wine-vessels.

or kitchen used in summer. The winter one is inside the house.

In the common sitting-room stands the great chest used instead of drawers, where the clothes of the family are kept. This "Truhe," as they call it, is painted in bright colours; light blue, with red and white flowers and scrolls and flourishes. The same with the shelf that goes round the room, a little below the ceiling; and the doors of the cupboard let into the thick wall. The bedstead also is gaily adorned, and on it are piled up to the very ceiling bolsters and pillows in snowy-white linen covering; all home-spun and home-woven, and having on the broad-side presented to the spectator arabesque embroidery, with initial letters of the worker's name, prettily worked in blue or red. Thus there is no want of colour; and this wall of ornament on a white ground in the one corner of the room looks cheerful and pretty. It gives, too, an air of plenty and of well-being. Then there are the table-cloths, also embroidered at the sides and in the middle, and these are hung up like arras on the walls. All this store is the daughter's wedding portion, and when she marries, which no doubt she soon will do, the next sister's outfit takes its place.

The Saxon peasant is fond of hoarding,—of having his property in kind rather than in money. In the bins within the surrounding wall of a church, I saw corn which had been thus in store for six years. "Money can be stolen, but corn not," is what was told me in answer to my remarks. The people like to be prepared for all possible contingencies. Though there is no probability of a famine in the land, they think it better to be safe—safe in case it *might* come. And so, year after year, corn is hoarded up. High prices even will not induce the villager to take it to market. "There is no knowing

what may happen," he says to himself; and looking towards the church, thinks that in a day of tribulation comfort is there in store for him. And just the same with his beds and household linen.

We met a troop of village maidens, in Sunday dress, on their way home. How bright they looked as the sunlight played around them, and fell on their gay paraphernalia, on their dazzlingly white muslin aprons, and on the sweet posies which, I suspect, the youths in their company had given them! All the ribbons, enough to make a dozen love-knots, fluttered in the breeze as they passed along; and their hearts danced quite as lightly, to judge by the cheery laugh with which they answered my admiration.

The people and even the clergymen converse together in their peculiar *patois*, though all understand, and nearly all speak well High German. In reply to a remark of mine, the clergyman said he would not be thought well of, were he to speak High German at home with his wife and children. He meant that it would be considered an affectation,—just as if, in a plain citizen's family in Germany, French were to be the common tongue.*

The Saxon peasant learns German almost as a foreign

* I say "citizen's" family, because among the German nobility, it is not uncommon that French is the language in which mother and child familiarly converse. The father writes to his son in French, and the German husband to the German wife, interlarding the sentences with an occasional word borrowed from their own language, as though that were the foreign one. I know Germans who never read German books, but only French or English ones. This is one among many evidences of the dazzling influence of the French Court under Louis XIV. It flung its resplendence even on the walls and windows of the distant little German residences, blinding the inmates with its brightness. For this habit of looking to France for a language and a literature is the lingering remnant of that time—happily now over—of mental servitude. It gives evidence, also, of the want of self-confidence inherent in the German—also now, happily for him, beginning to be replaced by greater self-reliance—which made him believe that other capacities and minds, and even another tongue, must be better than his own.

tongue, and this accounts for the peculiar effect the conversation of the people always produced on me. The correct pronunciation, the clear utterance, the well-chosen —often too carefully chosen—words, all formed a striking contrast to the plain husbandman before you. It was as if a Somersetshire peasant were to converse with you in English perfectly enunciated, and, quite naturally however, and thoroughly unconscious that he was doing so, in sentences resembling those of the 'Idler' or 'Spectator.'

The circumstance that the language is *learned*, and that it is used only occasionally, and not for everyday life, is the cause of this. But, as I said before, it produces a peculiar effect, giving the speaker an air of refinement and education at variance with his garb and his position.

The sermon is preached, on alternate Sundays, in High German and in the popular dialect,—"for the sake of *die alten Mütterchen*,"* as the pastor said, "who do not quite well understand every German expression, and to whom the language would sound foreign. The younger generation—as everywhere, more modernized—is nearly as much at home in one tongue as the other.

Occasionally, in the north, I found Saxons to whom certain commonplace German appellations were unintelligible. Those they used for the same thing were totally different from the written language, and hence, all resemblance failing, the difficulty of understanding them.

The dialects spoken in the various settlements also differ greatly; so much so, indeed, that expressions are used in one Saxon hamlet which in another, close by, will not be understood. But go to Cologne, or still lower down the Rhine, and you will find that the old fruit-woman in the street can tell their meaning; for the words are of her own language, and the very ones she uses in her daily talk.

* Old women—old grannies.

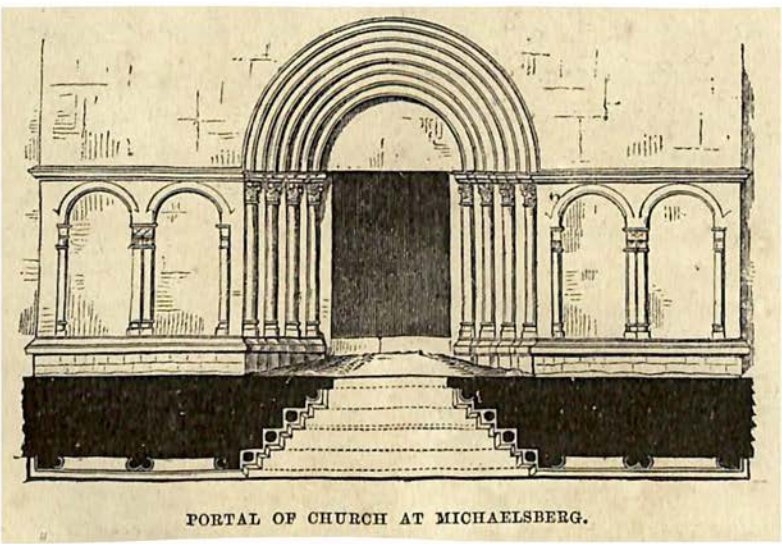
Near Hermannstadt, lies Heltau, a market-town, which should be visited on account of the beauty of its site. It lies nestled among wooded uplands and gentle slopes, covered with cherry orchards. When the fruit-trees are in blossom, nothing can be lovelier than the scene. Particularly from a turn in the road, which leads down into the vale, the view before you is very beautiful. Were Hermannstadt more wealthy, the neighbourhood would be covered with villas and country-houses of the citizens, who would enjoy here a *villeggiatura* surrounded by vineyards and terraces of flowers, whence they could gaze on the "Happy Valley" lying at their feet. The trees and hedgerows are overrun with the wild hop, which grows here in profusion, and its graceful tendrils twine round the hawthorn and wild rose. Further on, and still more among the mountains, rises a conical mound, Michaelsberg, on which stands a ruin. It is the remains of a church, and is specially interesting because it is one of three such edifices built in the Romanesque style of architecture, which exist at present in Transylvania, in their original unchanged form. They are the church on the Michaelsberg, the cathedral of Karlsburg, and one at Urwegen. In many, it is true, distinct traces of this style are to be found but in portal or tower only, while all the rest is in another of a later date.

This style of architecture was predominant in the mother-country, when the German emigrants came hither, and in it, therefore, their earliest edifices were built. All the artist's skill seems here to have been devoted to the *façade*,* the effect of which is most harmonious. It has little decoration, but its beauty consists in its simplicity and admirable proportions, being very like that

* It was built between 1175 and 1223. See an account of this church by L. Reissenberger, Keeper of the Imperial Collections at Hermannstadt.

of Santa Maria Toscanella, belonging to the thirteenth century.

The crypt, which in most churches built in this style was beneath the choir, is wanting here; but, in the present instance, its absence may be accounted for by the rocky nature of the foundation. It has been remarked, however, that in all the Romanesque churches of Transylvania of this period, no traces of such crypt are to be found.



PORTAL OF CHURCH AT MICHAELSBERG.

From here the landscape is most lovely. Heltau is a Saxon settlement. The inhabitants weave the thick white frieze (*Heltauer Tuch*), worn by the Wallack population, and export it in large quantities to Dalmatia, Slavonia, and the Banat. Formerly, the quantity annually exported amounted in value to 3,000,000 florins. The place was celebrated also for its sickles. In every house are looms, and the courtyard and garden show various stages of the staple manufacture.

The jurisdiction of the town over its neighbouring dependent villages was jealously maintained, and on no

account was hamlet or market-town allowed to arrogate any outward symbol of authority not strictly its due. Thus, no village church tower was permitted to have four turrets at its corners,—this being a sign of civic authority, and belonging exclusively to towns and market-towns with an independent jurisdiction of their own. Heltau, however, has four such corner-turrets. When the village was destroyed by fire in 1590, the inhabitants restored their church, and begged permission of the Hermannstadt authorities to be allowed to erect a tower like that one in the town; but the magistracy refused, and ordained that two turrets only should be built. The Heltauers, notwithstanding, placed four upon their tower, and a large gilded ball on the top into the bargain. Now, when the Hermannstadt council saw this, there was great wrath at such effrontery and disobedience, and an order was issued to diminish the height of the towers, and especially that the gilded ball was to be taken down; and it was only after long solicitation that the structure in its present form was allowed to stand. But to avoid any undue assumption of privileges on account of such civic symbol, the Heltauers were obliged to sign a bond, acknowledging that the innovation gave them in nowise more freedom or privilege than they had before, or any right whatsoever to resist or do aught against Hermannstadt authority. On the contrary, they were, they said, mere humble villagers, and looked up to the sage burgomasters and town council and aldermen as their protectors and patrons, and were ready, as in duty bound, "to meet them with honour, fear, and friendship." Should they act otherwise, or have the audacity to arrogate to themselves any special privileges because of their four towers, or defy Hermannstadt on account of the same,—then, so they agreed, the worshipful magistrate should have full right to alter their

edifice, as it seemed fit to him so to do, to punish their boldness and ill-behaviour, and put down their pride. As the bright gilded ball still shines in the sun, and the turrets rise from each corner of the square tower, it would seem that the Heltauer gave no cause of complaint to His Worship in Hermannstadt, but bore themselves with meekness, as beseems "humble village folk."

In Heltau, the married men and married women sit apart in the church; the youths and maidens have also their appointed places. This, which I believe is general throughout the country, gives evidence of that old subordination

and order, which prevailed in all the arrangements, social and municipal, of the original settlers. The married women do not wear the drum before described, but a head-gear of lawn, most nun-like in appearance. Here

too I saw the girdles worn by the women as in the other village, and in a house belonging to one of the wealthier inhabitants, the handsome Sunday dress of the Saxon men. The leathern jerkin of exactly the same cut as in Cromwell's time, without sleeves and fastened with a belt, the iron-grey hair of its wearer, parted on the forehead, and falling in thick locks over the shoulders, gave the man before me quite a Puritan look. His calm thoughtful face, rendered somewhat sadder by a recent illness, his dark eyes and eyebrows, made him a remarkable figure. To the painter of some Cromwellian scene, that head would have been invaluable.

The Wallack villages around Kronstadt, live wholly from the produce of their sheep. In one near here, the inhabitants also drive their flocks across the frontier, to pasture them during the winter in Wallachia, for which they pay a trifling sum. This nomade life is most congenial to the Wallack. He is a shepherd and herdsman by instinct; and his cattle, and providing for them, are what interest him more than all beside. Hence his wanton destruction of the finest forests; for in them he sees only a hindrance to his favourite occupation, as the ground on which they stand would, according to his view, be better employed for pasture; therefore, when he can, he sets fire to the trees; and you will thus often chance upon a tract, where the magnificent stems are charred from top to bottom, their branches in black distortion; showing hideous against the sky, and the ground covered with ashes as if a charcoal-burner had there been following his trade. Indeed, it is a striking feature in all democratic minds, that they have no respect for forests. It may arise from their want of veneration for what is the growth of centuries; but, be it as it may, we find the feeling showing itself in popular movements, as well as in

individuals whose political bias is anti-conservative. I have never known such a one who loved a wood. A positive dislike to, a bent to annihilate, all and every forest, is strongly marked in the Wallack of Transylvania. And his political creed is communistic.

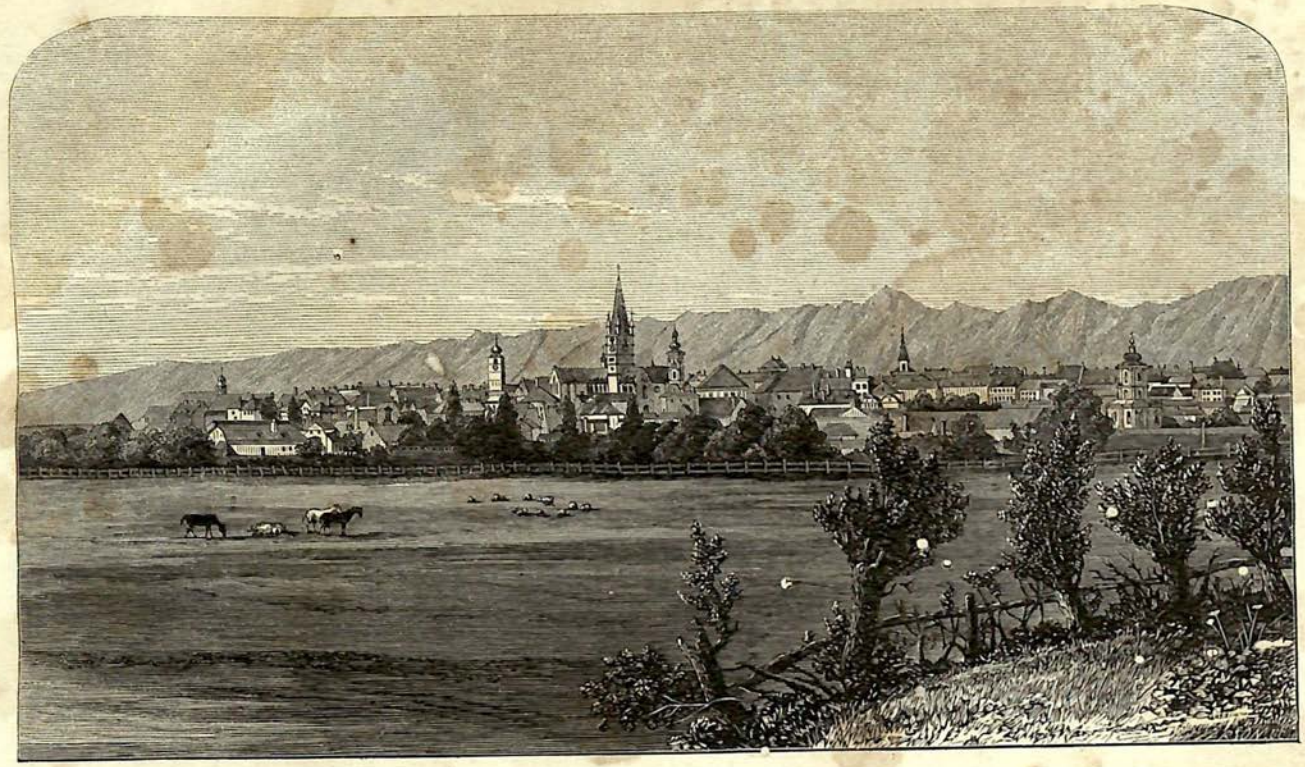
Just before my arrival in Hermannstadt, a young female violin-player, a new Milanollo, had been there, astonishing all by her exquisite performance. Her father was a Wallachian* cowherd, yet he had managed to give all his children a good education, one son being an officer in the Engineers.

* I use the word "Wallachian" to denote an inhabitant *of Wallachia*, in contradistinction to the descendants of the original dwellers *in Transylvania*, whom I designate Wallacks, or, as they now call themselves, Romanen (Roumains).

When they first put themselves forward and demanded to be looked upon as a nation, they did what he does, who, having risen in the world, wants to ensure for himself henceforth a higher position in society. They looked about for a pedigree; it was soon found, and they proved, to their own satisfaction at least, that they were descendants of the Romans. The appellation "Wallack" was to be discontinued; and their Bishop demanded in the representative assembly, that in future they should be addressed as Rumänen. This was changed afterwards into Rumanen, and the last official version is Romanen. An acquaintance suggested that the next reading will undoubtedly be "Römer" (Romans). In their schools, so I was informed, the children are catechized thus:—"Of whom are we descendants?"—"Of Romulus."—"What were our progenitors?"—"Demigods."—"Name some of our great forefathers."—"Virgil, Cicero, Livy," etc. etc.

During the revolution, the Wallack force was organized according to the Roman division of an army, with "phalanx" and "tribunes," just as their "ancestors" had. But why laugh, when your own armorial bearings were bought at Heralds' College, and your "ancestry" is—and you know it—a sham from beginning to end?

A man who has made money by his industry, when he sets up a carriage, wants, of course, a crest or coat-of-arms to put on the panels. So the Roumains must needs have a national costume to parade in; they soon composed one. The tunic is of white cloth with blue braid. On great occasions a mantle is worn, and a broad Roman-looking sword. Boots too, Hessian boots as we call them, are also taken instead of the customary sandals encasing the feet and legs.



HERMANNSTADT.

CHAPTER V.

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

HERMANNSTADT was called "the red town" by the Turks, from the colour of its brick walls. And many a time did the infidels visit it; on one occasion, A.D. 1438, besieging the place with 70,000 men, when their Sultan Amurad was killed by an arrow sent from one of the towers. Like all the Saxon towns,—and this is one of their especial characteristics,—it was surrounded by a wall: a necessary precaution at a time when the land was never safe for an hour from the invasions and forays of various Eastern hordes.

At the end of the High Street, the view is open; and there the Fogaraser mountain-range is seen, forming a bold background. It is a fine feature in the landscape, and is the more imposing as it rises at once from the broad plain on which Hermannstadt stands. For about one hundred miles this chain extends towards Kronstadt, —the whole distance bordering fertile fields, with hardly an undulation from one end to the other. The mountains have a peculiar formation. Vast buttresses are ranged along their side, at pretty equal intervals,—huge boulders of rock which, jutting out, go sloping downwards in an

elliptical form to the plain. These are covered with wood, so that between each is a deep glen, winding its way gradually upward amid gloomy shade.

The town was built between 1141 and 1161; and the province called by its name included, at that time, nearly the whole of the Saxon territory, with the exception of Mediasch and Kronstadt and Schelk. The colonists had rights assured them, which gave them a position in the land as exceptional as it was enviable; and our own Magna Charta was not a surer safeguard against abuse of power than the charter which these immigrants demanded and obtained. The system of self-government was complete, handicraftsmen throve, guilds were formed, trade flourished, and the citizens grew rich. The workers in gold and silver already had a name, and their wares, wrought with much cunning, were prized in the neighbouring lands. The mere lists of the church vestments and the costly chalices, censers, candlesticks, show what wealth had been accumulated. In 1453, King Ladislaus V. granted to Hermannstadt the privilege of sealing with *red* wax,—a high distinction, which shows, at all events, the importance of the town. Fortifications now were built, arms were provided, and the place became a stronghold. It and Kronstadt were said to be the bulwarks of Christianity. The town, with its many picturesque towers, must indeed have presented a stately sight; and when the gates were closed, the bastions manned by their several guilds, well-appointed and in full harness, the cross-bowmen and others with matchlocks, posted along the battlements, stores in abundance being within the walls,—we may easily understand how many a foe expended all his strength against the place in vain.

The jealousy with which the Saxons guarded their

rights of citizenship against encroachment is a marked feature in their history. No Hungarian was allowed to possess land or a dwelling on Saxon ground. Every attempt to do so was resisted pertinaciously and at once. Even if by will, house or land had been left to a Hungarian, it was sold, and the money handed over to him; but on Saxon soil he was allowed to have no footing. In such wise did this handful of strangers exclude every element which might possibly interfere with their peculiar political life. They feared, and justly, that a beginning once made, there would soon be a preponderance in their administration of aims and interests different from their own; and they determined that, under no pretext whatever, should such beginning ever take place.

How unflinching their opposition, is shown by the continued defeat of the Hungarian nobility in all their attempts to obtain citizenship among them. And bold indeed must have been the front they showed,—these German immigrants, tillers of the soil, traders, and workers at the loom and various handicrafts,—to have opposed successfully sovereign and minister, and the highest authorities of the Church; a powerful nobility, too, proud of its position, and unaccustomed to give way to a plebeian will. Yet this, more than once, these men did; they fought their own battle, and won it; and, moreover, unaided and alone. Their civic struggles against oppressive rule remind us of the resistance which their brothers in the Low Countries showed when their liberties were threatened. And what is so striking, as being in contrast to a marked characteristic of the Germans of later times, they seem to have had no awe of, no undue respect for, mere rank or delegated authority. Prince or peer, it was alike to them when their privileges were endangered.

There are numerous instances, in the history of the town, of gracious acts on the part of the Hungarian kings towards the inhabitants of Hermannstadt, when they came forward with characteristic munificence to help them after war, fire, or pestilence. But still the citizens were mistrustful; and no matter how great the goodwill shown them by their princes, they leaned always with more affection and attachment towards the German (Austrian) dynasty. Thus, in the feud (1527) between Ferdinand and Zápoyla for the throne of Hungary, Hermannstadt took the side of the Emperor, and, when all Transylvania was subjugated, still held out to the last. It was only after a seven years' siege that it opened its gates to the victor.

The same mistrust of the stranger which we find in those early times, is still inherent in the Saxon peasant of to-day. The interest you show, in what belongs to him and his mode of life, he views with suspicion. He meets you and your inquiries with reserve. And it is assuredly remarkable, that a quality originally called forth and strengthened by peculiarity of position should be inherited, and still exist after so many centuries, when circumstances render it no longer needful.

In 1520 some of Luther's writings found their way hither, brought home by merchants who had visited the Leipsic fair. The new doctrines gained many followers, and none were more zealous in their support than two influential citizens, Markus Pempflinger and George Hecht. The former was the life and soul of the opposition to Zápoyla's claims during the seven years' siege; he was a man true as steel and of indomitable courage, and it was his brave example that kept up the hearts of his fellow-citizens while awaiting the succour which they so long looked for in vain. The events of this period (1500–1560)

show what active minds and a firm will are able to accomplish. It was, however, a rude time; and we have instances of popular fury leading to wild and savage deeds.

As soon as quiet was restored, great was the activity in ordering whatever related to the common weal,—in reforming municipal laws, ordering trade, re-organizing the already important guilds. In 1554, the old Codex being found insufficient, Honterus published his 'Compendium Juris Civilis,' and this became later the code of the Transylvanian Saxons, after having been solemnly recognized as such by the King of Poland and the Prince of Transylvania.

The schools were improved; teachers from abroad were summoned and liberally paid. Physicians from Paris and Italy were sent for; and there was progress and improvement befitting the chief town of an independent realm.

Though Hermannstadt was more than once nearly burnt down, and though, in 1556, it suffered from the plague, wise heads and industrious hands soon repaired all disasters. To ensure improvement, it was ordered that a clergyman should only be permitted to buy houses of wood, so that he might be induced to rebuild them of stone. The town grew in wealth and importance, despite many fearful visitations. The learned men called thither received 100 gold florins a year, with 25 measures of corn and 400 gallons of wine, and the physicians 150 florins, and the rest also in kind,—a munificent payment for that time. How rich the merchants were is evident, from the fact which has come down to us that Gabriel Báthori deprived a Hermannstadt burgher of his goods to the amount of 75,000 florins, on his way home from Prague. Seven years later, the same man had again 8000 florins' worth of his wares confiscated, on account of his treasonable practices. In 1610, Báthori levied a fine of 50,000 florins on the town,

to be paid the same day, and a few months later, another of double the sum. And yet, in 1670, the townspeople gave their church an organ which cost 6193 florins, 1000 florins of which was contributed by a single citizen,—sufficient proof of the busy industry that was here at work. That trade throve was, however, not surprising, for neither in the country nor in the adjoining lands was any competition. Even what we term art-manufacture seems to have flourished here, for as early as 1545 Isabella, daughter of the king of Poland, writes to Hermannstadt to order several thousand glazed tiles of the size and pattern sent, for the floors of her castle at Karlsburg.

Thus, while their kings were moneyless, which it seems they nearly always were, the citizens of Hermannstadt were, as we say, "making money." Thrift and industry characterized them, as much as their opposites distinguished the Hungarian nobility among whom they dwelt. In the character of these, indeed, it has ever been a marked feature that they are unable to husband their property, and to keep out of debt. And it is now only after sad experience has taught them a hard lesson, that some of them—I speak here of Transylvania—manage their estates well and carefully, introducing improvements both in culture and machinery, attending themselves to the management, and, in short, superintending all as actively as the country-gentleman in England is accustomed to do.

Transylvania was too rich and lovely a possession not to be coveted by those who had a chance of winning it. Now it is under the Porte, and now under a Polish king. At one time a Hungarian prince is ruler, at another it is a Turkish province, till at last, in 1691, the principality becomes a part of Austria, and the so-called "Leopold Diploma," or charter, is signed by the Emperor.

In all these changes Hermannstadt, as the town of

greatest importance, suffered most. The tyrant Báthori was used to say, "He who will make himself master of Transylvania must have the keys of Hermannstadt in his pocket;" and accordingly it was hither that each new competitor for the sovereignty came, as to a stronghold and a sure source of wealth.

That in such troubled times a town should progress as Hermannstadt had done, may seem remarkable; but far more striking in its history is, I think, the unwearied watchfulness of its citizens in repelling encroachments on their liberties. It deserves to be better known, for in no time or country has a little band of men shown a braver spirit in battling for their rights. Even after the reign of the bloodthirsty Báthori, when weakened in every way;—physically, morally, and financially,—still at the very mention of a proposal to evade their municipal laws they turned at once to resist. Faint as they were, humiliated and broken, that word aroused them, and the memory of what they had already endured from the presence of their Nero and his garrison made them strong. They declared they would sacrifice all—life and property—to maintain their chartered rights; and their words were so resolute and fierce that their prince again gave way. The code laid down in 1583 was still maintained, and remained in full vigour when Transylvania became a province of Austria; and it was only then, when the double eagle was planted on the mountains which separated civilization on one side from barbarism on the other, that the land was preserved from the constant ravages which had desolated it hitherto. Till 1853 the Saxons were governed by the laws they themselves had made. All their rights, liberties, and immunities were guaranteed by the diploma of Leopold; in it, Austria promised to respect them, and she kept her word.

CHAPTER VI.

HOSPITALITY *VERSUS* INNS.

In a town with a so well-to-do look as Hermannstadt, one expects to find a good and comfortable inn; but I was sadly disappointed. My room was dirty and disorderly, the stove was tumbling to pieces, the lock on the door half off. What a mess, too, the courtyard was in! And the stairs, and the passages, and the places they led to! Yet this was the first inn of the town, and members of the Transylvanian Parliament were there, and the sittings held in a large room of the building. Angry and disgusted as I was at the state of my room, I could hardly help laughing at the simplicity of the chambermaid, who, on my remarking in no very good humour on the filth that prevailed, answered, "Oh, you should see the Mediascher Hof (another inn), that is much more dirty."* She,

* It is seldom I complain of, or find fault with arrangements in other countries; but the state of things here made me so angry that I told the girl, "Es ist bei Euch eine Hottentotten Wirthschaft" (It is like being among the Hottentots here with you). This observation had, I saw, not the least effect. It was evident she knew nothing about the Hottentots, or if to be like them was praise or not. I ransacked my brain for an expression that should make my opinion of such slovenliness understood and at the same time should *hit hard*; so I changed my simile and

and indeed the waiters also, were full of wonderment at my discontent. The floor of the dining-room was on a par with the court,—the table-cloths soiled, the table-napkins not fit to be used.* All this seems astonishing in a Saxon town, where we look for cleanliness, neatness, and order, and where the houses are really well kept. But a Transylvanian inn, with perhaps but one or two exceptions, is the last place for finding any of these. Indeed, in a Saxon town, I invariably found that the inn was the dirtiest and worst kept house in the place. My experience later showed me the reason of this unsatisfactory state of things. In the first place, Saxons are hardly ever hotel-keepers. They think it derogatory. They have a prejudice against the occupation. The business, therefore, is in the hands of Bohemians, Poles, and others whose habits as regards neatness and order leave much to be desired. In Mediasch the principal inn is kept by a Saxon, and he, an active and intelligent man, who has travelled, and knows how his house ought to be, does all he can to make it so. Here was the best inn and best landlord I had yet found. In the Saxon towns, moreover, the principal inn belongs to the municipality; it is the "Stadt Wirthshaus," and in former times, when the right of keeping a hostelry was *exclusively* a municipal privilege, the revenue its exercise brought in was not inconsiderable. The inn, then, is farmed to the highest

said, "Es ist hier bei Euch eine Zigeuner Wirthschaft" (It is like living among the gipsies to be here). This told. A poisoned arrow could not have inflicted a worse wound. To be compared to a gipsy was, it seemed, the lowest degradation, for the words seemed to rankle and cause a growing excitement. The room was scoured and cleaned in every corner, as if to wash away the hated imputation; and it was only after a time that my words of bitterness were forgotten.

* It is but common justice to state that on returning to Hermannstadt eight months later, I found a great improvement in the inn. It was in every respect *very much better*.

bidder; and if the lessee has but six or eight months before him ere his lease expire, he does not trouble himself about many a thing which ought to be changed, for he cannot tell whether, when the inn is again put up to auction, he may not be outbid; and so, for the remaining few months of his occupancy, he leaves matters as they are. Hence the state of the locks and stove in my room. The town authorities, on the other hand, like many a householder who lets his property, will do nothing for the tenant. The most necessary repairs are left unheeded, till at last dilapidation begins to show itself everywhere.

In Committees or "Boards," no one individual is responsible; hence it frequently happens that a "Board" will promulgate an order that any single member would be thoroughly ashamed of. And it is the same here, the stinginess or the neglect is shifted from one member of the municipality to the other; no one is responsible, and consequently no one is ashamed.

There is in no town of Transylvania a worse conducted inn than the "Stadt Wirthshaus" in Bistritz. The business is, in fact, not conducted at all; everything goes on in a happy-go-lucky style, no one in the house caring anything about it. Neither master nor mistress trouble themselves about the matter; and while I was there, the little Jew waiter, when at home, did nothing but smoke or lie down on his bed. Dirt and disorder prevailed. If I had occasion to go near or into the kitchen, I made a point to keep my head well up, with my eyes fixed near the ceiling, thinking it safer that they should have no cognizance of what was to be seen there.

It does seem strange that in a country where beef is 2*d.* per pound,* and in some places ½*d.* less, and bread in proportion,—ten rolls for 2*d.*, as in Kronstadt,—a

* This was in October, 1863. It rose afterwards during the winter.

small quantity of food, dignified by the name of dinner, should cost more than a really good and sufficient meal at Munich or Frankfort. It is the same with lodging; you will often pay for an almost bare room as much as or more than would be asked for a well-furnished comfortable one in the above towns. I generally found that the more insufficient the accommodation, the greater was the demand made. If the lodging were very poor, 1 florin 10 kreutzers was always asked; when it was very good, as at Hátzeg (Hungarian landlord), Gye St. Miklos (Szekler), and Mediasch (Saxon), I paid considerably less. The thing is, there being few travellers, those who do come are made to pay for those who do not. Taken generally, slovenliness and untidiness are the characteristics of the hotel arrangements.

At No. 1 in Kronstadt,—so the hotel is called,—the rooms are good, and there are no fleas; and on my first going there the food was detestable and the service bad beyond description. A new landlord is there now, and both kitchen and attendance are very greatly improved. At the "Grüne Baum" the kitchen was better, but the prices so exorbitant—that is to say, in comparison to market prices—that you are at a loss to understand how people can have the impudence to make such demands; but it is the same everywhere. When I asked for some hot water at Kronstadt, it was brought me, after waiting half an hour, in a copper saucepan, and I was begged to make haste as another gentleman was waiting for some too. All this would not be surprising in a country just emerging from barbarism, where there was no intercourse with neighbouring lands; but in a thriving and populous town it does seem rather unaccountable.

Meat and corn being so cheap in Transylvania, the price of food at the inns is certainly too high. What I

mean is, that it is out of proportion to the market price, by which such matters are always regulated, and that the difference between them is greater than, for example, in the inns of South Germany. But this is only one of the many anomalies of the country.

The paucity of travellers, and consequently of demand for good accommodation, is another reason why the inns are as we find them. A foreigner is a rarity in the land, and the natives, when they go from home, generally stop at the house of a friend or relation on their road. The nobility are all related, and find an uncle or cousin everywhere, and therefore have not recourse to inns. As to the other travellers,—Moldavians, Wallachians, etc.,—disorder and want of cleanliness are no drawbacks, but rather contribute to make them feel at home.

Even I, who had no previous acquaintance with any one here, often travelled considerable distances without entering an inn. I either went of my own accord and introduced myself to the Protestant clergyman, or the director of a mine or other undertaking, and always found a ready and hearty welcome. A verbal message from my last host was more than sufficient to ensure me a good reception at my next station; and often, "if I *would* go in the morning and not stay a day or two," I found a carriage ready provided, with a servant to accompany me, waiting at the door, to take me on to my destination. Is it surprising, therefore, that in such a country inns should not flourish?

The hospitality which prevails is instrumental in keeping up this unsatisfactory state of things, and hospitality formerly was greater still than now. There was more wealth, less despondency, and every stranger, come whence he might, was welcome. Who is then to frequent the inns? Who is to give the tone, and make it under-

stood that they should be better? People here take things as they find them, and if the "Wirthshaus" has poor accommodation, they think it is a "Wirthshaus," and must be so. But if strangers are to come here,—and that they should do so is generally desired,—a great improvement must first take place in the practice of inn-keeping.

There is a large hotel at Klausenburg, well kept, neat, clean, and orderly. It is probably the best in Transylvania, though formerly, I am told, the one at Szamos Ujvár had the reputation of being so. It is leased by a Hungarian. Indeed, in the smallest Hungarian inn you are almost sure to find cleanliness, however homely the lodging or fare may be. And not only the rooms, but places which are not seen are scrupulously clean too. In not Hungarian inns, the reverse is generally the case. At Reussmarkt, between Karlsburg and Hermannstadt, is one particularly nice-looking, with an air of great neatness. The place was formerly wholly Saxon, but now the population is mixed. Wherever the landlord is the owner of or has an interest in the house, all belonging to the establishment is in a far better state than when he is merely the lessee.

As it is certain that before long Transylvania will cease to be the "odd corner of Europe," which a friend not inaptly termed it, and will have its tourists, like the Tyrol, Switzerland, Italy, or the Rhine, I would advise the Saxons to bestir themselves and undertake the management of the better inns in their larger towns, in order that when a stranger comes to visit their country, he may not long to get out of it again in order to obtain merely tolerable accommodation. For when the influx of travellers is greater, the hospitality which opens its door to the stranger must naturally be restricted. It was very plea-

sant always to meet with a most warm and truly courteous reception at the Saxon parsonage and the castle of the Hungarian noble, but the kindness shown to the casual wayfarer cannot be claimed by those who come periodically and in troops.

CHAPTER VII.

ART MATTERS.

ABUNDANT as Transylvania is in natural products, plentifully scattered as the men of literature and science are throughout the land, especially among the Saxon population, there is one thing which is wholly wanting here,—knowledge of, and a cultivated feeling for, Art. On my journey through the country, this deficiency became more and more apparent; and, accustomed as we are elsewhere in Europe to find this taste shared generally by the educated and refined, the total absence here of an acquaintance with even the first principles of art quite takes the traveller by surprise. It contrasts so strangely with the erudition and learning which you find among one part of the population, and a certain elegance in the dress and household arrangements of the other. At first, you are inclined to think that the ignorance which you find in this respect is only partial; but the more you see and hear, the firmer becomes the conviction that it is absolute and general.

At Szamos Ujvár, in the Armenian church, is a large picture said to be by Titian. I had been told of this painting beforehand, and, on my arrival in the town,

went to the church with the clergyman, who was so obliging as to accompany me. At last we stood before the work, which was the pride of the place. But it was no more by Titian than it was by me. There was not in it a trace even of the great master. My guide, however, was so impressed with its value, and had evidently so much pleasure in being able to show me the treasure, that I had not the heart to undeceive him and disturb his joy. I leave this task to some later traveller who may come after me. It was incomprehensible to me at the time, that a picture, without any pretension to merit, should still maintain its name, and that there should be no one in the land to point out the mistake. But it is so no longer. I comprehend it now perfectly. The absence of all acquaintance with art being general, who is there to detect the error? for we cannot expect the blind to lead the blind.

In (Hungarian) country mansions, where you find the culture and the refinement of western Europe, where the works of the best German and English authors were lying on the table, and had evidently been read, I have seen paintings hanging up in the drawing-room which, even for affection's sake, it would elsewhere not be possible to endure. And in towns it was the same. Occasionally, I allow, there was a work of merit on the walls; a portrait of an ancestor, or of some member of the Imperial family; but this was by mere chance, and independent of the taste of the noble possessor. There was everywhere a want of discrimination; and a tolerably good work would be put side by side with one which you would gladly pay for to be allowed to burn.

But the most striking instance, because on so overpoweringly large a scale, is the Bruckenthal picture-gallery in Hermannstadt. Unless seen, it is impossible

to form any notion of the rubbish here brought together. You go from room to room, the walls of which are filled with paintings which are utterly worthless. Many of them are such wretched daubs that it is quite a marvel to you how they ever got there. They are only fit, and hardly fit, for a broker's stall. And yet, as you gaze around, tired, yet wondering at the sight, your companion continually calls your attention to a Rubens, a Titian, or a probable Raphael, till at last you are absolutely at a loss to understand what is going on. Is all this a joke, or is it serious? At first you could hardly believe your eyes, and now, with far more difficulty, you try to credit that you hear aright. But no; it is no joke. Your kind *cicerone* is quite grave as he utters these great names, and evidently speaks in good faith, and as a firm believer. Here is a Wouvermans,—indeed, there are plenty of them,—and here a Titian, and a Rubens or two, and Teniers and Ostade in unlimited quantity. There *may* be a doubt, indeed some *have* doubted, whether that hideous female with a brat on her arm be a Raphael; but it is evident that in the speaker's mind the question appears so very nicely balanced, as to leave quite as much in favour of the authenticity of the work as against it. In the Dresden or Munich Gallery you will not hear greater names, or in larger number.

Now, although we may excuse a total unacquaintance with art in private individuals, it does seem strange that in a public gallery,—for it may be looked upon as such,—the same entire want of all knowledge should be painfully manifested. There are a few pictures among the lot which are worth having, but not more than would go into a single room. The inhabitants of Transylvania, even the nobility now, are not rich enough to purchase works of art, and thus bring home to them what they

otherwise must go far to seek. If among them any one becomes an artist, he goes elsewhere to exercise his profession, and naturally seeks a sphere of action where his efforts will be appreciated, and his labour sufficiently paid. The Saxon student, during his stay in Germany to complete his education, has, unless he be specially endowed, little time or thought for matters foreign to his particular studies; and so on matters of art he, too, learns nothing.

As was said above, this deficiency seems at first quite unaccountable, especially among men otherwise so well informed; but if we remember how much easier it is to obtain books than works of art, and also that a knowledge of a literary work may be gained without even seeing the work itself, we understand how they, who are like children as regards art, may, in literature, keep pace with those living in the great world without, beyond the walls of rock which, hitherto, have also formed a barrier between Transylvania and Europe.

But I am at a loss to understand how it is that the Hungarian nobility, who, however, do occasionally visit Germany, France, Italy, and England, should not have profited by their travels, and formed a more accurate standard by the works they have seen abroad.

The saddest proof of a want of all feeling for, or understanding of art, is afforded by the fine old church at Hermannstadt. The interior was "restored" some years ago; that is to say, the ancient monuments and picturesque altars were removed, an organ loft erected, which is not in keeping with the rest, and the whole thoroughly whitewashed over. The proportions of this building are so beautiful, there is throughout such elegance of form, and in all the detail the whole is so light and graceful, that do with it what you will, it is impossible to destroy

the pleasing effect which this fine specimen of ancient architecture produces. On closer examination, however, if you go into the adjoining chapel, and look at the monuments lying at random on the ground, you soon come to the conclusion that the "restorers" neither appreciated the materials they had to deal with, nor were capable of adding anything which should be in harmony with the rest.

The capitals of the columns are most delicately chiselled, but the coating of lime which they have received amalgamates them with the surrounding white surface, and all their beauty is lost. It is the same with the vaulted ceiling on one side of the organ. The exquisite lightness and elegance of the groined arching is not seen to advantage, owing to the monotony of the one white colour. *There is no light and shade.*

The columns and their capitals are of stone; much of the upper part of the interior is, I was told, of brick, so that it could not well have been left without a covering of some sort. This was the reason given to excuse the whitewash. But the massy stone capitals and their ornaments might have been left as they were; and above these, where another material was used, a pale grey colouring have been employed, while the groining and carved keystones were brought out by a warmer tint. In the upper part of the interior, colour originally had evidently been employed. But it was easier, and no doubt more in accordance with the prevailing taste, to have bare walls and make them look white and uniform.

It is greatly to be lamented that this grand old monument should have been treated so. In all that has been done, there is no understanding or appreciation of art. It is true that skilled workmen are not to be had in Hermannstadt, and that any doviation from the every-

day commonplace mode of work entails a heavy cost; but it would have been better to leave the whole alone than spoil it so utterly as has been done. Or it might have been done gradually, bit by bit, and with a reverent feeling, preserving what even Time ruthfully had spared.

But, most unfortunately, reverence here was wanting. It is wanting still, if we are to judge by the state of the building adjoining the church, where the monuments which have been removed are lying. These are all of interest. They are full-length figures of patricians or authorities of the town, evidently portraits, and giving with minute detail the costume of the period. Many are on the earth uncovered, amid rubbish, and exposed to every sort of injury. Some, which have already been fixed in the wall in the places assigned them,—placed, however, without reference to date or the observance of any rule or law,—are mutilated; and you see by the freshness of the fracture, that the injury is of quite recent date. In a space boarded off at the top of the stair leading to the gallery, a monument in white marble or alabaster has been placed for safety,—the whole elaborately wrought according to the taste of the time, and with little figures of angels which are exceedingly pretty. As a work of art it is not valuable, but it is interesting in itself, and as a perfectly preserved specimen of an age gone by. If it were worth while to preserve it, it was worth while to do so properly; but this, like the monuments below, has been broken lately. The door of the room where it was being locked, and a workman wanting to fetch something which was in it, he wrenched the lock, and the door has remained open ever since,—open to all comers. The result has been the mutilation of the monument. Thus, works which have passed unscathed through three or four stormy centuries, which even escaped the efforts to destroy of Rakotzi in

1659,* are at last defaced, in 1863 or 1864, through the carelessness of those who should lovingly watch over them.

Another instance, hardly credible, of the utter want of all artistic feeling, is to be found at Hunyad, in the Hatzeg Valley. The walls of this wonderfully fine castle, of which more will be said later, were, on the occasion of a visit of the late emperor, all plastered over with mortar and then whitewashed! Let us fancy the walls and round tower of Windsor, Belvoir, or Edinburgh castles being treated in this way.

It is sad enough where monuments of beauty go to ruin for want of a kindly hand to save them; but it excites our wrath to see them, from an utter want of knowledge and all reverence, purposely mutilated.

At Kertz, too, in the Valley of the Alt, is an old abbey dating from the fourteenth century, that had it been better preserved, might have been the Melrose of Transylvania. The remains show clearly what it must once have been. But the stones are carried off to build the huts of the villagers; and the elaborately carved capitals of the columns in the chapel, the beautiful pendent spandrils with heads and emblems upon them which once adorned the chapel aisle, have been taken as an embankment for the brook that gurgles through the pastor's garden. No one cares about the matter, and in a few years not a remnant of the ancient building will be left.

Now, setting aside the artistical part of the question,

* At the siege of the town, Rakotzi threatened that if the gates were not opened to him, he would destroy the church, which was the pride of the Saxons. Though the cannon were specially directed against it, little harm was done to the edifice,—a proof how imperfect the artillery of that day still was. Each time a shot struck the so-called "Smith's Tower," its defenders wiped the spot with a fox's brush,—to the great wrath of the besiegers, who were indignant at the mockery thus implied.

this state of things is bad from another practical point of view. I hope, and have no doubt, that before long Transylvania will cease to be the "unknown land" to the rest of Europe which it has been hitherto. Travellers will come here to study the language, the architecture, and the natural products of the country,—to make themselves acquainted with the vestiges, everywhere found, of a people who have long since passed away from the earth. And tourists also will pour in to enjoy the sight of a new country, new costumes and modes of life, and, where such are left, to visit the ruins of castles and monasteries or mountain fastnesses scattered through the land. If these are allowed to disappear, there are so many points of attraction less to draw the stranger hither. Would Heidelberg have such influx of visitors from all parts of the world, if its unparalleled castle were not still standing on the mountain-side, and adding beauty even to the shores of the rippling Neckar? Had it been carted away to build houses and mill-dams, as I saw done with the ruin at Deva, would the money which year after year flows into the town have streamed on so abundantly? If we take the castle at Baden, or any other, it is the same. There is an irresistible charm about such places, which, if not wantonly destroyed, time only makes more lovely. And to them men pilgrimage; and the old hoary pile attracts the young and the aged alike, generation after generation.

Even for this reason, then, something should be done to preserve the few monuments which Transylvania has to show. The Government might lend a helping hand; the inhabitants themselves might do much, if there were but a will and a comprehension, though imperfect, of the interest attaching to such works and of their artistic value. There is in the country what may be called an "Antiquarian Society,"—"Verein für siebenbürgische Landes-

kunde,"—and it might fittingly take upon itself the task of caring for these matters. The Proceedings of the Society, published from time to time, give ample proof of the intellectual capability and activity of its members. Would they but extend their activity in this new direction, they might greatly add to their merit and usefulness.

I shall have occasion, in the course of my narrative, to speak more in detail of different monuments. Some have disappeared, and within the last few years. No one seemed to think that Transylvania could possess any such worth preserving. Like a poor orphan, it was unheeded and uncared for; and what was good in it remained hidden and unknown.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE IMMIGRANTS.

In a preceding chapter, a sketch of the rise and progress of Hermannstadt has been given,—a part only, though an important one, of that "Königs Boden,"* to which I shall often have to allude. In order to comprehend more clearly how it came to pass, that strangers from a far distant land should have immigrated hither,—reversing the known order of the progress of civilization, and instead of pouring westward, going backward from the West to lands of the rising sun,—it will, I think, be well to devote a few pages to the history of these men, to see what they were formerly, and what they are now.

To the German reader, such story ought to be doubly interesting, though from it he may learn a lesson that can hardly be acceptable to his self-esteem. For he will see how, at a time when in the mother-country the people, will-less, were bending to the mere fiat of their rulers, bowing before their every whim, his brothers by language and by origin were, amid many difficulties, far from their home and in the land of the stranger, boldly and successfully upholding their rights as free men. And this

* "King's Ground."

contrast is perhaps more striking, if we recur to a later period, when, throughout Germany, science and literature were flourishing, when there was constant communication with other lands, when it was in high places that the greatest ignorance was to be found. Yet at such time, we know how abject was the subject's political position in all the different little German autocracies,—how tamely he submitted to indignity, and thought a kick was sweetness if given by a prince.

Contemporary with this state of things, Germans in that "land beyond the forest" were living with municipal institutions, freer perhaps than the citizens of London at this day possess. At first, it is true, these had been asked for, and they had been given them; later, however, as was natural, prince and nobles grew jealous of their independence, and now openly, now by stealth, endeavoured to lessen it. But instead of bowing to count or king or minister, these men bearded them; what the result was we have seen. They maintained their liberties, and secured them so well, that they lived for more than a century and a half directly under Austrian rule,—oppressive, tyrannous, treacherous Austria, as we are accustomed to say in England,—enjoying the completest autonomy; in some instances, more independent of the sovereign than any town, parish, or commonalty with us.

"Where there's a will there's a way," and had there been really the firm will, not even the thirty-eight petty lords of Germany could, in that country, have so long retarded the abolition of abuses which at last has come.

But if attention be directed to the brave bearing of the immigrant strangers, let us not overlook the wisdom, clear-sightedness, and generous aspirations of those who guaranteed their privileges. The princes of Hungary

must have had an innate love and just appreciation of free institutions, to have tolerated and protected them; for they did so, even though occasionally in an ebullition of aristocratic feeling, they were angered by the sight of such thorough independence. And we must not judge their toleration and countenance by our own English notions of to-day. It was a great thing, and, assuredly, a proof how imbued those Hungarian kings were with a sense for liberty, that they should at that time have perceived what good would accrue to the land by freedom of thought and action,—instead of imagining, as many European rulers still do, that all freedom in the subject brought evil, and was an abomination. The new-comers were of a different race to their own people, more addicted to order and to cultivate the arts of peace; and wisely far-sighted, the native princes fostered their endeavours, and held their privileges in respect. They acted with a political sagacity and justice, which was centuries in advance of their time. But if the Hungarian kings conscientiously kept their word, and faithfully maintained the rights they had promised to respect, the conduct of the nobles, who later ruled in Transylvania, and who were continually intriguing for their own ambitious ends, was very different; they neither respected rights, privileges, nor property. They oppressed and plundered the very men who received them in their strong towns, and who gave them money when their own spendthrift lives had left them without resources. Although they reaped the benefits of order, thrift, industry, culture, and free institutions, these things were so opposed to their own tastes and mode of life, that they looked on them with suspicion, and, with few exceptions, gave oppressive evidence of their repugnance and illwill.

Though boasting of their love of independence, they

were well content that their land should pay tribute to the Infidel, if, by doing so, their own lust for rule could be gratified. When all was at peace, and agriculture and trade were thriving, when the citizen and the husbandman, perfectly contented, were enjoying in safety the quiet of their homes, love of their country never withheld these men from bringing devastation on a land which was blooming like a garden; for strong as that feeling might be, a desire for power and personal aggrandisement was still greater.

Indeed, every page of the history of the Saxons in Transylvania shows how justified they were in watching with suspicion any advance of the Hungarian noble, and in waging "war to the knife" in defence of those privileges with which they had fenced themselves round,—in repulsing every attempt to sap the bulwarks which were their sole protection. For on doing so depended their very existence.

Transylvania covers a space of little more than 1100 square miles, locked in on all sides by the Carpathian mountains; "a barricade against northern barbarism, and Turkish hate and tyranny." Here dwelt the Dacians, who in their forays penetrated, plundering, to Greece, and hence the Greek coins still often found in the country. The victories of Trajan made it a Roman province, governed by Roman officers and by Roman law. The language too, in the hundred and fifty years of foreign sway, received a Roman stamp; and when at last, threatened constantly by neighbouring barbarians, the conquerors withdrew, they left behind them a people in whom admixture of race was, in varied wise, indubitably marked. These and the Sclave and German races, who in the ninth and tenth century amalgamated with them, are the progenitors of the Wallacks of to-day. But before the soldiers of the

"mistress of the world" returned to Italy, mines were explored, roads made, towns and temples erected, which accounts for the monuments, inscriptions, weapons, gems, and household implements, the ploughshare daily makes the soil yield up. It was in the lovely Hátzeg valley, that the town Ulpia Trajana stood.

Now came the savages pouring down from the north, the Goths, the Huns, and Tartar hordes; at last the Magyars appeared. They had already taken possession of Pannonia (Hungary), the peaceful inhabitants having fled to the mountains for safety. A warlike people were these masters of Pannonia; they marched forth into neighbouring Germany, and, had King Henry the Fowler, and later, his son Otho I., at Augsburg, not opposed and routed them after a terrific overthrow, they might perhaps, in their onward course, have stopped only when they beheld the Rhine.

Duke Geisa, a Magyar chief, who now followed, was a lover of peace; and his wife, a Christian, converted him to her religion. Stephen, his son, drew his sword against the opposers of Christianity, and aided by the German knighthood, he crushed their resistance once and for ever. His near relation, the leader of the Petschenegen, dwellers in that neighbouring "land beyond the forest," he took prisoner, and joined the conquered province to his own Hungary, of which he was now crowned king, A.D. 1000. This new dependency was governed by a Vayvode, or Vicegerent. It comprised however only a part of the present Transylvania; the rest was an arena for the wandering tribes to combat in, a no-man's-land, in sooth, like the woods and prairies of America when the white man first came to settle there.

It was King Geisa II. who thought of calling in the foreigner. The Crusaders had passed here on their way

to Jerusalem, and through them the land was not wholly unknown to the dwellers in western Europe. Many a colonist accepted the invitation; and about the same time as the German mountain-towns were founded in Hungary, Transylvania saw the first German immigrants. This was when the great Hohenstaufen Conrad III. and Frederic Barbarossa wore the imperial crown. It must not be forgotten that the new-comers were *summoned* thither, and that the land bestowed upon them was stated explicitly to be "a desert."

First one band of immigrants arrived, then another. The earliest comers settled on the frontier, where the river Alt opens a way through the mountains, and where consequently the foe might most easily break in. So here they planted themselves before the breach. Thus Hermannstadt was founded, and the territory—the chapters, as they are called, from the ecclesiastical division—of Hermannstadt, Leschkirch, and Schenk, is named "the old land" to the present day. These colonists were summoned to till the land, to defend it, and to uphold the Crown. They came as freemen and as sole possessors of the soil on which they were to dwell; and they had the precaution to ensure their position by a treaty signed and sealed by the king, which succeeding rulers ratified anew.

And where, it will be asked, was the old home of these men? Some were from Flanders, others from the neighbourhood of Cologne, and even higher up the Rhine,—a fact proved by their language as well as by customs, which in seven hundred years have not been forgotten. They soon separated, and the seven burghs which, for protection, they speedily built in various parts of the land, gave the country its name (Sieben Burgen).

Their position was in every respect an exceptional one. They were not amenable to the Vayvode, but had their

own judges; they chose their own priests, to whom they gave tithes; from other imposts they were exempt, and it was only when the king in person went to battle that they were bound to appear.

The favour and protection accorded to these foreign settlers by the sovereign, may partly be accounted for by the desire to form a counterpoise to the increasing power of the nobles, who obtained additional rights, even that of rising against the king, at the same time that they freed themselves from every burden, and almost every duty, of a subject. In the strangers, who were so zealously befriended, he hoped to gain new and firm supporters of his throne.

Besides these artificers and tillers of the land, there came, under King Andrew II., other Germans to Transylvania. Barbarian people descended continually from the mountains into the valley of the Alt, and to protect it, the territory called the Burzen land was given by the sovereign to the Order of Teutonic Knights. Large were their possessions, and many were the castles built by them, whence the land around was administered and rendered fruitful. But with their power grew their pride, and they extended their boundaries, built stone castles, contrary to the stipulation that all their strong places should only be of wood, coined money, and deported themselves with arrogance. At last, when their bearing grew too lordly, the king withdrew his mandate, and they were forced to leave the land.

It was in the year 1224 that King Andrew II. drew up the charter which defined the rights and privileges of the Saxons. For there had been great turmoil in the land, and their position had grown precarious, and their existence as freemen doubtful. The king, acknowledging the justice of their complaints, gave them back all their

former liberties, authorizing them to choose their own head—or *Comes*—to elect their clergy, and to transact all their ecclesiastical affairs according to their own ancient usage; woods and streams, with right of fishing and of chase, were bestowed on them; and they were to be free of toll or tax when visiting markets or the fairs. Nor was the property of a Saxon who died without heirs claimed by the king, as was the case with the goods or land of a noble; but it fell at once to the Saxon community. Their Comes, or chief, was like the head of a Scottish clan,—at once judge and leader. His duties and position were indicated by the insignia of office, a banner, war-club, and a sword. Those cases, and those only, in which he could come to no decision, were brought before the king. Not even the Palatine had a voice here. And it was because the king alone, in the name of the law, could proclaim sentence, that the territory where the Saxons were was called Königsboden, or King's land. On it there was perfect equality before the law; no man was a noble, none a serf. Many exceptions too are noted in this memorable "golden charter," which throw light on the manners of the time. All is so interesting, so unique, that I might be excused for dwelling longer on the topic. Let me add only that all we read of this period of Transylvanian history is alike honourable for Hungarian kings and for Saxon subjects.

Later, others came, sent for by King Bela, after the Mongols had poured in and devastated the land. These too were freed from the jurisdiction of the Vayvode, and from the obligation to entertain him, chose their own judge, paid only half the tolls that others were subject to, could trade in salt a part of the year by land or water without let or hindrance, and had to furnish only four bowmen in time of war. And so they spread abroad, in

Thorenburg, Dees, Toroczko, to which last place they had been called to work the mines. And the king summoned these simple burghers to the imperial Diet, to debate there with the nobility and clergy on the welfare of the realm.

This act alone stamps the Hungarian monarch Andrew II. as a man far in advance of his time. When we remember what was then the position of him not born a noble, and how the toilers were regarded by those who lived from their labour, we can hardly conceive, and cannot sufficiently admire, that freedom from old prejudice which this act of the king displays. For despite its absurdity, nothing is more firmly rooted than conventional usage; and how difficult it is to overcome our notions of what is "customary," or the "fashion" or *reçu*, we may see by ourselves every hour of each day of our lives; and this, too, with all the lights of the nineteenth century burning radiantly to illumine us.

It is true, many of the Saxons grew by industry so rich that they acquired large possessions in land beyond the boundary of their territory, and, with the property, obtained also a standing like that which the nobles had. These however were exceptions, and the circumstance in nowise lessens the merit of the great-minded king.

But such facts showed that ambition was creeping in among the foreigners, leading to abuses, whose evil consequences lasted for centuries. He who owned an estate on Hungarian territory, tried to extend the privileges there acquired to his own Saxon land, and would fain play the noble among his brother-citizens; or, what was worse, some would congregate round a farm or mansion built beyond the territory that was their own, and which, therefore, was looked upon as not being amenable to Saxon law or governed by Saxon usage. And thus it happened that, up to the present century, there existed

in the land Saxon villages, which were *not* free, and where the peasant was subject to villeinage like his serf neighbour in the next Hungarian hamlet.

When Charles Robert, of the House of Anjou, sat on the Hungarian throne, the position of the colonists improved considerably. They are no longer named immigrants, he calls them "University (*Universität*) of the Saxons of Hermannstadt," "the Saxon People of Bistritz," etc. Ancient rights which, in the confusion of civil broils, had been disregarded, he restored to them. He ratified anew the independence of the Klausenburgers, for example,—thus confirming a municipal system as free as that of Bath or Birmingham to-day. But indeed, throughout this early period, examples are continually recurring of firm protection rendered by the sovereigns, in grateful recognition of Saxon faith and succour.

The forgetfulness of kings for services received is proverbial, but it must be owned that the Hungarian rulers showed they were not unmindful of benefits; for they not only compensated their Saxon subjects for any sacrifice, but they did so generously, and, what is so rare, made concessions when all danger was past.

A perfectly free political life acted beneficially on the development of trade. The guilds grew in importance, and though many of their laws show jealousy and narrow-mindedness, they undoubtedly had a good influence on handicraft and the handicraftsman, by raising the standard of work and giving to the worker consideration, self-respect, and merited honour.

Towards the end of the fourteenth century these dwellers on the "King's land" had to encounter a foe as difficult to deal with as it would be to repel a flight of locusts or any other similar visitation. And the fact deserves attention, as it was the genesis of a state of things

growing ever since with a steady growth. The same features which characterize the encroachments of that early time, we find again in the usurpations of the Wallack population of 1864, for it is of them I have now to speak.

In the mountainous districts of the Alt dwelt Wallack hordes, who, when peace reigned, roved down into the vales, settled there, and became serfs on the lands of the Hungarian nobles. They were a wild uncultivated people, without a sense even of law or property. They drove their herds on the pastures of the Saxons; they pillaged, burned, and murdered. The Saxons killed them where they could, as they would slay a wolf which they found near a fold. This could not last, and peace was agreed on,—the Wallacks promising no longer to commit their depredations, not to carry bow or arrow save in case of necessity, and to harbour no murderer, incendiary, or robber. He who did so was to be burnt with the culprit: he, too, was to be burnt who only threatened to set fire to a wooden dwelling, if seven men swore that they heard him do so. And two hundred years later, when in certain districts the woods were being devastated, a mutual agreement was entered into that he who barked a tree and caused it to die, should be hanged on the tree he had thus destroyed. Such severity was the only means of obtaining security; and even now may be seen gallows on the roadside, and all along the hilly banks of the Maros from Toplitza downwards, erected quite recently, on which to hang incendiaries whom lynch-law had condemned.

But stringent as these enactments were, they proved futile in presence of men who had—and who still have—no just notion of right. A Wallack peasant of to-day will take all the fruit in your garden or orchard,—he having none, and being too indolent to cultivate any; and on remonstrating with him he will not allow it as a theft,

"for what God makes grow must belong to him as much as to you."* By the same mode of reasoning he steals now—as he did three hundred years ago—the trees from his neighbour's forest, and drives his herds on their carefully-kept meadow. They were little or no better than a tribe of Red Indians, and, once excited, as cruel too as they. In 1599 they bored a gimlet into the backbone of the clergyman of Grossau, and hung him up by it in his own sacristy; and during the late Hungarian revolution they daily committed similar cruelties, if not worse. Enyed and other Hungarian towns still bear witness to their fury.

Attracted, no doubt, by the fertility showing itself in the plains, these tribes came nearer to the dwellings of civilization, and gradually were tolerated on the soil.† To this or that labourer a hut was given, or a patch of ground; and, prolific as the Wallacks are, they soon grew in number, and in equal ratio their demands and depredations increased. They were always a bad neighbourhood; and twice the Saxon authorities decided on driving them away. For they had no civic rights, and were under the jurisdiction of that place on whose land they had encamped.

How insidious their encroachments must have been, and how wary, is shown by their success. The Turks and Tartars were driven back, and other foes happily repulsed. Yet the Wallacks, more indolent and less bold than either, have contrived to establish themselves in the land, where in numbers they now surpass any of the other nations. In the course of three centuries, these people have undergone little change. They still demand as a right to share with another what he possesses, and what *they*

* He still looks on fruit as common property.

† In the harsh words of law, "tolerated in order to make use of them."

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want; and their necessity and your possession are in their eyes all that is needed to establish the claim. But of this later. It was only intended to call attention to what, unless boldly checked, may yet prove of fatal importance.

The wonderful fertility of a virgin soil accounts for the facility with which the inhabitants seem always to have recovered from forage and devastation. Industry alone could never have achieved this. As it was, Saxon cities arose and flourished; in the south-east, Kronstadt, in the north, Bistritz, and Klausenburg in the centre of the land. Gradually they were fortified, and became strong places where right could defend itself against might, where wealth was gained and kept secure, and mental culture fostered and propagated. In the villages, the church was always surrounded by a wall, like a castle, with watch-towers, strong gates, a portcullis, moat, or inner wall, as the case might be. It was a place of refuge for the community when the foe appeared, and thither too they brought their property and corn, so that if the land were harried and the crops destroyed, they might at least have wherewith to avert the horrors of a famine. At such times, if the danger and the siege lasted long, the village teacher continued his duties, and in several of the old "Burgen" I have seen one tower which still retained its name of the "School Tower." Besides this they built, when the ground was favourable, a fortress on a neighbouring hill, as at Reps, or Rosenau, or Kaisd,—erecting high walls on the steep declivities or uniting them with the solid rock; placing strong towers on the different sides, and at the massy doorway. From the battlements and loop-holes the defenders could discharge their matchlocks and arquebuses, whilst the height of the walls, and frequently the precipice on which they stood, made an as-

sault impossible. When the Turk or the Tartar had retired, they emerged from their stronghold, and descending into the plain, built up their razed dwellings, sowed the devastated fields anew, re-planted their vineyards, and, as the land brought forth abundantly, soon made it look as smiling as before.

Such occurrences were frequent. When a Vayvode, or later, a Hungarian noble, needed help for the realization of his ambitious projects, he made no scruple of choosing the Infidel for ally. Thus, in 1432, the Turks were called in, and the land was made an altar, from which smoke and the smell of blood ascended to heaven. Then the peasants rose against the nobles. This was the occasion of a covenant—the first league formed,—by reason of which the three nations of Transylvania, the Hungarians, the Szekler, and the Saxons, agreed to aid each other. They swore to hold together,—to consider the foe of one the foe of all. Only when the king violated a right of one of the three, the other nations were to bow the knee before him and implore his grace. As yet, that unfortunate jealousy of the German stranger which since has had so evil an influence, had not arisen. The province had to fight its own battles, and a community of danger united all parties, and made them, for a time at least, good friends. Each party was only too glad of the help of the other,—the nobility to have Saxon support in their contests with the peasantry, and the Saxons to be strengthened by the Hungarians and Szeklers when the Turks made their inroads.

We should hardly expect to find in this eastern corner of Europe, shut out even at present from general intercourse with Europe, the same view of the sacredness of the dwelling as we to-day on British ground express by the words, "An Englishman's house is his castle." Yet

such was the tenor of the law which the German, Sigismund of Brandenburg, King of Hungary, pronounced binding in Rösner and Burzen land, in the north and south Saxon districts of Transylvania. And this was at the end of the fourteenth century. Not even a murderer's dwelling might lawlessly be violated. And it is a striking proof of the respect in which the law was held, and how an inner sense connected it with majesty, that abusive epithets uttered in court by plaintiff or defendant against each other were punished by a heavy fine,—no less than five marks in silver. But this feeling existed only within the Saxon frontier; beyond it, there was neither law nor the wish for any. What also is remarkable is that the sight of such well-ordered social life, the protection given by it to life and property, the justice rendered to every claimant, irrespective of rank, should have had no influence on the surrounding non-German population; that it neither found acceptance among them nor induced imitation. It would seem as if the laws determining the world's development were immutable, and that all culture and progress *must* advance from East to West. Here motion, being abnormal, explains perhaps why it proved infecund and resultless.

The worst misrule to which, till this time, the Saxons were exposed, was that of the Church. The Bishops had introduced and fostered abuses which weighed heavily on the people; their hold was tenacious, and not to be shaken off. Some towns, however, and with wonted success Hermannstadt the first, wrested itself free. John Huss's voice penetrated hither, and prepared for that great reform which was soon to take place in European Christendom.

Again, in the middle of the fifteenth century, the Turks poured like a flood over the land. It is now that we, for the first time, hear the great name of Hunyadi. But

with it is coupled an innovation which led to evil. King Ladislaus (1452), in recognition of Hunyadi's signal services, named him *hereditary* Count (*comes*) of the Bistritz district. Hitherto the office was elective. It was an act fraught with danger for the liberties of the Saxons, they themselves choosing the man they deemed most fit. When, later, Bistritz suffered from the tyranny of its Count, the King (Matthew) came to the rescue of the people, and, with characteristic justice and generosity, secured them from oppression. He ordained that the Saxons of certain districts should be one and indivisible; that all privileges they had had from former kings should be theirs still and for ever; and should he, the King, or his descendants, by any act attempt to endanger their freedom, it should be invalid, nor need they respect it.

I cannot but think that the appearance of such men as many of these Hungarian kings were, is most remarkable. Of this one, the people in their lamentations said, "The King is dead; and dead now is justice!" Perhaps he, like his predecessors, had been just in self-defence. For it seems anomalous that, in such time and such country, where the noble's will and own good pleasure was his sole law, the man whose rank was highest should, for himself, draw lines of demarcation which under no pretext he might pass. Probably, he perceived that the barriers he thus formed might also prove a rampart to keep off attacks upon himself. For that the nobility would be inimical to him, he might be sure: they would not countenance his efforts to introduce order and justice, as it was by ignoring both that they maintained their splendour and exercised power. Hence the opposition to all such rulers. They formed a strong phalanx against the introduction of lawful authority, and of all sensible reform; just as, in Russia, the noble still covertly circumvents every

attempt to bring the social state of his country somewhat in accordance with the civilization of the West.

I have no wish to detract from the undoubted merit of these monarchs. I only seek to account to myself for what is so astonishing, because so frequent. That, from time to time, a ruler should appear towering above his contemporaries is quite intelligible; less so, however, that several, distinguishing themselves by the same sense of justice, should, in such an age, follow each other. It strikes me that these kings, comprehending their position, seized at once upon its salient points, and framed their policy accordingly. Its adoption, and the consistency with which they followed it, are alike proofs of their wisdom.

We have seen with what determination Hermannstadt opposed the admission of Hungarians to settle within its walls. At first, this jealousy may seem illiberal, and at the present day it would be so; but in their then position the precaution was a wise one, as the fall of Klausenburg showed. The town was Saxon; but gradually other settlers came, and were admitted. At first, being there merely on sufferance, they lived together apart from the rest, as the name of the Ungar Gasse (Hungarian Street) still shows. But it soon grew otherwise. The new-comers asked now for this, now for that,—demanded a share of the civic offices; that part of the judges should be Hungarian as well as Saxon, and the income of the town be enjoyed in common. Thus began a change which is now complete. At a later period, a great part of the remaining Saxon population voluntarily emigrated when Unitarianism began to spread. The doctrine was so hateful to the Lutherans, that they fled before it as they would from a pestilence. This abandonment of their old dwelling-place was the complement, and Klausenburg, from a Saxon, became a Hungarian town.

That the three nations of Transylvania formed a compact to stand by each other in time of need, already indicates a degree of independence, tending to separate the province from the Hungarian crown. The battle of Mohatsch, in which the Turks routed the Hungarian force, and dragged 200,000 prisoners into captivity, completed the separation.

The Vayvode of Transylvania, John Zápoyla, was not exempt from the chronic sickness of his race,—personal ambition. With the army which, from unknown causes, stood idle while Soliman took Ofen and destroyed the land, he bided his time, in order, if possible, to obtain for himself a portion of the old kingdom of Hungary, and so wear a crown. By law and treaty, it was Ferdinand of Austria who should have worn it; but a strong party of the nobles would not acknowledge him, and in order to carry out their plans allied themselves with the Infidel. Zápoyla, who would not bow to the rightful supremacy of the Emperor, went out to meet the Sultan, and, kissing his hand, acknowledged him his liege: the ardently coveted crown was his reward.

The contention which ensued brought sorrow upon the land. The Saxons naturally suffered most; for in their towns and communes was order, good government, traffic, wealth. Besides their other losses, they were mulcted of large sums. After Zápoyla's death, came Queen Isabella, to place her crowned boy upon the throne. Some opposed, but men were worn out by the long war, and ready for conciliation. And the three nations agreed upon the principles which henceforth were to guide them in ordering the affairs of their common country. Each had the same interest in its welfare: each had the same duties, and the rights of all were alike. And this was the first treaty of the three nations under a Transylvanian king.

CHAPTER IX.

THE IMMIGRANTS—*Continued.*

THE reforming influence which the loud voice of Luther produced, was soon felt from one end of Europe to the other. The thunder which shook one old foundation to its base, cleared also the moral atmosphere in which men breathed and lived. Even those lands over which it did not pass, but which heard the rolling only from afar, felt the purifying influence of the storm. The whole being of the inhabitants was refreshed, and derived from it invigoration. In Transylvania, men looked up and listened; they heard the reverberations borne over their mountains, and, at first in low murmur only, sweeping across the plains. The sounds grew stronger and lingered in the vales, and echoes arose which told that the motive power had not been lost in traversing so vast a space.

Thus the Reformation, as might be expected, found ready acceptance among the Saxon population of Transylvania; for men who politically had so early emancipated themselves from unnecessary restrictions, and were clear-sighted enough to comprehend the true relative position of subject and ruler, would hardly long submit to walk in leading-strings, even though held by the Church.

Those, too, who are in the habit of accounting to themselves for appearances, and of endeavouring to comprehend what they see, will strive for clearness, not in one direction only, but in all.

The Hungarians and Szeklers inclined to the doctrines of Zwingli and Calvin; many, also, followed those of Socinus. The various churches arose without bickerings or jealousy, and in three several parliaments it was ordained that every man was free to follow the creed he preferred, and that each of the four religions was to enjoy equal rights with the others. Thus the change which elsewhere caused such commotion, occurred here without a struggle.

Ferdinand (1542–1556) now attempted to secure his rights, and again the land was disturbed by war. But Austria was slow to help those battling for her supremacy; she was spendthrift of promises and assurances of gratitude, besides these she gave little. The Saxons, always waiting for the support which was to come, remained true, and invariably suffered accordingly. Their towns were besieged, fines levied on their communities; and it cannot fail to surprise him who reads their history, that they should have been able to answer the requirements which now a foe, now an ally, made upon them. At one time there is Queen Isabella "borrowing" 4000 florins; at another, Hermannstadt pays 52,000 florins taxes; or 15,000 ducats are sent by the Queen to the Grand Vizier as a bribe. Ali Pasha now demands 500,000 thalers as tribute, or Kemény or Bethlen or some other Hungarian chief levies ten or twenty thousand ducats as a punishment. Small towns like Schässburg, even, gave enormous sums. There was no end to the demands, and seemingly no end to Saxon resources. They furnished cannon, powder, waggons, arms, provender, bread, meat, and

wine. In reading of the stores thus provided, of the money in gold and silver delivered within a few hours after the exaction was made, we are at a loss to comprehend how so much property was acquired. But it was there, and the others knew it.*

When Sigismund died, Stephen Báthori was elected ruler of Transylvania. But, as usual, another candidate arose; and, even though supported by Austria, the Hungarians and Szeklers went with him, in opposition to the rightful prince. It is quite incredible how, with them, greed for power was always active in promoting a contest for its possession, and, irrespective of the means, blinding them to all save the one dazzling prize.

The presence of the Jesuits in the land threatened danger to Protestantism; and later, also in 1580, an attempt was made by the Hungarian nobles to deprive the Saxon clergy of the greater part of their tithes, and in which, but for the high sense of justice of Christopher Báthori, who succeeded his brother, they would have been successful. "It is not allowable," he said, "to falsify† the compacts which our pious ancestors have made; neither may any man be robbed of his income without a just cause." Later, however, when his treasury grew empty, the proceeds of the tithes were taken "as a loan;" the moneys, however, were never returned, and what is worse, a tax thus temporarily imposed and voluntarily submitted to, grew into a usage, and became a burden and a source

* In 1585, the imposts levied on the Saxon land amounted to 85,000 florins. If we take into consideration the prices of food at that time, the magnitude of the sum becomes apparent. Three quarts of the best wine cost three pfennig; 1½lb. of meat, one pfennig; a kübel of wheat, ten pfennig. This money was worth between ten and twenty times more than now. If, therefore, "money be the sinews of war," the Saxon nation must have been a valuable ally.

† "Verstümmeln."

of persecution, weighing on the Saxons for several hundred years.

Till now they had judged all cases by what they called the law of custom, according to the comprehension and understanding of the judge. But the necessity of a written code, definite in its meaning, became perceptible, and fitting men set about the work. When completed, it was carried to the King, at Cracow, who, by his seal and signature, acknowledged its validity, and made it the law of the whole Saxon land. The introduction was a great advantage, for to Saxon inhabitants and on Saxon soil it afforded protection and ensured justice. But a want was still unsupplied, which, moreover, there was little hope of satisfying. This was a strong executive in the land,—a power whose authority enforced acknowledgment and respect. But where was it to be found? The elected ruler, even if left in quiet possession of his throne, was weak when opposed to the united nobles of the realm, who, unused to submission, refused always to obey. Such was the consequence of their false notions of what they called "independence." They deceived themselves; it was not dependence they so feared, but order.

The Saxons suffered greatly by this state of things. They were exactly in the same position with regard to a supreme authority as the whole land now is with respect to a supreme court of law. The executive power, swayed by circumstance, could not act as it ought. The highest judicial authority, governed by various considerations, is not to be relied on. Now we all know there is nothing more fraught with evil than illusory appearance. But as the Hungarians and Szeklers, by their opposition, kept their ruler weak, instead of, by obedience to the law, making him and their country strong; in like manner, the Roumains of to-day have done their utmost to defeat the intentions of

Government on the question of a High Court of Appeal,—preferring to keep it in the province instead of removing it to the capital of the empire, away from national prejudices and partiality.* It is these continual jealousies and constant vaingloriousness, which have hindered and do still hinder the welfare of the country.

The absence of a strong government was one reason why trade decayed. Before the discovery of a passage to India by the Cape, the Danube and the countries near it were the great thoroughfare for merchants trading to the East. But though this had now ceased, there were other fields for enterprise if anything had been done to afford the merchant necessary protection.

In 1583, the whims of Sigismund Báthori again plunged the land in war. Towns and villages were burning in all directions. At last came the Imperial troops, and there was a respite for awhile. But the soldiery was as dangerous to friend as foe; they roved through the land, pillaging and wasting as they went, and their steps were everywhere marked by blood. Pestilence, and hunger carried off thousands of the inhabitants; immense sums were paid now by this town, and now by that, to appease the wrath of a victorious leader. Carnage, robbery, and devastation reigned paramount. The land was literally reeking with blood and incendiarism; the cattle were gone, and men harnessed themselves to the plough to till the wasted land. Famine prices were everywhere, and the old chronicles relate that men ate the flesh of executed criminals to appease their hunger. And all this misery Sigismund Báthori had brought upon his country by his reckless ambition. As to Vienna, it might as well

* The Government proposition on this important question has at length passed, having narrowly escaped being sacrificed to opposing vanity and self-will.

have been beyond the Atlantic for the help it gave. To the Imperial government Transylvania must have seemed a point that was unreachable, for they never knew what was doing there, and when aid was sent it always came too late. The notions at head-quarters respecting this dependency were apparently as confused as in the West many on the same subject are still. Allegiance was demanded, but nothing was done to ensure it, and the result was that Transylvania became definitely subject to the Porte.

In 1608, Gabriel Báthori was chosen prince,—"Transylvania's Pestilence," as the old chroniclers name him, the "Madman," as he was called by the Turks. He was a very Nero, regardless of law and of humanity, whose chief joy was to inspire fear and dread. From the Saxon citizens he literally pressed their last florin, either as a contribution to his treasury, or to avert some threatened chastisement. But at last this reign of terror was to end. Gabriel Bethlen went to Adrianople to complain, and the Sultan deposed the tyrant, and sent an army to place Bethlen in his stead. Skender Pasha marched through the Iron Gates; and Báthori, deserted now by the Hungarian nobility, on whom he had also placed his heel, fled to Gross Wardein. A short time after, he was assassinated in the street, just as he had given orders to murder the remaining inhabitants of Hermannstadt, and not even to spare a child.

The difference between the late and the present ruler was indeed great. Bethlen's reign was blessing-laden. He fostered literature and science, he formed commercial treaties, and strove to introduce into his country the culture of the West. Skilful workmen were sent for from Italy; and from Germany he called learned men, to teach in his schools. More than twenty youths studied in one year

at his expense at Heidelberg University, and in his will he bequeathed 47,000 thalers for the school which he had founded. He protected the liberties of the Saxon clergy, and assured them the full possession of their tithes.

He died, to the regret of all, and his brother, though unable to get into his place, still tried to obtain influence in the government, and sent to George Rákotzi I. an offer of his aid in acquiring the princely power. A bribe of 7000 florins given by Kemény, Rákotzi's friend, assured his election.

The man was avaricious, and employed his power to gratify his love for money. He forced Hermannstadt to "lend" him 6000 florins; the year after, he took 4000 florins of the clergy, and the town was obliged to pay a heavy fine because it had demurred at receiving him within its walls, attended as he was by a body of armed retainers, though such an act was contrary to Saxon privilege.

Degenerate rulers, bad government, constant strife seem to have had a baneful influence on all, Saxon communities not excepted. The Hermannstadt citizens were not what they had been, and in the magistracy especially were evidences of decay. Instead of fighting their battles with the constancy of old, they sought to win them by fair words, and by satisfying Rákotzi's lust for gold. And they signed an agreement to pay him 10,000 florins in cash, to cede several of their possessions, to deliver to him one of the town-gates, with arms and stores belonging to it, as often as he might come,—and, should need be, to give up even the whole of the town.

Formerly, when no Turk or Tartar foe invaded the country, and actual war was not going on at home, contention ceased, and the inhabitants lived together in peace; but later it was different. Jealousy of the Saxon

grew from year to year, and constant was the endeavour to sap the foundations of the strong wall of rights which he had raised around him for a protection. Again, under Rákotzi's grandson, the attempt was made, and by changing the words of certain clauses in the Saxon charter and leaving out others, the Hungarian and Szekler party of the representative assembly, hoped to weaken their position; but the Saxons perceived the change and its drift, and insisted on the very words which were in their bond.

They had also to fight for immunities, without which they would have been in the same dependent position as the Hungarian serf. The enormity of the attacks roused them however at last, and made them united and resolute. That these men should possess such vested rights and privileges is what the Hungarian nobles could and would not understand, and, save their own, would fain have abolished all prerogative.

But now other battles were to be fought, and the land again was to mourn. Rákotzi longed for the Polish crown, and went to war against the Sultan's will. From Constantinople orders came that the prince should abdicate, and Franz Rhedei took his place. The Grand Vizier marched with 100,000 men to the frontier, the Tartar Khan, the Pasha of Silistria, the Vayvode of Moldavia and Wallachia, all poured with endless hordes into the Burzenland, and flaming villages announced their approach. The inhabitants were bound and sold; and for four thalers a grown person could be bought, and four horseshoes purchased a young child. The prisoners who remained were either killed or dragged into slavery. For bread and wine mothers bought back their infants. In a few weeks 150,000 men had been sacrificed; 800 boys were sent to the Grand Vizier as a present. But Rákotzi

would not cede his pretensions. "As sure as God lives," he exclaimed, "I will yield in nothing; and though the land be a desert, I will not cease my striving. If I cannot be prince, no other shall be so either; and though I sit but a month on the throne, I will still go on!" The province was now to pay the Porte 40,000 ducats yearly as tribute, and a penalty of 500,000 thalers as a punishment. Hermannstadt fell, and 1500 janissaries and 500 Turkish horse entered her gates,—that town which had once been a Christian stronghold against the power of the Infidel. Now Rákotzi reappeared, and besieged the wretched town in his turn. But it is almost impossible to paint all the horrors which weighed on Transylvania; whole towns became a heap of smouldering ashes. One pasha and now another marched through it, to be followed by the raging Rákotzi, who in his disappointed ambition showed no mercy. Name follows name in quick succession; now we hear of Apaffi, now of Teleki, and no one could foresee how or when all this woe would end.

At last, however, the day of salvation came. The forces of the Sultan had been annihilated before Vienna, and Apaffi resumed negotiations with Austria, which he had begun some time before. In June, 1686, he signed a secret treaty, which placed Transylvania under the protection of the Holy Roman Emperor and the King of Hungary. To the province was guaranteed the free election of its princes, and the promise given to free it as soon as possible from tribute to the Turks. Liberty of conscience was allowed; church and school property were to be respected, and the four creeds to have equal rights.

And now the Imperial troops came into the land. A month afterwards Ofen was taken by assault, and thus the Infidel oppressor, who for so long had his foot upon Christian necks, was driven from Hungary by the German.

There was now, at last, promise of peace. For a moment only civil broils threatened, when, at Apaffi's death, Tököly endeavoured to usurp the princely power and set aside Apaffi's son, who was rightful and acknowledged heir. He crossed the mountains with Turks, Wallacks, and Hungarians, and the Crescent was again in the ascendant, for in the first battle the Imperial troops gave way. But Ludwig of Baden came to the rescue, and the usurper was driven back into Wallachia. Transylvania's sons have at all times worked her worst woe by their ambition.

As soon as peace was definitely restored, that treaty—the Leopoldian diploma—which assured safety to Transylvania, and liberties and rights, was drawn up and ratified. To that land it was what the Magna Charta was for England. It was liberal and just in the highest degree. Yet, as usual, the burdens of taxation fell heavily on the Saxon population; they were wealthy because their affairs were well ordered, yet at last even thrift and industry could not stand against such constant pressure. They had clung to Austria with unwavering fidelity, and wished for her supremacy, but there was no end to the imposts which were levied, now in one form, now in another. Besides this, other abuses were to be endured which the presence of the army occasioned,—presents to the officers, rations for their horses, and "equivalents" for lodgings, which they might have occupied, but did not. It was a heavy dispensation, and occasioned great affliction. In order to meet the demands made upon them, the Saxon communities were now forced to incur debts, and for the moneys lent usurious interest was demanded. The Hungarian nobles, exempt as they were from all taxation, were generally the lenders. The lawful interest, ten per cent., satisfied no one now, and all enactments to restrict usury were in vain. For the

loan of 100 florins, Sigismund Nagy was paid yearly the work of twenty ploughs and sixty men. For 18,000 florins Bistritz gave to Graf Banffi, besides ten per cent. interest, 150 mowers for six days, and thirty vine-dressers for the same time; one vineyard was besides also to be cultivated, 4000 sheaves of corn were to be reaped and bound up, fifty barrels of lime delivered for his use, and twenty-four horses and twelve grooms kept free from the Feast of St. Michael to the Feast of St. George.

Heavy as these dues were, they might at an earlier period have been rendered easily; but now everywhere were untilled farms, or their buildings burnt down. In Schässburg district were 704 such estates lying fallow, and 324 which had been destroyed by fire. In Leschkirch, 636 lay waste. In Hermannstadt 1175 farms had been deserted and 84 given up to the flames. Such was the distress, that at the end of the seventeenth century freemen have been known to implore their creditors to take them and wife and child as serfs, in order to cancel a debt of 100 Hungarian florins.

The land, already so fruitful, had been plentifully manured with blood, and, as soon as the husbandman had time to sow it again, yielded in abundance. Peace, durable peace, alone was wanting to restore the former joy and former prosperity. And this blessing a victory of Prince Eugene over the Turks ensured (September, 1697). The battle of Zenta broke their power, and Transylvania ceased henceforward to be tributary to the Porte. It became again, by treaty, a part of the kingdom of Hungary, whose monarch now was Archduke of Austria and Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. In the Austrian Crown are many jewels, but there is none of greater worth than the pearl which thus was set in the venerable old diadem.

For all parties in the land this fixed state of things, putting an end at once to strife about succession to power, was an incalculable boon, but to none more so than to the German inhabitants.

What the vitality of this little band of men must have been, flung as they were like a waif on a foreign shore, the events we have here followed sufficiently show. It is only surprising they did not utterly perish. And as they tilled the ground, and made a waste fruitful, so on the very confines of civilized Europe they planted free institutions, and reared them till they grew strong. To them the people, among whom their lot was cast, owe more than they can repay; for it was they who introduced, and made known, and continued to maintain, those just notions of liberty the advantages of which all participate in to-day. Yet side by side with freedom they always upheld lawful authority, and bowed to its commands.

The settlements of these immigrants were so many centres of civilization in a land where, as yet, there was none. For by that word I understand order, obedience, moral law. A friend related to me lately his visit to a Calmuck prince, residing on the banks of the Volga thirty years ago. On leaving the steamer, he was received in great state; the saddles of the horses were from England, the carriages and the harness too. All the furniture in his palace, the silk stuffs, etc., were from Paris. The dinner was served on silver plate, and the rarest wines of Europe were on the table. The splendour and hospitality were royal. But this was not civilization. In an English peasant's cottage was more real civilization than in the palace of that powerful chief. And this opinion will explain my appreciation of the several conditions which, here in Transylvania, the different people made their standard.

The Hungarian and Saxon differed in their conception of freedom and royalty. The former loved liberty, undoubtedly; but he attached to the word, and, I fear, does so still, a meaning different to what Englishmen do. We, also of a Saxon stem, find freedom in self-imposed restriction, and in obedience to authority. So did the German immigrants. The nobility—for the others had no voice, and the nobles in reality were the nation—considered it to be simply unrestraint. At the Landtag, or great council of the nation, they did as they liked with the laws; and, as to the king, they supported him only as long as he did not interfere with them. If he attempted to control them, they accepted any aid, home or foreign, of Christian or Infidel, to dethrone him, and set up another, more tractable, in his place. They did not mind dependence, if it ensured *their* power. Now, on the other hand, submission and fidelity to their rulers are essential qualities of the German, and which he has often carried even to excess.

As a natural consequence, the more ground the nobles gained against monarchy, the more inimical they grew to the citizen-people who stood isolated but independent in their midst. The more they emancipated themselves from the trammels of the law, the less could they sympathize with men who strictly abided by it, and who looked upon its observance as a stronger defence than walls and watch-towers.

The Saxons saw the peril of their position, and fearing lest, by a closer union, this rampart should be pulled down, still opposed the settlement of Hungarians in their towns; the permission for which was more ardently coveted, the more plainly it was seen that there alone was safety in the hour of invasion and protection from barbarian tribes. They feared, too, the effect of foreign

influence on the national mind and character. "For also in Saxon towns," to quote the words of the historian to whom I am already much indebted, "the Hungarian nobleman insisted on enjoying the rights of birth. He would pay no taxes, would not share the burdens of the community; gave no tithes, whether of field or vineyard; he refused to recognize the law of the land, nor would use the German language when before the town-council or magistrate."*

Whatever the Hungarians may be pleased to think on the subject, it is quite certain that the primal Saxon settlers in Transylvania did show themselves valiant. In all probability, it was not their nature to be so; they were not inherently what is called a warlike nation, like the Magyars, but the quality was engrafted on them by their position. Menaced and forced to fight for their homes and the soil on which they stood, they faced about to hunt the invader from their door. Many of them, moreover, were handicraftsmen; and the 'prentices in Germany in those days all bore arms, and were expected, as was the case in their new home, to defend the town wall in case of need. It was a matter of course, as it was a matter of necessity, for every man to fight. At any hour, the masters and their men might be called from the loom and the anvil to keep the town gates, or to guard a tower. The constant presence of danger modified their original nature, and made warriors of them even, may be, against their will.

That the present Saxon race in Transylvania no longer possesses this pugnacity is also certain. Times have changed, and they have relapsed into their normal disposition, with its predilection for the quiet of civic life and of civic occupation. A quality, inherent in the German,

* 'Geschichte der Siebenbürger Sachsen,' von Dr. Teutsch.

has also gradually cropped up and shown itself. For a long time it was kept down by the urgency of the situation, by dangers covert and overt continually menacing; but these once removed, the national character again appeared. What I allude to is the proneness for bureaucratic service and system, and a subserviency to delegated rank and official authority. A German fits into a bureau, like the key into a Bramah lock; and this quality, though it lay for centuries in abeyance, was only kept down by circumstance, but not uprooted. With the other weakness it was the same.*

When the colonists first came into the land, they engaged exclusively in agriculture. Now the peasantry in any land is a class apart. Its peculiar occupation demands all its time, as it absorbs all its interest. The villager's world is his home, his hamlet, and his farm. Neither does his education fit him for official service; so that his thoughts never turn that way. All the energies of these men were directed therefore in one direction, till afterwards progress in various handicrafts led to trade, and a part became workers in metal, wool, etc., as well as husbandmen. Their burgomasters and aldermen attended to the affairs of the community, the masters to the business of the guilds; for men were so busy that they were glad to be exonerated from such duties.

Later, when wealth accumulated, and with it came greater show, pride also appeared, and there was a love and a longing for dignities and civic power. The plain citizen would fain be a patrician, and be greeted in the

* This would seem an argument against the views put forth by Darwin in his 'Origin of Species,' and in favour of Professor Owen's reasoning,—asserting as he does that neither the forms nor instincts of any animal change into lasting new ones; but that should a temporary variation take place, induced by surrounding agents, the tendency of Nature always is to efface the temporary relapse, and return to the normal original type.

market-place, and sit apart on a raised seat, and the words "Sir" and "Your Worship" were most grateful to his ear.

But this was not the same as the bureaucrativeness (to coin a word for the occasion) to which I allude. It was merely the disease which, one time or another, appears in every republic alike*—Rome, Venice, Switzerland. As yet there was no throne above them, surrounded by the splendour of majesty, that they could look up to with awe because of its firmness and grandeur, or which was, for them at least, "a fountain of honour." From the golden brightness of a crown no ray reached them; they had, in short, no opportunity of learning the effect of such reflected light. But when the time did come, the old instinct showed itself again.

In Hermannstadt, a city of officials, this bureaucrativeness is more evident than anywhere else. In other Saxon towns it exists in a considerably less degree; but at the seat of government all is pervaded by an official atmosphere; to some so close, but to others most genial and refreshing. And as during an epidemic, those who are predisposed at once catch the illness and sink into the grave, so here, with an inherent susceptibility for the prevailing influence, men followed their bent, and, one after another, dropped into—a bureau.

The physiognomy of Hermannstadt strikes the traveller the more on coming from the other towns,—Kronstadt or Bistritz for example,—but in a considerably higher degree, should he have passed thither direct from Klausenburg. This, the winter residence of the Hungarian nobility, has a different air altogether. The walk and look of the popu-

* Though under a king, the self-government of the settlers was, to all intents and purposes, republican. They chose their chief magistrate themselves, and all their civil officers; they appointed their own clergy, levied their own tithes and taxes, and made, and were only amenable to, their own laws.

lation—now entirely Hungarian—is freer, bolder, independent. It is true, that feeling of self-reliance, that sense of his own personality, which marks even the humblest Hungarian peasant, is distinctive of the nation, and should therefore not be contrasted with the bearing of a class among another people, who, under no circumstances, show the like. But just because the Hungarian is altogether so different from the German, will the impress which Hermannstadt bears be more apparent, and be brought out more if contrasted with Klausenburg. It is different even, as I said before, from the other Saxon towns.

The free institutions which these men brought with them, and which, under every circumstance, they maintained as a Palladium, were, there can be no doubt, the foundation of their development. They prepared them for the great Church reform, and this once accomplished, a new impulse was given to education. And herein—in their schools—lay the strength of the Saxon population. That their youth should be well taught, was always one of their chief cares: it went hand in hand with the preservation of their free civic institutions.

I have already spoken of the village pastors as men, often, of learning and research. Some are in constant correspondence with celebrated men in Germany and America, and in the recognition and warm encouragement of a Grimm or a Humboldt find their sufficient reward. Cut off, as they are, from the rest of the world, they still cling, with an attachment and a love that is touching, to the mother-country, and strive to keep up in the intellectual race, and not to be left behind.

Nor in speaking of the various influences which worked together to make the Saxons what they were, must we forget an institution peculiar in itself and of great antiquity. This was the "Bruderschaft," or "Brotherhood,"

and which, as its aims and arrangements show, originated with the Church. Every youth, after confirmation, entered the society, and remained in it till he married. Self-chosen officers were appointed to watch over the "manners"—as we understood this word in olden time—of the members, to admonish those whose conduct was reprehensible, and, on appointed days, to settle disputes according to laws unanimously agreed upon. An institution of this sort, if consistently carried out, could not fail to exercise an important and beneficial influence on morals generally. But besides this it had another effect, also of essential service in the isolated position in which these immigrants were: they learned to unite for a common purpose, to subject the divers wills of many to an acknowledged principle, and they learned, moreover, the strength which such union gave.

In Catholic Germany brotherhoods still exist, but their sphere of action now does not extend beyond attending in procession at certain church festivals. These are simply subscription clubs, without use or meaning. Perhaps the society most nearly allied to these Saxon brotherhoods, however unlike they may appear at first sight, was the "Burschenschaft" of the German students. This, too, kept strict watch over the "manners" of its members. It was what the olden chivalry was or pretended to be, but in a new form more adapted to the time,—its professed aim being to ennoble human nature and raise it by virtuous precept and practice. The organization of such society I shall dwell on more particularly in another place; it was necessary, however, to allude to it here when speaking of the Saxons, being so intimately mixed up with their social life in all its bearings, and because it consequently had much to do in forming their manners and their character.

In agriculture hardly any progress has been made. The Saxon peasant, with few exceptions here and there, tills his farm as he did seven hundred years ago. He has not profited by what experience has taught in that long time. He still leaves one part fallow while the other half is sown. In this alone is he wasteful. He does now with his fields just as his ancestor did when Barbarossa was emperor. And as the monarch still sits slumbering in the enchanted mountain, so have the Saxon peasant's notions about agriculture stood stock-still ever since. It is possible that this arises from the conservative nature of the peasantry in every land,—from their inclination to go on as their fathers had done, and their inveterate dislike to innovation. But it may also be that the knowledge the world has gained never reached them, and so, while the others of his nation have kept pace with the rest, he has remained behind. There are some villages, however, where a change has begun, and the advantage of it is so evident, that the example will probably soon be followed by others.

Trade is far less flourishing now than it was some centuries ago. The change of route in the new passage to the East was instrumental in this change, and also the development which has taken place in the other marts of Europe. The spirit of enterprise, formerly so strong, seems gone from the Saxon trader. It is true there is a scarcity of capital throughout the land, but we elsewhere see how energetic men with small means set to work, and, by dint of activity of mind and body, make a market for themselves, and ensure success by boldly saying it shall come. There are difficulties, no doubt, as there always are; but after what I have seen, I cannot but think that with greater energy, much—very much—more might be accomplished.

Such is the story of the little body of immigrants from Flanders and the Rhine to the far-off unknown "land beyond the woods." Imperfect as the sketch is, it will afford some notion of their position. What their character was, we learn by what they achieved. We do not find any essential development in their political life, for they came into the land with institutions already so liberal, and with such enlightened views, that it was hardly possible to improve upon them. There is at this moment in Continental Europe no people, except the Swiss and the Belgians, enjoying such liberties and guaranteed rights as these Germans possessed when they settled in Transylvania. In six hundred years, the progress of the different monarchies leaves them still far behind the political condition in which those men lived. Their presence however, as was observed before, worked no effect on those around them. The difference between them in nature, moral culture, habits, and education, was too great for such a result. Seven centuries of neighbourhood have not brought them nearer together. Seven centuries more will not make them friends. The two races are radically unlike, with qualities wholly different, whether for good or evil. The political freedom of the foreigners was for the Hungarian nobleman a restraint; their order, thrift, industry, was to him a constant reproach, and their distrust of his promises could not but be taken ill. He felt himself aggrieved when they looked westward for support,—as they always and very naturally did,—instead of rallying round the standard raised by a Magyar. It was a source of bitter feeling in times long past, and it has occasioned still greater bitterness in the present day. I comprehend quite well the feelings of each party, and, from their respective points of view, find both quite natural. Deeply regrettable as it is, I do not see how it could be otherwise.

CHAPTER X

PICTURES.

In the Bruckenthal Library, at Hermannstadt, is a missal of such great beauty, that no one who has a taste for works of art should fail to examine it. The volume is of the finest vellum, and consists of six hundred and thirty pages in small quarto, each one of which is ornamented with borders of fruit, flowers, birds, fanciful animals, etc. It is evident that at least two, if not more hands, were employed in the work. One artist was undoubtedly a merry fellow, for his animals are most grotesque, and the compositions have always in them a spice of drollery and fun. The other was more staid. The flowers, too, of each are unlike in treatment. The pictures themselves are also by a different artist from the designer of the architectural borders. The figures in the former are decidedly of the Van Eyck school, while the framework, so to say, is by a later and less skilful workman. In the Pinacothek of Munich are pictures from the Boisserée Collection, which greatly resemble those in this beautiful missal, and especially so in the peeps obtained through a window or open door of the street scenery of quaint medieval towns. There are representations of old German cities, which, as

you look at them, you fancy to remember having seen somewhere on the Rhine or in Flanders, for many are evidently sketches of places in those parts. Some show the suburbs, with the fields and the rural population at work, or the citizens taking their pleasure in the meadows; and before you is a picturesque old castle, with its towers and gates and strong surrounding wall. In all, the perspective is admirable. Now you are shown a winding staircase leading up from a landing-place or hall; a room door is open, and you see into the next chamber; now it is the front of a Rathhaus, or town-hall, in which the artist's skill is shown; or a long street, with a fountain in the centre and many intermediate buildings. The landscape backgrounds, of which we get glimpses, are often quite charming; sometimes, too, they are the scene of an episode in the Virgin's life, or that of her infant boy.

In all these representations we see how the artists, and probably the people too, followed Christ's wanderings and each event in his or in his mother's life, and how, by dwelling on it, it had become quite familiar to them, till at last every accessory incident, though not related, was supplied by the fancy, which a deeply sympathizing interest called forth. They put themselves in the position of the happy mother with her long-announced babe; or they suffered with her, and walked with her in her agony when her son was led away to death. All that *might* have occurred as they fancied it; each pathetic incident is noted and brought before you. The artist might have been on the spot and present at each event, so truthful is every delineation and so full of minutest detail. Now this is the reflex of the popular mind of that unsophisticated time. The people took a natural, not a conventional view of objects that were dear to them. The earth on which Christ trod was their own every-day world, and his

apostles were fishermen, who handled nets which they made of twine and mended after work in the sun, just as they themselves did. And if the Virgin was the Queen of Heaven, she was still a woman who had borne a child, and had swathed and sung it to sleep. They lived again the lives of the personages of the Bible, they stood nearer to them, or rather brought them nearer to themselves, than is now the case, by the very intensity of their sympathy, and very trustingly, and without a single doubt, yielded themselves up willingly to belief. There is an indescribable charm in these pictures, and the interest with which the artist entered into his subject is imparted to, and felt by us. Such is always the result when a man is in earnest.

Renan, in his renowned work, has done just what these old painters did; though whether the same love gave him his insight, or whether it was the mere work of imagination, I do not pretend to say. But he, too, has furnished such minutely worked-out pictures as are to be seen in this fine old book. And in reality it is to this extraordinary power of description,—these word-paintings of scenes and moments such as we had not before,—that he owes his success.

Perhaps the best compositions in the volume are, page 175, "The Descent from the Cross," and page 345, "The Virgin, as Queen of Heaven. The drawing of the illustration at page 546 is most admirable, and evidently by another hand. In "The Ascension," page 523, the woman looking upwards is excellent; the expression of wonderment in her face and whole figure perfect. The border to this is also very delicate, the ground is gold, and strewn about upon it are lying loose pearls.

In the raising of Lazarus, some men in the background are looking on, holding their noses as the corpse rises

from the tomb, bringing with it the atmosphere of decay. In another picture, "The Death of the Virgin" is an incident quite Shakespearean in its introduction. Through the open door of a chamber we see the Virgin in bed, attended by grieving friends; it is a scene of great sorrow.* On the foreground, in the court of the house, two little boys are playing at whiptop, and their happy childish faces show how unconscious they are that death is so near.

The furniture and arrangements of some of the rooms, with a Dutch clock perhaps ticking on the wall, are very characteristic. In one picture, St. Mark is seen writing his record, with a pen or pencil in each hand. But what had for me special attraction was the calendar at the beginning of the volume, with representations of the work indicative of each month. There was vine-dressing and hop-picking going on; mowers were busy in a meadow, and the sower, stepping briskly along, was confidingly flinging his former harvest into the open furrow. Here in a street, you looked into a house where a pig had just been killed, and children, stopped in the midst of their play by the important act, gazed on in silent wonder.

The book is without date, nor is there any clue to its history or origin. And now let us look at some other pictures.

To stroll about any old town is always pleasant, and where costumes, merchandise, customs, are so novel as they are here, every step you take affords new amusement. Especially during a fair, much is to be seen,—the peasantry with their various picturesque dresses, and a multiplicity of merchandise not brought every day. And just now it was fair-time at Hermannstadt. The busiest and noisiest

* A picture of the Boisserée Collection at Munich, attributed to Schorel, has some resemblance to this.

place of all was the street where crockery was sold. Here was a Babel of women's voices. The various wares were spread on the ground, and groups of girls and housewives were bargaining for them with the venders. It seemed a sort of meeting-place for the gossips, where the town-news was heard and imparted. Behind the piles of jugs and dishes stood the two-wheeled carts, with white linen awnings, in which the goods had been brought; and beside them lay Wallacks asleep, or only resting on sheaves of straw.

On a day like this, the art of dress might profitably be studied. Who would have thought it possible that the simple *volutura** could be twisted and worn in so many different fashions! Yet in how varied wise was it put on! One woman had it jauntily lifted at the side, to show a gold fillet that bound her black hair, or a bright-blue flower with golden petals. Another had twisted the fine web in thick folds like a turban, while two long ends of unequal length hung down gracefully behind; but she yonder has twined it about her head quite differently; it is loose and light, and with abundance of folds, sharp and angular, and looks like a snowdrift when contrasted with her brown face. And there are two gipsy women, gipsies of Hermannstadt, whom I met the evening before, while drinking a glass of wine. How they stream along in their rich apparel, and in the pride and consciousness of their imposing beauty! And with piercing glances, they fling me a welcome as they pass, and leave me to gaze after them and their superb majesty. A kerchief of yellow silk is tied round the head; over this a large shawl, the ends hanging down heavily in thick folds. The white

* *Volutura* is the name of the long piece of stuff worn as head-covering by the Wallack women. On Trajan's column, the same as that worn here at present is to be seen in the various groups; on old cameos, too.

lawn sleeves of the chemise are abundantly full, and carelessly thrown over the shoulders is a jacket bordered and lined with fur. The skirt of their dress is of rich brocade, with a train behind. They must have on innumerable petticoats, for the thick silk bulges out in large volume. And thus, with rustling robes and stately air, their large imperious eyes seeming to await men's reverence, each moves along like an Asiatic queen.

But there are others as different in dress as in air and feature. How fresh those Saxon girls are, and how pretty and bright everything about them! The white petticoat, plaited in innumerable folds, an inch broad, reaches to the ankles, and looks like a snow-flake beneath the broad black merino apron. They have on the usual jacket of blue woollen cloth, open in front, from which depend behind the numberless ribbons, red, black, and blue. Round their head they wear a kerchief of finest gauze bound tightly over the forehead, but under this is a broad ribbon, red and gold, gleaming through it as through a haze. The ends, too, of this delicate head-gear are embroidered with small red stripes. One was bargaining for a new white leathern jerkin, with flowers in gay colours worked over it in silk. And there was a Saxon youth—a bridegroom—with bright ribbons tied round his broad-brimmed hat; and in front an immense posy of artificial flowers, a foot high, and leaves of gold tinsel standing upright against the crown. Beside him was his future wife—at most fifteen—glad and radiant as that sunny morning. She wore a large white cambric apron, beautifully embroidered, and with her sisters wound her way among the crowd, making purchases. Some peasants were buying leather, heaps of which were lying on the pavement, others white wooden saddles, edged with blue, or gay harness, or red boots, or cupboards and lockers

for their rooms, painted with flowers brighter than a rainbow. Colour, colour! everywhere colour! in the various dresses and the articles exposed for sale.

There was red coral on the necks and the bosoms of the Wallack girls; and some had large earrings of gold, showing beneath the white kerchiefs or turban-like covering. There, too, a triple row of silver chain, light and fine and delicate, hung in a festoon from one to the other, beside the cheek and below the chin, causing at every moment a flashing of tremulous light.

The country-people are still pouring into the town, with busy faces and looks of prying and expectant curiosity, and all, of course, in holiday attire. But those three gipsies—an old hag and two young girls—ill accord with the surrounding groups. They are tattered and begrimed, and their brown rags contrast strangely with the aprons and plaited petticoats and linen sleeves of dazzling white-

ness, glittering everywhere in the sun. And how, too, the handsome stuffs and bright colours are at variance with their poverty! But what care they? They are laughing and chatting in their "soft bastard Latin" as they toil along with their packs behind them, stopping, however, every now and then, to make a purchase like the rest Look at the dark neck and bosom of that young thing, as her jacket opens and displays her budding beauty! Was it not, think you, just such a wild creature that Praxiteles took for a model, or Phidias, when he moulded his forms of loveliness in all their free unlaced development?

That trio does not belong to Hermannstadt; they are wandering gipsies come merely for the fair, and will be off again when it is over. Such are not allowed to remain in town over-night; they have their encampment at a village close by. It is on this class of the gipsy population that least dependence can be placed. "La propriété c'est le vol" is their motto. But with the others, those who have a fixed occupation and abode, it is different. Their settled mode of life, their closer contact with society, has had its influence on their habits. Yet the wild untamed nature of the nomade animal is still visible in gait and bearing, and especially in the glance of his large eyes. Now it is sinister and stealthily watchful, now it glares in fire, and pierces your very brain as its lightnings flash out upon you. This strange race came hither, it is said, in 1437, during the reign of King Sigismund. They emigrated to Hungary and Transylvania from Hindostan, in order to escape the cruelty of the Mongol rulers.

On the outside of every town and village a gipsy settlement is to be found. Some are very humble, and indicate abject poverty; but in others the houses are well-built, the rooms neat, clean, and well furnished. The gipsy, as soon as his means allow, decorates his dwelling. It is his

pride to have it orderly and looking comfortable. Those who are well off, and many are so, are as nicely lodged as possible. Into one house which I entered, near Sachsisch Reen, I found chairs and sofa of polished walnut, covered with a pretty woollen furniture-stuff of blue and white; on the chest of drawers in one corner were all sorts of nicknacks, as on a lady's *étagère;* the walls were hung with large lithographs in plain gilt frames, and on the table was a cover quite as good as the one in my own room. Over the bed was thrown a counterpane scrupulously clean, and the floor, etc., was in accordance with the rest. The man was a musician, the master of a band, or *Kapellmeister,* as he liked to be called; and on my going away I complimented him on his pretty cottage. "Herr," he said, with dignity, "es ist eine Schande für mich, dass ich darin wohne," ("It is a disgrace for me to live in such a place,") and all I could say was insufficient to make him more satisfied with his state. A man of his position should, he thought, be differently lodged. But, besides this, the nobleman to whom the estate belonged on which his cottage stood, was with me; and my gipsy acquaintance had, it seemed, often, in vain, petitioned the land-steward to assign him another, or to improve his present dwelling. This was, therefore, a good opportunity of venting his discontent, and giving a broad hint to the lord of the manor that he had always asked in vain.

During the winter, by playing at balls, these men gain a good deal. They go also, a number of them together, to Bucharest, and as certain bands have a name even out of Transylvania, their trip always proves a good speculation. For the dance no music can be better than that of a gipsy band; there is a life and animation in it which carries you away. If you have danced to it yourself, especially in a Czardas, then to hear the stirring tones,

without involuntarily springing up, is, I assert, an absolute impossibility. There is a thrill in the wild dissonances, a life and impetuosity in the movement, an animation and vivacity in the varying rhythm, which is quite enthralling. And the dancers feel the thrill: see how they glide majestically along as the prelude is slow and sonorous; and as the music quickens, and there is a rush of tones, and the fantastic melody hastens on at a headlong pace, how all are seized by the potency of the spell; their movements quicken too, their feet beat time to the music; and suddenly clasping their willing partner round the waist, they whirl round, carried away by, and borne, as it were, upon that gushing flood of strangely intermingling tones.

There must be something in that dance which is irresistible; for long as a Czardas may last,—and its duration may be of any length,—directly the musicians stop there is on all sides a clapping of hands, and loud shouts for them to begin again. A single dance never satisfies; it only arouses and makes you long for more.

But whether it be a dance that these gipsies play, or anything else, you see that the whole soul of the man is in what he is about. As he proceeds, and the tones come thicker and quicker, as he himself warms with his performance, his head leans gradually lower and lower towards his violin, till at last his cheek quite rests upon it; his ear is bent down listening to his instrument, and his eye tells you that he *is* listening. But not merely hearkening to the clang that fills the air, and flying off from those old strings like the sparks from an electric wheel, but the intenseness of his watching seems to indicate that he is striving to catch some low tones, to *his* ear but just perceptible, to ours not at all so. He is like one with ear and eye awaiting coming footsteps; and

just as he stands, with ear close to his instrument, have I often stood in the silent forest with outstretched neck, and eye widely open, trying to hear a rustle that might tell me the stag was approaching.

These men are born musicians. They learn of themselves, and as by instinct. The instruments of some of the poorer are of the worst description,—such as the most miserable street-player in England would think too bad for use. Yet even from these they force effective music; or, rather, it is as though they imparted to the patched-up violin its extraordinary tones from some store of melody within themselves.

It more than once occurred to me that it would be an excellent speculation for a choice band to start for England, and there play their national music. I wonder that no one has ever thought of this. If those hideous so-called "minstrels," with their blackened faces and negro dress, attract audiences by their coarseness and vulgarity, by their screams and noise,—such original and admirably-performed music as these Hungarians could offer would, I should think, hardly fail to please.

Many of these men are composers as well as performers. Pongrátz and Patikárus are names well known, wherever the Czardas is listened to. This particular melody—and though there is no end to the different Czardas, they all have a peculiárity which gives them a certain family likeness—exercises a most powerful influence on a Hungarian audience. It seems to appeal irresistibly to Hungarian nature,—to be, indeed, that nature with its fire, and ardour, liveliness, and impetuosity, put into tones; for often, when it is played, the listener will reward the performer in an exaggerated manner; and calling for the air again and again, will heap recompense on recompense, till, in passionate delight, the last remaining ducat

has been given; watch and rings, and horse,—till, in short, everything that may be parted with is bestowed.

There is an old chapel adjoining the church in Hermannstadt, one deserving to be saved from the decay into which it is fast falling. It is in a most dilapidated state. A great number of old books, thickly covered with dust and cobwebs, were lying pell-mell on the ground,—specimens of early printing from Mainz and Nuremberg. Had Hermannstadt been a Hungarian town, this would certainly have been otherwise; for, with their proud feeling of nationality, they would have found means to change such a state of things.

The fountains are everywhere the place where the servant-girls meet to have a chat together. I often walked past to look at and admire the groups of laughing lasses enjoying their freedom, and dawdling with their pitchers, long since filled and running over. What lenient mistresses they must have had, to have dared thus to dally on their way! And how they talked, all at once, so that the splashing of the falling water was quite drowned by the hubbub of their voices! There were the dark Wallack girls, with their snowy shifts and red *kratinsas;* every movement of the supple body free and natural, as it only can be when the limbs are unconfined. What attitudes they took, as they stood and waited! How the arms were crossed over the bosom, the shoulders thrown back, the head archly flung on one side, the body, to the hips, describing a concave curve, and one foot put forward in the sauciest manner, and you saw the full round form in all its youthful perfection. Such attitudes are never seen in our civilized West, where stays and crinoline have the mastery over the human body.

In strolling through the streets, we come to the "Grosser und Kleiner Ring," the large and smaller "round,"

not "place" or "square," as it would be called in other towns. And the reason is, that here in former times was the "Ring Mauer," or surrounding wall of the citadel. At first it was of small circumference, but, as space was wanted, a larger circuit was included; and so the name was retained, when that which gave the appellation had disappeared. And the houses that we see here were built as they are, not without a purpose. The vaulted passage before the house-doors was a good place for the sellers of wares to stand in bad weather; here, in war-time, when the enemy was hovering round the city, and the burghers were never safe for a moment by day or night, the armed citizens rested under shelter; and here, too, arms and ammunition, and meat and drink, were kept ready for use. In this great "Ring" or "round" it was that in old times the executioner, with axe or halter, performed his terrible office. Neat as the place is now, at the end of the seventeenth century it was filled with pools, from which, we are told, "unsavoury odours did arise," so that the commune demanded that they should be filled up forthwith.

In those times it was the gipsies, as the lowest in the scale of all the dwellers in the land, on whom devolved the task of cleansing the streets, gardens, ponds, and removing all impurities. In the accounts and other documents of the sixteenth century, they appear under the name of "Faröner."* A spot was appointed them before the gates of the city, and there and there only they were allowed to dwell.

* The gipsies still call themselves "Rom," signifying "a man." This leads me to think the word "Faröner" was also an appellation chosen by themselves, and that it is derived from the Spanish word "varon," meaning "a man." If so, it would seem that some, at least, of those found in Transylvania had emigrated hither from Spain. Near Lake Ngami, so Livingstone relates, is a tribe who also give themselves the appellation "Bayeiye," which means "men."

CHAPTER XI.

FERÆ.

In Transylvania is still a fair quantity of game, and any sportsman would be recompensed by coming here to shoot. The brown bear (*Ursus arctos*, L.) is to be found in the forests of the high as well as of the intermediate mountains, especially in those to the north of the country. The wolf, formerly met with in the high land and the woods advancing into the plain, is now in the coverts on the low ground, and commits nightly no unimportant ravages among the herds.

In the neighbourhood of Temesvar, in the Banat, the wolf-battues generally afford very good sport. There are just the coverts they like, low scrubby bushes and underwood, affording good shelter. What makes the wolf so formidable an enemy to the farmer is, his habit of tearing in pieces more animals than he can devour. He destroys for the sake of destroying, and not merely to satisfy his hunger. They are timid brutes, and travel so quickly that it is difficult to get at them. To-night they ravage a flock, but by the morning they are in a thicket miles away; so that when the district, up in arms, proceeds to scour the country in pursuit, not a wolf is to be found.

Unless a very extensive tract of country be surrounded at once, there is little chance of meeting them. The chief thing is to have evidence that in a certain covert wolves are lying. By chance some may turn up unexpectedly when you are after other game, as was the case one day when I was out hare-shooting. They are very cautious, too; their sense of smell is admirable, and if the least thing gives rise to suspicion, they skulk away, evading the sportsman or refusing to touch the bait. The best plan is to lay a dead sheep on the snow near your place of concealment, when the moon shines brightly. By this means, if the wind is good, a shot may be had. In winter they come into the villages during the night, to get what they can,—a pig or fowl or goose; it is indifferent what. The peasantry lose much stock in this way by their depredations; but it is only when very cold that the animals venture thus close to human habitations. I once met one on returning home late from a party, close to the last houses of the town of Bistritz. It was moonlight; the thermometer 27° Réaum. below freezing-point. I was walking in the middle of the road, where it was light as day; the houses on my right were all in shade, and close to the wall I thought I saw a large dog skulking. The animal sneaked stealthily on, to avoid me and my companion, then crossed the road, when at once I saw by its peculiar gait that it was a wolf. "Why, look, that's a wolf!" I exclaimed, astonished. "Yes," said the other very calmly, and walked on. Passing the road, it went away over the fields.* There is nothing attracts a wolf

* In 1614 there were so many wolves, and of such unusual size, around Kronstadt, attacking not only cattle but men, "that," relates the historian, "at last we thought they must be lions." The magistrate of Schässburg paid one florin reward for seven wolves killed. Bears, too, roamed about, and some of the inhabitants of the mountains were as wild as they. It is no wonder that an Amsterdam traveller of that time should relate, "In

so irresistibly as the squeaking of a pig; one therefore is sometimes put into a sack, and dragged over the smooth snow behind a sledge, through a forest. Should the game be there or in the neighbourhood, it soon makes its appearance, to look out for the expected booty.

Wolves fall on their wounded comrades, and devour them. In attacking horses or cattle, they never throw themselves on the foremost animal, but always on the second.

The lynx is occasionally seen, but very rarely; and here, as in the forests of Bavaria, the animal seems wellnigh extinct. In the neighbourhood of Hermannstadt, however, some have been shot within the last few years.* The pine-marten (*Mustela Martes*, L.) is sometimes seen in the mountain-forests, but seldom. The wild boar may be found in the woods towards the north, on the Czibles; here, in winter, several are generally killed. Roes are plentiful, and I was always much struck by the size of the animals, especially of those in the neighbourhood of Klausenburg. Red-deer are less frequently found, though I have myself seen noble stags shot in Rothen Thurm Pass, as well as the splendid antlers of others from the mountains to the north of Hermannstadt. Here, I am told, during the rutting season, their bellowing may be heard in all directions, and to judge by the magnificent heads which were shown me as coming from there, it would be well worth any one's while to take up his quarters in the forest during the month of September. He must, of course, be content to lead a squatter's life. Food could be sent up

Transylvania, through which I travelled, are mermen—half fish, half flesh; they clap their hands together in the water, so that the traveller is affrighted. And therefore he carries with him at night a burning torch, which the mermen do fear, and hence will not show themselves."

* While writing this, I received the news that one had been shot at Deva.

to him by a messenger every two or three days, and as in Transylvania the autumn is always very beautiful, a month passed in this way would be most enjoyable.

There are chamois on the Königstein, to the south-west, and also on the Butschetsch, to the south-east of Kronstadt. More, however, will be found on the Retjezat, nearly 8000 feet high, not far from Hatzeg. Formerly the steinbock (*Ibex*) existed on the highest ranges of the Carpathians. Another animal, too, which was once an inhabitant of the woods and plains, has been since some years exterminated. This was the bison or ure-ox (*Urus*) —now only to be found in Europe in a forest in Lithuania, where it is carefully preserved. Formerly this magnificent animal had its home in the woods of Gyergyo, near a morass, and according to one account was last met with in the month of March, 1775, near Udvarhely.

Vultures and eagles of largest size abound; and frequently, when driving along the road, I have seen six or seven of the former birds standing round the carcass of a horse or calf that had died there, or been torn by the wolves. I was told a case of a chamois that had been shot, when, hardly had it fallen, eleven eagles were hovering in the air above it.

In the forests in the Csik, on the eastern frontier of the province, there is good capercailzie shooting to be had. There are, too, black-cock, though rare; partridges and quails, but not in great numbers. Heath-cock are frequent, and ptarmigan may be shot on the mountains near Hatzeg.

Not far from Hermannstadt, I have seen large troops of bustards, walking like soldiers on the plain bordering the river; and, in the neighbourhood of Thorda, I was out after them day after day, as they stalked over the rape-fields, in vain endeavouring to get a shot. When

the rape is coming up, they make their appearance, and eat the young shoots.

The caution of this bird is not to be surpassed, and hardly to be circumvented. On large plains only, where there is no wall or mound which could serve as covert to an enemy, will the bustard alight. As he stands on his long legs, with his head in the air, surveying the ground on all sides, the slightest motion or any inequality or unusual appearance is at once perceived. They always seem to be on the look-out, and so great is their vigilance that, worm yourself flat along the ground as you may, they are sure to perceive it. To approach them is more difficult than to get at a chamois, as they are always in a position where the advantage is wholly on their side, and where you are positively left without a single resource. For wherever there is anything by which it would be possible to advance upon them, that place they shun. They fly low and heavily; and your only chance is to hide in a ditch or hole, and let another person endeavour to drive them so that in taking wing they pass over the spot where you lie concealed. I was not able to get even near enough to have a shot at one with a rifle.

On the ponds and rivers are ducks and other waterfowl, and, besides these, herons, as well as rarer birds of passage. The white spoonbill, the green ibis, and, far more rarely, the crane, have been shot while migrating across the country. At such times the swan, the cormorant, and the pelican have also been seen on the rivers. The latter are sometimes numerous, and Lieutenant ——, who is an ardent sportsman, came home once, bringing with him seven that he had shot.

My ambition was to shoot a bear, and I soon was enabled to share in a hunting excursion. An order had been given, to prevent waste of time, for several men to

go out and see if they could discover any bear-tracks. Should they find the game, they were to leave it undisturbed, return, and report what had occurred. But a letter came with an account that greatly annoyed us. The men had started on their errand, and when in the wood heard a grumbling noise. They separate, and, on advancing suddenly, see seven bears together. A cub is shot; the dam, infuriate, rises on her hind legs to the attack, when a bullet through the head causes her to drop. Another is wounded, and two more are killed. In less than half an hour, all was over; and thus the booty that might have been ours, had fallen to those who had been sent to look after it for us. It was most vexatious to be thus deprived of a famous day's sport, but there was nothing to be done but put up with the disappointment.

These Wallacks are such passionate sportsmen, they are quite unable to repress their ardour. No fear of punishment, no respect for a superior in rank, is able to control them when the game is in sight. An instance which was told me by the gentleman to whom it happened, gives evidence of this. His position, too, in the province was such that it might naturally have been supposed the fear of offending would have been a check and a restraint. A Wallack was standing behind him, carrying a second gun, while the beaters were going through the wood, when a roe leaps by. The man, without waiting for his master, fires across his shoulder and knocks the roebuck over. "Sir," he said immediately, "I can't help it; the impulse is stronger than I am." Indeed if they were forbidden, under pain of death, to fire, they would do so if they could.

Major ——, who was out with us on this day, told me that when a boy he once saw seven bears together, but was so frightened that he did not fire.

We drove a considerable distance to a village, where we found, at the Austrian officer's house, an excellent breakfast laid out for us. The courtyard was filled with the rough ponies of the country, with wooden saddles, and a rope round the animal's nose as bridle. We presently mounted, and away we went, full of hope and expectation. As we rode on and ascended higher, the peculiar formation of the mountains became distinctly apparent. One mountain-ridge rose behind the other. There were seven such where we stood, all cut up in gorges, seemingly impenetrable, like the one before us. These places are the resort of the bears; but all here is so vast that it is not easy to find them. There had been much dry weather lately, on which account, it was said, they were low down in the vale.

We all took our places on a hillside, while the beaters, sent into the woods far in advance, scrambled as best they could through the branches towards us. We heard by their shouts that some animal had been seen, and learned afterwards that a bear had broken through the line, and escaped at the bottom of the valley. It was long before a leaf even stirred in my neighbourhood, when at last I heard a slight rustle. "Well, it's a wolf," I said to myself, "and though not a bear, it is better than nothing." All was as dense as a jungle, and I could only see a few yards before me. Noiseless and stealthily the creature, whatever it was, advanced, and now I saw a head gradually raised above the trunk of a fallen tree. But that surely is no wolf! And like a snake it winds its body through the underwood, and from what little I can see, it appears to be a wild cat of large size. There was a small interstice between some dead boughs, and I could just catch sight of the animal's back; so raising my rifle, for my shot gun was resting against the tree, and I was

afraid to move sufficiently to lay hold of it, I fired. The cat turned, and slowly crept back and disappeared. I felt sure by the motion of the animal that it was struck; for had it not been, it would have rushed away in fright at the near report and my presence. All search for the beast was in vain; and it probably retreated into some hole or hollow tree. In looking about, however, I found a quantity of woolly hair, which told me that the bullet had shaven it close off to the back, and just grazing the vertebræ, had produced a numbness or lameness, accounting thus for the slowness of motion in the animal's retreat.

Another part of the forest was afterwards tried, but with no better success. Some persons, who were on more elevated ground, saw a bear make his exit where no sportsman was standing, and gallop across a meadow and away to the woods beyond.

The day before, October 11th, a youth of eighteen had been sadly ill-treated by a bear, on the very spot where we were. He had met the animal as he was strolling through a thicket, and taking off his cap when close to him, flung it at the bear. Bruin resented the insult by striking at him, and as the youth stooped to avoid the blow, his shoulders and the hind part of his head got badly mauled. The night before, too, some goats were mangled by wolves in the village where we stopped that day; altogether, therefore, our chance of sport was good.

A bear climbs a tree so quickly, that it is useless to attempt to escape the animal in this way. He will be at the top quicker than you. But, indeed, a bear will hardly attack a man unless himself attacked or wounded. One that had been fired at twelve or more times without being hit, passed in his flight a gentleman who was this day with us. In running by him, the bear clutched his dress, and they tumbled over together, the thigh of the one

party being somewhat torn. The grand thing is to stand quite still, which this gentleman probably did not do. The bear is not sharp-sighted; your form, if quiet, he will not distinguish, but he sees the least movement, and at once makes for the object whence it comes.

One of our company who had been out constantly with Prince Schwarzenberg, had shot six; yet even now, he said he feels queer when he sees the bear coming.

We went out once again in the same neighbourhood, but got nothing.

In the neighbourhood of Bistritz, at Kushmar, about five bears are shot annually. In 1863, however, fewer were seen here, as well as in other parts of Transylvania. Some years ago, *in one drive*, ten bears were started by the beaters. That so many less than usual made their appearance last autumn is owing, it is thought, to the scarcity of acorns. On this account, the bears did not come so low down as usual, but remained in the woods at the summit of the mountains.

There is, it seems, hardly any chase so entirely dependent on good luck as bear-hunting. One gentleman, who is perhaps the most noted sportsman in Transylvania, has shot but eight in his life,—a number which, considering his age, his perseverance, and his skill, is certainly not large. Another, a young man it is true, though unwearied in his endeavours, has killed only two. A third, who for years had been out annually in the woods, has not even had a shot at a bear; while a youth of fifteen, who went out for the first time, shot a capital one at eight paces distance. One sportsman has been lucky enough to bag twelve. Of these, he shot three while they were in the act of attacking the hunter, ("er hat sie vom Menschen herunter geschossen,"), and when they literally had him in their grasp. Once he had a scuffle

with a bear, and very nearly got "bagged" himself. The party he was with was after small game, when suddenly, close before him, a bear rose up out of the high grass. Though he had only shot in both barrels, he fired at the animal and wounded him, not dangerously, but just sufficient to put him in a rage. So he seized hold of his adversary, who having dropped his gun, could only defend himself by thrusting his arm into the bear's throat, and there he kept it, in spite of the wounds inflicted by the creature's teeth. Luckily, assistance was not far off; the man who came to the rescue attacked the bear with the butt-end of his gun, and made him quit his hold. The other, now liberated, would not relinquish the satisfaction of slaying his enemy, and in a few minutes shot him dead on the spot.

The bear is a timid animal. Not even when struck will he turn upon you, unless you are close to him, or you put yourself in his way. And though you have shot at him, if you stand motionless after having fired, he will pass by without touching you; for the noise and the smoke flurry him, and he is too confused to distinguish you from the tree against which you are standing.

For my part, I do not consider bear-hunting to be so dangerous as many believe it to be. Accidents, of course, may occur; for every animal—even such timid creatures as the roe and chamois—will attack a man in their desperation, if forced by circumstances to do so. I have known a youth killed by a thrust of a stag's antlers, as he came suddenly close upon the animal in a thicket. And yet it is in the stag's nature to retreat cautiously at the slightest sound. A bear, too, is most cautious and full of fear. He is up and away as soon as an unwonted noise is heard; then he stops, sitting down like a dog, and puts up his head and snuffs the air on this side and

that, and peers into bushes as well as his bad sight will allow him, and pricks up his ears and listens. Off he starts at a canter, then stops once more; when, panic-stricken at the shouts behind, he rushes on, frightened out of his very senses at the mere crack of a percussion cap that snapped but did not explode.

One of the men with whom I was out shooting in Bikszád, told me how once, when in the forest, he had walked along the stem of a fallen tree, and coming to the end, where the bared uptorn roots were covered with earth and rotten wood and brambles, the mass gave way, and through it he tumbled; when a bear rushed out, terrified to death at the sudden apparition. He had there made a comfortable den for himself, and at this invasion of his dwelling, darted away without waiting to know the cause.

Indeed many circumstances that are constantly occurring prove the bear to be subject to panic. He is particularly fond of raspberries; and it has not unfrequently happened that a woman has found herself face to face with a bear, when going into the woods to gather wild strawberries. One, in her fright, and hardly knowing what she did, suddenly gave the animal a box on the ear with her basket. Terrified at the inexplicable assault, the bear took to his heels as fast as he could go. ...

I once saw a bear sauntering about on a fine morning, —taking his pleasure, like a country gentleman in his own domain. On coming up from some low ground over the ridge of a hill, he quite unexpectedly beheld us men, and turning round, off he scampered like a hare.

While staying at Toplitza, a woodman related, how being late in the forest, he resolved to pass the night there, rather than make his way home. So he looked about for a shelter, and finding a sort of cave, took up his quarters in it. But before long, a bear, who had also taken

up his lodging in the cavern, came home for the night. He did the man no harm; but the poor fellow was so frightened that he was ill for a week afterwards.

The bear, at birth, is of incredibly small size,—scarcely bigger than a rat. On first seeing such a cub, I could hardly believe it was a bear. It grows, however, very rapidly, and its strength developes apace. Clumsy as the animal is in appearance, it is quite astonishing with what speed a bear gets over the ground. To overtake, or to escape from one if pursued, is quite out of the question. He has great elasticity of limb, and jerks along at a prodigious rate. I once had a race with a bear, in trying to reach the edge of a forest before him; but though we ran downhill, and excitement and longing made me leap along with all possible speed, he got into the wood before me.

In listening to the tales of the Wallack bear-hunters, —for it is these men who seem to be most passionately fond of the sport,—you must be careful not to accept as fact the number of animals this or that celebrity is reported to have killed. You will be shown one man who has bagged thirty-five, another some forty bears. At first I believed the stories; but I discovered later that these individuals counted every animal at which they, with perhaps twenty others, had fired, and which at last, after being riddled with bullets, was brought to the ground. No doubt the other twenty shots also added the same bear to *their* list of trophies.

The number given above as having been slain by certain peasants would hardly be credible were we only to consider how greatly it exceeds what has been accomplished by the most ardent sportsmen in places where bears were really abundant. The discrepancy is too great. Moreover, these men never by any chance fire at a bear unless he be quite near. All those chances, therefore,

of getting a shot when the game is at some distance, are not to be taken into account. And the Wallack's reason for not firing except when the game is close to him is lest he should miss, and also, because he thinks the shot more deadly if delivered at eight or ten paces distance.

I was repeatedly told what a good shot this or that peasant was, but it seems to me there is no very great skill required to hit an object the size of a bear, when not further from you than the length of a moderate-sized room. I saw these men—these "good shots"—out hare-shooting, and they literally missed everything, whether near or not. But, it is true, their guns are of the most imperfect construction,—rickety affairs, fastened together with wire, and looking as if they would tumble to pieces at the first discharge. That their owners have little faith in their precision is probably another reason why the bear is not fired at unless he be quite near.

The firearm used is always a shot gun, charged with swan shot, and one or two bullets. It was often a matter of surprise to me that the barrels did not burst, with the quantity of powder and lead they were made to carry. But the peasant thinks the larger the charge, the surer he is of killing. Of a rifle, or its power and precision, he has no notion whatever. It always excited their astonishment that there was only *one* bullet in each of my rifle barrels—no shot and but a single bullet! Then, too, the comparatively small amount of powder,—about one-fifth of what they deemed a fitting charge. They had little faith in such a rifle, or its power to kill. They were, however, astonished when I showed them the distance at which it was possible to strike a small object with precision.

I once saw them following a wounded animal, in which they displayed a sort of instinct, and kept on the track with indefatigable perseverance. They strained onward

like an ardent blood-hound, and, instead of flagging, grew hotter with the pursuit. This was what they did best; and the hope of coming up with the animal and getting a shot, seemed to impel them and keep them to their work. As soon as they got sight of the wounded bear, they all let fly at him at once, no matter what the distance,—forgetting now their usual caution in not firing from afar. They of course missed, and their shots had only the effect of rousing the game to renewed efforts to escape.

In Germany, where the laws relating to "the noble art of venerie" are still in force, the slain stag, or bear, etc., is considered to belong to him who first struck it with a shot likely to prove mortal, or inflict such a wound as would make it possible to follow and eventually to get the animal, though it did not drop at the first shot. But here, it seems, the law is different. He who fires the last shot claims the bear, or whatever game it be, as belonging to him. Nothing can be more senseless or unjust. An animal which I have mortally wounded may not drop to the shot, but rush on, and in passing one of the party, receive another bullet which brings him to the ground. In a minute or two more he would have dropped dead without the second shot; indeed, it may have nothing to do with his death, yet to him who fired it the prize is said to belong.

The slot of the bear is quite like that of a human being; and had there been such animals on his island, Robinson Crusoe might easily have been mistaken as to the foot-prints he saw in the sand.

Acorns, beech-nuts, maize, wild apples, are the bear's favourite food, and honey, when he can get it, he relishes as a great delicacy. He prefers vegetables and fruit to flesh; but if the former are not to be had, he will dine off a calf, a mare, or a colt, if he happens to find them

grazing on the pasture. He is rather a sociable creature than otherwise; and he likes to mix with the cattle, and joins the herds without doing any injury. But this, of course, only when he is not in want of other food. He has been known even to approach the fire that herdsmen had made to warm themselves.

The largest bear that has been seen for many years was shot in the autumn of 1863 in the neighbourhood of Görgény St. Imre. I measured the skin myself, and found the length, from the snout to the root of the tail, to be seven feet four inches. The hide was dry, and had probably shrunk somewhat; but even as it was, it looked immense while lying extended on the ground.

The following tables of game killed are taken from Albert Bielz's excellent and comprehensive work, 'Handbuch der Landeskunde Siebenbürgens:'—

	Bears.	Wolves.	Foxes.	Lynxes.
1845	8	101	—	—
1846	9	112	—	3
1851	86	398	2378	—
1853	65	685	—	—
1854	86	771	—	—

In 1853 and 1854, according to the district—

District.	1853.		1854.	
	Bears.	Wolves.	Bears.	Wolves.
Hermannstadt	13	111	15	64
Kronstadt			14	94
Udvarhely	18	118	17	52
Maros Vásárhely			—	11
Bistritz	25	134	29	82
Dées			1	104
Szilágy-Somlyó	1	165	—	56
Klausenburg			—	95
Karlsburg	8	167	3	14
Broos			7	199

Some days after our unsuccessful bear-hunt, a party was made to the woods in the Rothen Thurm Pass. Here the river Alt, increased in volume by many streams from the Fogaras mountains, at whose foot it passes for miles, penetrates into Wallachia by a long circuitous picturesque valley, whose steep sides are covered everywhere with forest. Under Charles VI. a road was hewn through these walls of mica-slate along the banks of the river, as the inscription, "VIA CAROLINA IN DACIIS APERTA," high up on the face of the rock, announces to the traveller.

A Wallachian village, Boitza, is built here on the mountain-side, and the Red Tower, from which the pass has its name, still stands, a ruin now, beside the road, in a narrow part, to guard the passage. A staff-officer commands the post, and a few soldiers are always stationed here. The dwelling of the commandant is on a flat space, won from the slope above the road, and on approaching this part one is surprised and pleased at the sight of human dwellings scattered about in such a lonely spot.

So important a mountain pass, by which at any time the foe could enter Transylvania and ravage and destroy, was not to be left unguarded. And accordingly, King Ladislaus, in 1453, gave it and the villages thereunto belonging to the "Seven Seats" of the then Saxon Government of the country,—at the same time imposing the duty of watch and ward.

It was here that George Hecht, burgomaster of Hermannstadt in 1493, obtained a victory over the Turks. These infidels, as was their wont, had marched through the land and collected an immense amount of booty; and now, laden with it and accompanied by a number of prisoners, were making for the pass. Hecht mustered, with all possible dispatch, every burgher and peasant who could carry arms; and, with the Wallachian inhabitants

of the mountains, placed himself here in ambuscade. The Turks, unconscious of danger, advanced along the road; when suddenly, from all sides, they found themselves set upon by the foe. Every rock and gully was alive with an enemy. In vain they fought for their lives; they were killed, driven into the river, or fled across the frontier. The prisoners were freed, and the victors returned home carrying with them the rescued plunder.

As we were to stay out a couple of nights, there were many necessaries to be carried with us. There, too, were what may be called our "camp followers"—a numerous, wild-looking, picturesque band. It was really a pretty sight to watch the ponies, with their large pack-saddles and guns strapped across, and the troop of Wallacks that led them, winding down to the water-side, and then, in parties, crossing in a boat; while, opposite, was another troop waiting to be ferried over. Afterwards, too, as we all ascended the mountain on horseback, there they were above us in a long horizontal line on the slope, or scrambling up the steep sides; the different groups disappearing and then seen again among the scattered trees. Later on the summit was each pack-horse with his master stopping to rest, and standing in bold relief against the sky. Look where you might, something novel and pleasing was to be seen: below was the river, locked in seemingly by the rocks in front; one side of the valley lay all in shadow, while on the opposite side the sunlight sparkled and made the beeches look like things of gold. The old ruined tower below mirrored in the water, where, too, crescent and turban had many a time been reflected, the village by the roadside, the peep of the country yonder towards the plain, the magnificent forest which you now overlook,—all this formed a scene that it was a satisfaction to dwell upon. On that

day I had the pleasure of having with me an acquaintance who had travelled in China, Japan, India, Ceylon, America, and Russia, as well as in other countries of the European continent; yet he was delighted with what he saw, and told me it resembled the Caucasus more than any country he had seen.

Now, as well as later, I had an opportunity of appreciating the wealth of timber in these vast forests; yet except where a road is near at hand, it is absolutely valueless.

The mountains here are broken by deep ravines, some extremely steep. In these all is terribly wild, and at the bottom, when rocks have fallen, and the streams have done their devastating work, and large trees are lying bare and bleached and ghastly, the whole has an eerie look. And then the silence—how oppressive!

We had poor sport. Two roes were shot, and one of the Wallack beaters killed a noble stag,—another proof of the irrepressible ardour of these men when in sight of game.

On my remarking to our host on the annoyance of having the game shot in this way by those employed to drive it, and that they should not be allowed to take their guns with them, I was told it was impossible to prevent this. The men came of their own freewill,—it was not a forced service. Although they received payment, that alone would not have induced them to come; the pleasure of sharing in the sport and the chance of getting a shot were greater incentives than money. Other people were not to be had, and if these Wallacks refused their services, our shooting was at an end. "I cannot scold them," said the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in the province to me, "or forbid them to kill the game. They consider it a favour that they come at all;

and as they come, they do what they like. I pay them, it is true, but they say the game is there for them as much as for me. Many of those you see standing there, ragged as they look, are rich landed proprietors, farmers worth so and so much. I have no authority over them; they take the pay, but do just what pleases them notwithstanding." This was one of the many anomalies existing in Transylvania, with which I was later to become acquainted. You pay for a service, yet he whom you hire does not *your* work, but what *he* chooses. You may not find fault with him; at least doing so has no effect except, probably, to cause him to refuse his services altogether.

From where we were, the Surul,* one of the highest mountains in Transylvania (near 8000 feet high), may easily be ascended. Though on the frontier of Wallachia, a mountain-chain shuts out all view of that country, but, in the opposite direction, the eye ranges over a vast expanse. The peaks of the Carpathians are seen, and, far away, the pyramidical rocks near Toroczkó; the beautiful valley of the Alt, studded with villages, lies at your feet, and further off the broad plain in which Hermannstadt stands.

Our bivouac at night was exquisite. The place chosen was a spot on the borders of the forest, and sheltered on all sides by the hills. Here the men had collected large heaps of dead leaves and boughs of fir; and these, when spread out and covered over with rugs, made a capital bed; round some a little fence of boughs had been erected, to keep off the wind. On a slope before us the ponies were grazing, others rolling with their heels in the air, as frolicsome as though their supper had been a good feed of barley, instead of scanty herbage. Close to us and our beds blazed a huge fire, replenished con-

* Slavonian for "The Great."

tinually by half a tree at a time; while, a little further off, others were burning, at which our men sat and cooked their meal. Around lay blankets, pack-saddles, and cooking utensils; the long Turkish firearms of the Wallacks, nets full of hay, and coverlets and cloaks many-coloured, that the people had flung down. What a subject for a painter! I thought of my old friend Karl Haag, and wished he had been there. The meat was roasted on a long nicely-peeled beechen stick, and after our excellent supper, and when we had cheered ourselves with Transylvanian wine—all honour be unto it!—water was fetched from the spring, and we soon had steaming cups of refreshing tea and fragrant coffee.

I am fond of sleeping in the open air, and enjoyed my night, snugly tucked in as I was, amazingly. From my pillow I could see the blazing logs, and the groups of men, some sitting, some standing around with their uncouth dresses, an axe stuck in the girdle, and a short, reddish-brown mantle thrown loosely over the shoulders. They looked very like banditti. At last I fell asleep.

I awoke early, and over the mountain-ridge in the distance was a slight appearance of the coming dawn. The Wallacks were still there, keeping up the fire; I lay awake a long time, to watch them and the bright stars.

CHAPTER XII.

WINE AND POLITICS.

We are often astonished when a discovery is made, that the appliance we have at last learned to use was never so used before: it seems to us quite inconceivable. But still more extraordinary must it appear that a thing which men seek, and all enjoy, and—according to their ability—appreciate, should exist in abundance within our reach, and no one, beyond a certain narrow limit, know even of its existence. Yet this is the case with a product, valued, too, as an article of commerce, and held in still higher esteem as a source of joy, as an exhilarating power, as a restorer of energy and a mighty gladdener of the human heart.

Who can read these words, and not know that it is of wine that I speak?

"Ancient wine! Brave old wine!
How it around the heart doth twine!
Poets may love
The stars above;
But *I* love—wine!"

And who shall taste Transylvanian wine without doing so? The very recollection of its noble qualities and the

pleasurable emotions its presence always brought me, carry me away; and were I to follow my bent I should write of it in dithyrambics, as the more natural form for so excellent, for so inspiriting a theme. But I make an effort, and return to steady prose.

As the waters of Transylvania nearly all flow westward, the mountains and hills lie also in this direction; and one side being exposed to the vertical rays of the noontide sun, no better sites could be found for the cultivation of the grape.

How the vine thrives in this country is proved by the superlative excellence of its produce. The inhabitants are proud of their wine; and, whoever has had an opportunity of testing it, knows how delicious it is,—how palatable and delicate, how refreshing and exhilarating, how abounding in all the generous qualities we look for in—wine.

On tasting, for the first time, good Transylvanian wine, I was astonished at its rich flavour, its peculiarly pleasant freshness, and at the fire lurking within such liquid gold. Later, I learned still better to appreciate its virtues. I can only say that, as is the case with all true excellence, a nearer intimacy tended to strengthen my regard; and I never once had reason to repent of the judgment formed, or of the friendly footing to which that estimation led.

On returning from Transylvania, I was telling Baron Liebig of the wines it produced, when he at once broke forth in praise of them. "But what do *you* know of Transylvanian wine?" said I.

"Not know!" he answered. "I know that they are of rare excellence. Some were sent here to the exhibition; and, as I was on the jury, I tasted them. They were delicious, and possessed all the best qualities looked for in wine. We accorded the first prize—the great gold

medal—to wine from Transylvania." This was wine from Mediasch.* With this single exception, I have found no one out of the country who knew anything, or had even heard, of Transylvanian wine. The vintages of Hungary have at last found their way to England, and are gradually becoming known; but of those in the neighbouring province no mention has yet been made. Even the proprietor of the Three Moors Hotel, at Augsburg, who has probably the largest wine-list in Europe, has no Transylvanian wine in his cellar. Yet in what may be called his *catalogue raisonné* are all the wines of Germany, France, Italy, Piedmont, those of the Two Sicilies, and the isles of the Mediterranean, Hungary, Spain, Portugal, Madeira, the Levant, Greece, Thessaly, the isles of the Archipelago, Cyprus, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Persia, and those of the Cape.

There is a great variety in the produce of the vineyards; but even of those wines which are classed as "ordinary," are many equal to the "superior" ones of other countries, or which we drink as such in England. They are generally drunk while yet young; and, hence, have still that flavour which the German word "lieblich" so well expresses. They contain much saccharine matter; but with the pleasant sweetness is combined a raciness and a champagne-like freshness,† so that it does not cloy.

The purity of the wine is undoubtedly one cause of its salubrity. I never was better than while I enjoyed it; and, as far as my own experience goes, I should be inclined to change the proverb, and say, "In vino sanitas." You get the juice of the grape without any admixture of brandy; all the spirit that is in it is entirely its own.

* The soil of the Mediasch vineyards consists of sand and marl.

† In the Saxon dialect, there is a word for this agreeable prickling on the tongue, "tschirpsen."

The strongest vintage never gave me a headache or deranged the stomach; and were any generous-minded man inclined to make me a present of whatever wine I might select, I would at once ask for a pipe of good Transylvanian.*

It would seem that the German immigrants who came into the country under Geisa II., first cultivated vineyards. Their thoughts, doubtless, recurred often to home, and old customs and household habits; and a longing arose for the wine, that was the zest of every meal and a necessary accompaniment to every merrymaking. And so they procured vines, and planted them on the hillsides. Happy the land where the vine grows on the slope of the mountain, and where the plains in summer are covered with the yellow harvest; where the two different soils of hill and valley are so admirably adapted to bring forth, and in such full abundance, what man needs for existence, as well as to gladden and cheer him, and make his heart rejoice!

That vine grew in Mediasch in the thirteenth century we learn from the fact that the then Bishop of Transylvania commuted the tithes he was to receive of corn, wine, bees, and lambs, for a yearly payment of forty marks of silver. And there must have been some abundance in the fruitful land, for, in the winter of 1687, the Saxons had to furnish a forced contribution of 70,000 gallons, and a few years later, 160,000 gallons more, to the Imperial troops while in winter-quarters. That served to keep them warm, better than furs or fuel.

From an interesting old chronicle,† in which the price

* The Italian Ambassador at the Court of King Matthew, of Hungary, and who undoubtedly knew what good wine was, thus speaks of it:—"Est Transsilvania ferax omnis generis frugum, vini laudatissimi."

† The document was rescued from oblivion by Baron Bedeus von Schar-

of wine is given each year from 1501 downwards, we are able to follow its rise in value, and we also are told of the several vintages, if sour or excellent, if plentiful or otherwise, and if the frosts came early, and are also informed of the ardour of each autumn sun. In 1501, fourteen *Eimer* (thirty-five gallons) of must, or unfermented wine, cost one florin, and so it went on to the end of the century, varying only between thirty and fifty gallons for this price. From that time it grew dearer, till at last the quantity to be obtained for a florin dwindled down, in 1738, to five gallons.* There has probably been no year's vintage equal to that of 1834.

The last accounts of the quantity of wine produced in Transylvania give 15,414,375 English gallons, which, at somewhat less than one shilling a gallon, yield £770,718.

From a very carefully compiled table of the quantity produced in two years—1847 and 1853—in each spot of the several wine districts, I gather that in the whole province 1,584,498 eimer were obtained in 1847, and 2,218,033 eimer in 1853.

This, be it observed, is not the exact, but only the approximative quantity, as estimated by the tax-gatherer: it falls far short of the real amount. The increase in six years is considerable, and the list shows many places growing wine in 1853 where in 1847 no vineyard was to be found. Another authority fixes the area of land devoted to vineyards at 50,434 *Joch*† (the joch is nearly

berg, and is quoted in an excellent paper on the vine in Transylvania by Professor John Fabini, to whom I am indebted for much of the information here given on the subject.

* When I was in Mediasch in 1863, must was being sold for about one shilling and sixpence the 2½-gallon cask.

† This number does not greatly differ from that given by the Hon. Julian Fane, Her Majesty's Secretary of Embassy at Vienna, in his masterly report printed in the blue-book in 1864. There the vineyards are stated

one and a half acre), and gives fifty eimer, or 125 gallons, as the average produce per joch. This calculation agrees sufficiently with the preceding one to give it a claim to correctness; the number of eimer taxed being, no doubt, considerably less than the quantity produced.

The same unpropitious circumstances which have prevented Transylvania from turning the produce of her fields to good account, have made it difficult to find a market for her wines. In the first place, the country lies beyond the pale of the network of European railways, and hardly a traveller ever comes there from the West. Thus the favoured land and its products remain unknown. Transylvania, moreover, is surrounded by lands which also produce corn and wine in abundance, and which possess, too, natural or artificial means of exporting them. Hungary has railroads; Wallachia its navigable river, leading to the sea. And as the produce of the neighbouring countries is as excellent as it is abundant, Transylvania—locked in on all sides by mountain and forest—is shut out from the marts and the advantages which otherwise would have been hers. There is no doubt that the province, until lately, has been neglected by Government; but the inhabitants might also have shown greater energy than they have done, and bestirred themselves more.

A railway, however, will soon unite it with Western Europe; and there will be uninterrupted steam communication between London and the towns of Transylvania. But of this and its consequences anon.

to amount to 46,989 joch. In a similar report of 1860, under the head "wine production," we find a sum of 4,518,000 florins for Transylvania. I own I am at a loss to account for so considerable a sum, for if we put down the gallon at four times the price I have done, we even then only obtain three millions of florins.

There was also one reason why the market for Transylvanian wine should be a limited one ;* and for this the growers were themselves to blame. All that related to its preparation, barrelling, bottling, was carried on by them in the most primitive way. The necessary precautions for ensuring favourable results were neglected. Father Noah, when he planted a vineyard and, pressing out the fruit's juice, first learned its gladdening influence, might have proceeded in much about the same manner as the good folks in Transylvania do to-day. Different sorts of grapes —the early ripe and those that ripen later—are planted and picked together, which, of course, is not without an ill effect on the wine. In gathering, too, no division of the good or the rotten berries takes place ; but all and everything is flung into the vat, as the fermentation, it is said, will remove whatever is impure. The dweller on the Rhine knows how erroneous such supposition is ; for not only does he carefully separate one sort of berry from another, and those of different degrees of ripeness, but he even avoids mixing the grapes which grow on the middle of the slope from the clusters gathered on the summit or at its foot.

Nor are the appliances made use of, or even known here, which are elsewhere employed for separating the berries from the stalk. The rough, disagreeable, bitter juice contained in this injures very materially the delicate flavour of the pure pulp of the ripe fruit ; yet all is pressed together, sugar and verjuice, just as chance directs.

It is unnecessary here to enter more into detail regarding the imperfect manipulation which prevails in this matter ; in the whole process it is the same. The casks are often imperfectly purified, or the wood is unsound ;

* How limited it is, the official returns show. In 1845-6-7 and 1850 only 246 cwt. of wine left the country.

and if the wine be bottled—and what bottles it is put into!—they are corked with paper or with a stalk of maize. The jury, in Munich, while they adjudged the large gold medal to the Mediasch wine, could not help remarking on the poverty of the outward appliances, and the remembrance of the medicine and old ink-bottles in which it came excites still no little mirth.

No better example can be given of the state of things in Transylvania than the following incident:—A stranger* had, like myself, tasted Mediascher wine, and was so pleased with it that he sent an order for so many dozen bottles.

"Bottles!" said the wine-grower, "where am I to get bottles? I've got no bottles; besides, they are so dear. And then corks! What a trouble to get such things!" and the order was not attended to for want of these two articles,—for want, too, of the will to get them.

On one occasion, I was at the house of a gentleman who was desirous to let me taste the best wines of the country; and having none of a particular vineyard himself, he sent to a neighbour, a few miles off, to ask for some bottles. Several of the choicest vintages were sent. On putting in the corkscrew to draw the cork, it slipped into the bottle, and we found that the stopper consisted merely of a bit of newspaper, rolled together and covered with sealing-wax.

It is to be hoped, however, that such deficiency, both of corks and comprehension, will not last long. Indeed, as regards the vineyards themselves, improvements have here and there taken place already, and are still going on. Baron Stephen Kemény, Fr. Fosztó, Count Wolfgang Bethlen, and the Councillor John Gal, have been publicly mentioned as the active promoters of improvement and

* At Munich.

reform in all that relates to vine culture. I have myself seen their new plantations, and know the labour and expense which the work entailed. In one place, the cost of thus preparing and planting an acre of vineyard would have purchased an acre of meadow-land in the fertile vale beneath. But these gentlemen still go on, and by their example will do great good. Not only have they introduced the Riessling grape in great quantity from the Rhine, but they have the vines planted according to the new system, so as to be exposed all day to the sun, without one row throwing its shade over the others. The different sorts, too, are kept separate, and there is as much order and system in the whole treatment, both of the plant and the produce, as there is in the farm or stable of the most scientific cattle-breeder in England.

All this is doubly praiseworthy, when we consider the difficulty there is in finding any market for the wine. Count Bethlen told me when I was with him that he had not sold one *Eimer* that year. He had 9000 eimer in his cellars, of different qualities, that he was willing to dispose of at 2*fl.* 40*kr.* per eimer, one with the other.

There are fourteen sorts of grape indigenous to the country; that is to say, which have been for centuries acclimatized here. Amongst them are five sorts of muscadine grape; but these, delicious and exquisite as they are for the table, produce less good wine. The most prized by the wine-grower is one with a small berry, called Maiden Grape (*Avicella nitida*), which produces an incomparable wine. A commission, deputed by the Klausenburg Agricultural Society to report on the different vines, thus speaks of it:—"The wine which this grape yields, is, it may be affirmed, approached by none in the country, with the exception of the unique *bacca d'oro*. In taste, lightness, and delicacy of flavour, it reminds one at once

of Riessling; only that it has more fire and strength than that wine."*

In the immediate neighbourhood of Bistritz, in the north of the province, is the village of Heidendorf. Here grows one of the choicest vines in the country. The grapes of this vineyard are the true Riessling,—the same of which the celebrated Johannisberger is made.† The Saxons, fond of thinking everything in the country indigenous to their land, believed that the Riessling vine was a native of Transylvania. A naturalist coming there examined the plant, and made the discovery that the vine was of the cherished sort found on the banks of the Rhine,—the only difference being that the reverse of the leaf was more hairy, owing to the greater roughness of the climate. "What do you call these grapes?" he asked. "Fösnische Trauben," was the answer,—a name by which all vines of this sort were known throughout the land. This word proved their origin, and showed they were *not* indigenous. "Fösnisch" is a corruption of "Venetianisch" (Venetian), they having been originally imported from the South.

The wine of Heidendorf has more *bouquet* than any I have tasted in Transylvania. But, like Hörsteiner,—which, except to a chosen few, is not known in Germany,—it combines, in flavour, the excellences of various sorts.

A curious incident led to an improved cultivation of this particular vineyard. The former possessor, at a time

* Count Miko, of Klausenburg, has some wonderfully fine Bakator of 1849, at eight florins per eimer. An Englishman, who understands wine, wrote to me of this sort:—"I thought it the best out of eleven wines we tasted, except, perhaps, one from Lapád. At eight florins per eimer, this wine is cheap as dirt. I have bespoken ten Eimer for myself. You must remember this wine is sixteen years old. Were it mine, I should not like to sell it at that price."

† The soil is marl, stony *débris*, and shelly limestone.

when the wine was already pretty good, having to deliver a part of the produce as tithe, got into hot water with the clergyman about his dues, which he paid most reluctantly. His regret at parting with his good wine made him leave the country, and he went to live near the Rhine. Here he learned the cultivation of the vine and the management of the cellar. He returned to his home, pulled up his old vineyard, planted it afresh, racked his wine properly, and in a few years its name was celebrated.

As was said above, in several places, and by Hungarian nobles especially, more attention is given to the production of wine than heretofore.* A better vintage and a better regulated supply must be the consequence; and as the wines will be thoroughly racked, which was never done till now, there is no reason why they should not take their place with the produce of France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. Hitherto, from want of this "racking," they would not bear carriage: they grew turbid, and were altogether unfit for sale.

For an article that is in general request, no matter what it be, I cannot believe a market should not be found, if only the thing produced be good, and its existence known. I feel certain that were the Transylvanian wines but known in England, they would have consumers there. Many of them have the natural fire which we are accustomed to from our brandied port and sherry; others,

* While this is being printed, a friend from Transylvania writes:—"Meanwhile our young wines will be ready for the market, and there will be Riessling and Traminer enough to supply half Europe in a few years. I plant 30,000 Traminer and 25,000 other kinds, this year alone. I have sent to France for the best Bordeaux and Burgundy sorts, and am preparing a small vineyard at —— for trials. We have sent for a German *Kellermeister*, who will soon arrive here, and then we shall be able to send off our wines in first-rate condition."

growing near Karlsburg, resemble a fruity claret, and if a light table wine be desired, this also is everywhere to be had.

That the Transylvanian wines, with all their "Lieblichkeit," are not deficient in natural alcohol, the analysis which my friend Baron Liebig was so obliging as to make for me will show. Karlsburger contained 13·4 per cent., 1·5 extract, while the amount of acidity was 0·9 per cent. Another, from the vineyard of Count Domenik Teleki, 1841, contained 11·96, 1·8 extract, and 0·51 of acidity. Count Miko's famous Bokator of 1848 contained 14·12 of alcohol, 0·58 acidity, and 1·7 of extract. Steiniger, near Bistritz, 1862, belonging to Dr. Weiss, contained 14·45 alcohol, 0·48 acidity, and 2·6 extract. But this being a much younger wine than the others, it would not be fair to compare them together; the amount of sugar present in the younger wine being greater than in an older one. A Mediascher wine, 1862, of Professor Fabini, had a smaller amount of alcohol, but this was balanced by a much larger amount of extract.

We must never forget this, that the amount of natural alcohol in a wine is not an absolute standard for its worth. If judged by it, many a Rhine and Bordeaux wine would occupy the lowest place. Alcohol is one of the factors in determining a wine's value, but not the sole or the decisive one. The celebrated Steinberger contains 10·87 per cent. of natural alcohol, while a Bingen wine, unknown to fame, has 12·1, and one of Geisenheim 12·6; but the latter has 3·05 dry residue or extract, while the Steinberger yields 9·95. It is the degree of acidity and the dry residue, *in combination with the amount of natural alcohol,* which determine the market value of wines. The more generous the wine, the greater the amount of solid matter contained in it in solution; and it is this which gives the

mild, full, delicious flavour, which veils the acidity and takes away all acerbity. The amount of acidity in the Transylvanian wines is small, as the foregoing figures show, and when they are better treated, will be less still. But what is of importance to the consumer, is their salubrity. A man who suffers from headache or indigestion after a bottle of wine is a positive loser from such circumstance, for he is not fit to do anything. On the other hand, the gain is equally positive if he drinks a wine which, besides being most palatable, leaves him clearheaded, cheerful, refreshed, and fit for work. And that this *is* a characteristic of Transylvanian wines I can attest from experience.

The vintages most prized in Transylvania are those growing beside the Little Kokel* and near Karlsburg. Also near the Great Kokel, Hunyad Valley, the upper valley of the Maros, Nyárád near Maros, and in the Mezöség. These last are most aromatic, but the yield is small.

In the vale of the Little Kokel grow strong, clear, aromatic wines, without any tartaric acid. A wine I tasted here I found delicious; it reminded me of Chablis. The best vineyards are in—†

Saros	Dombo	Bolkacs
Leppend	Kirafalva	Förök (222)
Danyan	Kökölövar	Faszet
Csaraa	Bethlen St. Miklos (2713)	Balla Varsar (2632)
Mikefalva	Bogacs (2140)	Hederfalva (1624)

* There are two rivers of this name, distinguished as the Great and Little Kokel. They meet at the town of Blasendorf.

† These and following names are given on the authority of a Hungarian gentleman, who has devoted much attention to wine and vineyards. I have added the figures to the names of the better sorts, to show the number of Transylvanian eimer (1 eimer = 2½ gallons) obtained of each in 1853. They are taken from official excise returns, but the quantity is below the truth. Since then, no doubt, the produce is far more considerable. In many places, too, the wine is better, as a superior sort of grape has been planted of late.

The Karlsburg wines have all a golden tinge, except those growing in the vineyards of the Bishop, which are of superlative quality and called Roszamáler. They are strong, have some aroma, but contain a small quantity of tartaric acid. The best are Csombord, Függet, Czelna,* Krakko, Igen. Of these five, 27,289 eimer were produced in 1853.

Of the Kokelburg wines I can give the following account:—

Varhegy, 1853, growing on the west side, a pure fine-flavoured wine, of a clear golden colour, with more body than Rhine wine, and rather dry. Four florins per eimer.

The same, 1860, darker, strong, a little aroma. Three florins twenty kreutzers.

The same, 1862, with taste of the grape; dark. Two florins fifty kreutzers. This wine had not been obtained by pressing the grapes; the juice had been allowed to run out of the vat, the only pressure being the weight of the grapes themselves. The wine from grapes that had been pressed was stronger.

One of 1846, slightest possible idea of acidity; aroma, and peculiar flavour. Eight florins.

A red wine of 1860, light, full flavour; aroma, taste like excellent Bordeaux, though with more body; most beautiful ruby colour. Five florins.

* This wine is the property of Count Domenik Teleki, and is of the very finest quality. It will keep well, and bear transport, as I know by experience. Some, twenty-three years old, that I took with me, did not suffer in the least from a long journey; it was as clear and good in every respect as any wine could be. Of this sort, from 3000 to 4800 Transylvanian eimer are produced annually. Close by, in other vineyards, from ten to twenty times as much is the annual produce. As a proof that good Transylvanian wine is found acceptable to English palates, I beg to state that inquiries were lately made by a well-known connoisseur of wine in London, in order to learn if Count Teleki could furnish him with some casks of Czelna.

1863. A *very* good light wine, bright-coloured, full body. One florin.

These vineyards are the property of Countess Bethlen.

On the Little Kokel, at Kis Kend, I tasted excellent wines, the property of Herr von Zeyk. One of 1859, beautiful, pale amber colour, good table wine. Three florins.

1858. Bakator. Most beautiful pale tint, excellent flavour, rather dry wine. The grape of which this is made was brought from Italy. It is in reality the *bacca d'oro* of that country. Six florins.

1848. Same wine, stronger, leaving an excellent taste in the mouth. Ten florins.

1862. A most excellent red wine; ruby colour, fine flavour, containing much natural alcohol. Five florins. This wine contains 14° of natural alcohol and only $\frac{6}{1000}$ of tartaric acid.

When at Klausenburg, a gentleman made me a present of some bottles of Roszamáler thirty years old,—a proof that, if properly treated, it will keep.

The wines growing on the banks of the Great Kokel are very clear, light-coloured, but less strong than those of the Little Kokel. The best are from Mediasch (22,737), Berthelm (25,051), Gross Maschalken, Barlacz, Bessendorf, Alma Kerek (2569), Keresd (5980). In the Hunyader Comitat the wines are dark, very strong. Of these the best are found at Babolna (1064), Guaraszada, Cyogy, Boldogfalva (1528). On the banks of the Upper Maros, they are dark and strong. The best are of Radnoth, Malomfalva (150), and Karonka (1383).

Some grow near Nyarad (in the neighbourhood of Maros Varsahely), they are clear, very agreeable, and not strong. Of these, Batzko Madros (1971), and St. Gerlicze are most to be recommended.

I here give a table of the produce of the different districts throughout the country in two different years.

District.	1847.	1853.
	Transylvanian Eimer.	Transylvanian Eimer.
Hermannstadt	791,086	961,799
Kronstadt	458	488
Udvarhely	2,126	5,157
Maros Vásárhely	106,980	201,633
Bistritz	118,112	129,228
Dées	22,336	37,788
Czilágy Somlyó	162,077	367,956
Klausenburg	98,858	117,301
Karlsburg	195,442	289,526
Broos	87,023	107,157
Total	1,584,498	2,218,033

This list may serve to assist any future traveller who is interested in such investigations. Strangely enough, red wines are not liked in Transylvania; no one drinks them, at least not when others are to be had. They are also few in number. The average price for must of the best sort is eighty Austrian kreutzers (1*s.* 7*d.*) per eimer cask, containing 2½ gallons.* In 1863 it was less. In 1862 it was 1*fl.* 20*kr.* (nearly 2*s.* 5*d.*) per eimer. The dearest wine which my informant remembers to have been sold was an old wine which was bought up for Poland. The price paid was eight florins (sixteen shillings) per eimer. A joch of land does not generally produce more—one year with another—than fifty eimer. This, at eighty kreutzers per eimer, would give as *brutto* receipts forty florins per joch—a small remuneration for the trouble and risk incurred. Vineyards, like fields, are often let for one-third of the produce; the lessee having the farming

* This has been the price during the last ten years.

work to do, and retaining one-third of the profits. In this way only $13\frac{1}{3}$ *fl.* (£1. 6*s.* 8*d.*) would go to the possessor of one joch of vineyard as his share. But from this small sum the taxes have to be deducted, 1*fl.* 93*kr.*, and the price of the sticks for supporting the vines: these cost 4*fl.* 50*kr.*, with eighty kreutzers for the overseer. When these sums are subtracted from the profit, 6*fl.* 10*kr.* per joch is all that remains for the vine-grower.

But the cultivation of the vine is a task which, all the world over, carries with it its own peculiar incentive. It is truly a labour of love; and the enjoyment it brings, and the bright hopes and the pride of a glorious vintage, are the indemnification for many a privation, and day after day inspire and cheer the peasant as he toils. On the Rhine, he is one year a rich man, and the succeeding ones has nothing. But there is always a chance that fortune may be propitious; that the dews will give fulness of sap, and the autumn sun make the heavy clusters so many glowing volcanoes teeming with a concealed fire.

It is nonsense to say that the lighter wines of France and Germany do not suit the English palate. An Englishman likes everything that is really good; and put a pure, wholesome Rhenish or Transylvanian wine within his reach, he will, most certainly, profit by the opportunity. They all have ardency enough, though not that *fire* which the admixture of brandy gives. The so-called lighter wines of the Continent, as sold in England, are, generally speaking, such as no carter would drink on a Sunday or holiday in the land where they grew. They are not fair specimens of the ordinary produce of Germany or France; and that they should not suit English palates is very natural. Neither do they suit the palate of the French

or German peasant; he drinks them only when he can get no better.*

In England, generally speaking, people know as little about wine, as until a few years ago they did about a rifle. But in this, as in other things, they are the slaves of fashion,—and drink and praise what they call hock or claret, though neither one nor the other has the least resemblance to the real thing. As to honestly liking them, that is impossible, for no one can. Yet in perfect good faith they look knowing, hold up the glass to the light, and flatter themselves the trash it contains "may be called a good wine!" After having been accustomed to well-brandied Portuguese wines, it is very natural that we should find purer and lighter ones insipid; and people supposed "that the French wines were less adapted to our climate than those of the Southern Peninsula."† In Scotland, formerly, much good claret was drunk; but I never heard that it was found not adapted to the climate. The circumstance of the whisky-loving Scotch liking this

* "The cheaper wines of France have not come so fully into use as they should have done according to the laws of commerce. The reason is clear enough. People would drink them very readily, had they a fair opportunity allowed them. As a rule, the old-established wine-merchants do not sell the low-priced wines. . . . On the other hand, the hotel and tavern keepers do sell the cheap wines, but at the old prices. A man cannot get a bottle of good *vin ordinaire* at his dinner, at any hotel or tavern of certain pretensions, without paying for it as *claret*, from four to eight shillings a bottle." These observations are so to the purpose, that I copy them here from the 'Athenæum' of December 5th, 1863.

Mr. Sheen, in his work 'Wines and other Fermented Liquors,' speaks of Mr. Gladstone "not being able to get the public to imbibe, or persuade them to swallow" so-and-so many gallons of French wine. To which observations the reviewer in the same Journal, of July 21st, 1857, very sensibly replies, that "The public thirst for good and cheap wine." "If hotel-keepers find that their guests do not drink the cheap wines of France, it is because the former will not allow them to do so but at a dear rate."

† James L. Denman, 'The Vine and its Fruit.'

wine, shows too that a good wine, *though it be a light one*, will make its way in our island, if only the opportunity be given.

Any one who has been in Transylvania and seen the country and its resources, can hardly doubt of a bright future being before it. Before long, it will be visited for the various interest which attaches to its inhabitants and scenery. People will then discover that a fine opening is there offered them for commercial speculation, and among other undertakings will most assuredly be a trade in wine. Whoever comes first will have the conditions in his own hands. He will, from a concatenation of peculiar circumstances, be favoured by peculiar advantages; but he must seize them while they are to be had, and not wait till incidents occur which take them out of his reach, and give them to the opposite party.

The plan to be pursued by any one inclined to carry out these suggestions should be this:—He must come into the country and make himself acquainted with the different wines, and the vineyards which produce them. He then should enter into an agreement with their possessors for the purchase of the vintages for the next—say ten—years; buying them as they come from the wine-press,—mere grape-juice in its unfermented state. And this prospective agreement should be made to prevent the wine-grower from taking any undue advantage of an increased demand; for if the speculator runs all the risk, and has the work of the pioneer to do, it is but fair that he should retain some of the chances of remuneration for himself. Ready money, in a country like Transylvania, where cash is one of the greatest rarities, will go a great way and accomplish much. Moreover, the certainty of a purchaser for the next ten years' produce would induce and enable the grower to sell at a price most advantageous to the

speculator. Even at the usual market price, a considerable profit would be ensured to the English merchant.* But by coming early, before there is competition, by offering the grower the above advantages,—by making oneself, in short, master of the situation,—a still larger return for trouble and capital might be had.

The growers would be only too glad to find at last a purchaser for their crops, which till now they never could turn to any account. Large stores are everywhere lying in the cellars, which the possessors would gladly dispose of to make room for coming vintages.

The next thing to be done is to obtain, from the Rhine, a man who thoroughly understands the treatment of wines, to superintend the cellarage. Let but the same care be bestowed upon the vintage of Transylvania as is given to that of Hochheim, Épernay, or Bordeaux, and no fear need be entertained for the results of land or sea carriage.

There is plenty of oak in the country, which is the best wood for wine casks. All that relates to cooperage is of vast importance in the preservation of wine. This department, too, should therefore be in the hands, and under the superintendence, of the English speculator. For in all such details no reliance can be placed upon the people of the country. They are not aware how much depends on seemingly trifling matters. It would be an advantage to have barrels made of certain sizes for the English market, according to English measure.

Good cellars would also be necessary for storing the stock in hand. These might be had to any extent in

* The average price of must is, as was said, eighty kreutzers per eimer. Wine, of which this was the original price, has been sold me two years later for five florins per eimer, and it was only as a favour that it was given me at this price. If worth five florins in the country, what would be its value in England?

Klausenburg, on reasonable terms. Here, too, would be the best place for the agent to reside, who had the superintendence of the whole concern. From year to year, the vintage in Transylvania will improve; for the landed proprietors are bestirring themselves, and doing their utmost to enable their wines to compete with the growth of lands which have got the start of them. Once made known, and the undertaking set going and got into working order, there is no fear of these wines making their way; they are wholesome, pleasant, and generous, and, even when a good profit has been gained upon them, can be furnished at a low price. What, then, can be wanting to ensure the speculator success?

I have already alluded to the amount of saccharine matter which these vines generally contain. Those of Mediasch, and some growing, if I remember rightly, at Bethlen in the north, are pre-eminent in this respect. From the peculiar qualities of the Mediasch wine, I am certain that a champagne might be made from it but little inferior, if inferior at all, to that of Aix. This alone were an undertaking worth thinking of; for the continued demand for such wine, and the absence of any neighbouring competition in this special branch, offer the conditions for success.

These are no random or immature opinions. During a residence of nearly a year in Transylvania I have given much thought to the question, and collected information relating to it; and having spoken of wine as one of the many products of the country in which enterprise might safely engage, I am desirous to give what hints I can for practically carrying out the scheme. And of this I am certain, that any Englishman who came into the country with a view to commercial undertakings would, both on the part of the inhabitants and the

government, be met cordially, and receive every assistance that either could render him.*

An ordinary wine-grower cannot do for his produce what is necessary for it. This must be the work of others. He has not the capital nor the knowledge, nor will he bestow the care absolutely requisite if excellence is to be obtained. Hitherto, moreover, as none was exported, wine was grown more for the individual proprietor's own use and delectation than for anything else. It was not looked on as an article of commerce. It was intended for the household and for friends, and was neither more nor less than what the fruit and flower garden is to the English cottager, or to the citizen in his little box a few miles from town. Government might assist the vine-grower in two ways,—by helping him to get consumers abroad, and by removing at home those causes which prevent wine being drunk by the greater part of the population. A more liberal commercial policy would aid in effecting the first, by obtaining for Austrian produce fewer restrictions in foreign states.

And as to the second, were a heavier tax laid on the consumption of brandy, the practice of spirit-drinking, which prevails to a fearful extent in the country, would be diminished, and wine taken instead. If dearer than wine, who would drink it? Here, as everywhere, the demoralizing effect of the constant use of spirits is apparent.

Maize, from which the spirit is distilled, grows in vast quantity. The landed proprietors are unable to sell their harvest; for at home each man has plenty, and as to a foreign market that is out of the question, from the diffi-

* "Let only capitalists come here and look about them," said a Hungarian gentleman to me who is himself interested in commercial speculations: "we will stick to them, for it is to our interest that they should succeed."

CHURCH AT BÖLÖN.

culty of transport. Their only means, therefore, of obtaining some remuneration for their outlay is to turn their corn into spirit, or to sell it to the distiller for this purpose. Where there is such abundance, the competition is great, and, despite the excise, the price of whisky is very low.

Thus as, in our moral existence, we see how one ill-advised act leads to others, which involve in difficulty, begetting a progeny that from day to day become more tyrannously our masters. Our spiritual teachers tell us this, but it seems to me that they do not so with sufficient force, putting the fact before us as an inevitable law from which there is no escape; showing how, as by the irresistible coils of a mighty snake, circumstance evolves from circumstance, and we are at last entwined; showing us too, how, like the Fate of old, the one original fault *will* have its atonement. I cannot but think our poets, on this point, are far more effective teachers than our professed guides and instructors.

History shows us that in political life it is the same. In reference to the question in hand, I would point out how the neglect of providing means for the producer to turn his produce to account, caused it to be thrown back upon him. He, not being able to consume all himself, or to get rid of his grain for its legitimate purpose, makes spirit of it, and deluges the land with alcohol. The use and abuse of such drink hinders progress, both intellectual and other. Thus, indirectly, a province suffers morally and economically from a primal neglect; and one that might be the most flourishing in the monarchy, and by growing wealth furnish revenue to the Government, remains so far behind in the competitive race of the nations as to be altogether unseen. The financial state of the country may be inferred, from the deplorable fact that the popu-

lation is in arrear of payment of taxes to the amount of thirty-three per cent. There are only two provinces, Croatia and the Vaivodie, which show a worse monetary condition than this fertile and, by nature, most favoured land of the monarchy.

It is a truth, growing every day more apparent—and one of our chief blessings and consolations is that Truth *does* grow—that intercourse of people with each other is the greatest furtherer of *all* development. The road-makers are the great civilizers. There only where people come together are their energies developed, and their resources, mental and material, called forth. Some, never dreamed of before, are suddenly found out. In isolation many a power remains dormant, but contact, producing new combinations, elicits new forces, and modifies, while it adds to our former capacities.

At a public meeting in London, a speaker observed the other day that there was no instance of the introduction of a railway not having benefited a land. There is no country in such need of the boon as Transylvania, and yet it has been so long delayed. When opened, a new era will begin for the province. But the Saxon must bestir himself; that the Hungarian will do so there is no doubt. The Wallack will advance in civilization; his natural abilities will develope; he will emerge from his present *Naturzustand*,* or primal state of nature; and as his wants augment, his faculties and industry will be employed in order to satisfy them.

For it is quite false to suppose that a people without wants are best off. Such state is neither best for them, nor best for the realm they belong to. The Wallacks of

* It may seem hardly credible that in a country like Transylvania, abounding in iron, the use of this metal is not general. In many Wallack villages there is, perhaps, not a single waggon that has a bit of iron in it, and in the houses scarcely a scrap is to be found.

Transylvania would be far more profitable subjects if they needed the goods which other countries can produce. It is quite indifferent to me whether it be English calico, or broadcloth, or iron-ware that they require, or the manufactures of France or Belgium; but if they did use such things, and were unable to do without them, instead of, as now, literally wanting nothing, their social position would be a higher one, and far greater the gain which their existence brought their country. A government gains in every way by the individual prosperity of its subjects. Enlightenment, civilization, and the refinements of social life, all hang together; and no people were ever the worse for rising out of their barbarism; nor has any Government ever suffered by their doing so.

Civilization is strength. What would England's position be if the greater portion of her inhabitants were still the wild sandalled people like the Scots in Edward the Third's time, with no wants but what nature could supply? A vast number of Austria's subjects are still in this state. Whatever will tend to raise them out of it will add to the dignity of Austria's position. It will also add to her wealth and power; and that such change should take place is, I firmly believe, as much to our interest and the interest of Western Europe as her own.

It may seem chimera-like to picture to ourselves the advanced position Austria would hold with these subjects raised in the social scale, and busily exchanging the work of their industry for the productions of other lands. But though merely in fancy, and as a hope for the future, it is impossible not to dwell on such a change with satisfaction. In time, of course, it will ensue. However, the sooner it takes place the better; and wise and bold legislation may do much in furthering the progress towards so desirable an end.

NOTE.

I have already spoken of the large quantity of wine produced formerly in Transylvania. In the neighbourhood of Bistritz, the land devoted to the culture of the vine is now one-twentieth of what it used to be. Close to the excellent vineyards of Count Wolf Bethlen, near Bonyha, are also slopes where the vine once grew, but which long since have been covered with grass and bushes.

This was a natural consequence of the diminishing export trade. In the last century a very high duty was laid on the wines imported into North Germany, Gallicia, and the Bukovina. Before this, a large amount of Transylvanian wine was consumed there and in the kingdom of Poland.

Such change in commercial relations had an influence on the quality as well as quantity of wine produced. For when it had to travel so far, the vine-grower was obliged to rear grapes of the best sorts, in order that his wine, rich in alcohol, might bear transport without deterioration. But when the distant market was closed against him by prohibitive duties, the producer had to find another mart for them at home. Here, however, a lighter sort was needed; and not having to make a long journey it was unnecessary that it should be so spirituous. The choice sorts of grape were therefore neglected, and inferior ones, yielding more, cultivated instead.

Here we again see how prohibition, in every way, even the least suspected, tends to work harm. But we learn from these facts that Transylvanian wine was prized abroad and fetched a good price; an additional proof, were any needed, of its sterling excellence. What the country once produced it can produce again; with all the additional advantages that greater care and knowledge can give.

When a system of railways unites Transylvania with North Germany and Poland, and England and Russia are brought nearer to this fertile province, —when, too, by reciprocal concessions their inhabitants will be enabled to profit of its produce,—the wine-trade *must* flourish again; and gladly will the inhabitants of Transylvania take in exchange the wares which our factories produce.

CHAPTER XIII.

MEDIASCH.

THE stage-coach from Hermannstadt set me down before the post-house of Mediasch, or Medvisch, at about two o'clock in the morning. After knocking up the people at the inn, I was put into a very neat, comfortable room, which was changed the next morning for a still better one. I have already spoken in praise of the landlord and his house; it is large, well kept, and there is an evident desire on the part of the master to satisfy his guests,—a feature you will not find often among Transylvanian innkeepers.

I went at once in the forenoon to pay the clergyman a visit, and on announcing my name was not a little surprised to find myself received like an old acquaintance. Extending both hands towards me, my host exclaimed, "Ah, Charles Boner, I know you well! I am most glad to see you;" and inviting me to sit down, he told me he knew what I had written, etc. The truth was, he had seen reviews and extracts of my books, and probably read criticisms which had appeared in various Continental journals. I mention this merely as a proof, and a striking one, of the interest with which the educated part of the

Saxon population follow all that is going on in their mother-country and among the nations of the West. Were I a popular or eminent writer, this circumstance would not have astonished me; but I must say I was taken by surprise when he told me that he knew my name.

The parsonage-house was, as usual, close to the church, and within the wall constituting the stronghold. It was roomy, and everything was neat, simple, and scrupulously clean. The simplicity accorded well with the benign, venerable look of the inmate, who in air, expression, and manner seemed to me the very ideal of a Protestant pastor. In the course of conversation we chanced to speak of books, and I found that he was quite at home in English as well as German literature. He spoke of Wilberforce with admiration, but I cannot remember what led to the theme. Besides his stay at a German university, he had been in Italy, residing for a time at Leghorn as tutor in a gentleman's family. Nor was it long since he had been at Ulm. Such facts show that, although themselves in so remote a corner as to be seldom visited by travellers, these men, impelled by an irresistible yearning, go forth in the direction of their ancient home, again to share in and enjoy the culture of Western Europe,—to them a very Mecca. Their thoughts and gaze are always turned thitherward,—a source of strength, of light, of consolation, and of hope.

The church is surrounded by three high walls, flanked with towers, and a low, pointed, arched portal leads from one to the other. In almost every Saxon village there are similar evidences of the danger in which men lived in earlier times. They went to rest at night in perfect peace, and at morning perhaps, when the streaks of dawn were just appearing above the hill-top, there, too, would be seen wild and barbarous hordes, waiting in the twilight to

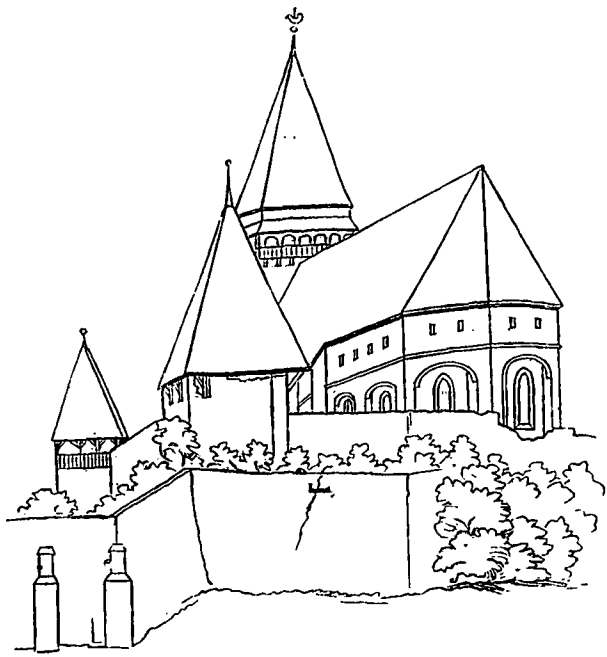
descend upon their prey. Many an every-day arrangement, even, tells us of the fear which regulated their acts. There was a time, for example, when the early service was postponed till a later hour,—it not being thought safe to open the gates of the stronghold in which the church stood in the dim light of daybreak, lest the enemy, taking them by surprise, might force his way in. In some churches I have seen the large round stones still standing on the parapet of the tower, as they were placed centuries back to hurl down upon the besiegers, when the outer walls were taken, and, all being lost, the inhabitants were attacked in this their last place of defence.

The existence of these churches is something so unique, and their construction and appearance are altogether so peculiar, that it is well worth while to enter more fully into the subject,—all relating to it being so full of interest and novelty. Director Frederick Müller, of Schässburg, has published a description of these strange buildings,—of their rise, varieties, and details of arrangement and construction;* and it is partly from his account, and partly from my own observation, that the following notice of them is given.

The erection of temples, whether heathen or Christian, is generally the work of princes or of a powerful priesthood. It is undertaken too, in most cases, when peace prevails, and when there is time as well as the necessary means for glorifying the one God or the particular divinity, by grand proportions, forms of beauty and exquisite workmanship. Now in these we have here to do with, there was none of this. As to the princes, they were

* All the works of this gentleman are well deserving the attention of the architect or antiquary. Not only are they characterized by a thorough knowledge of the subject treated and by profound research, but a pleasing and clear style also distinguishes them.

too busy in defending their land and throne to think of the like; and there was no priesthood wealthy or powerful enough to commence such works. The churches were built by citizens—mere peasants frequently, whose fathers, or who themselves had come hither to escape tyranny in another land. They are, so to say, burgher churches; and they received their peculiar impress from the character of the builders, and the circumstances amid which they were raised.



CHURCH AT TRAPOLD.

The object of such a building being a place of worship, was connected with the intention of making it a place of strength. This determined, in a great measure, its site. It was placed, if possible, at a spot not easily accessible,

on a mound or the top of a hill.* Such a one is the parish church of Trapold, standing on rising ground in the middle of the village. The view to defence also was a reason why solidity was preferred to ornament; and why, in these Saxon fortified churches, we find all broad, strong, firm, and wholly destitute of that decoration which in other lands church architecture always presents. "Nowhere was to be seen here that cheerful development of forms to be found in the mother-country; nowhere, even at a later period, on the summit of the slender tower the open gladsome finial, but, instead, everywhere on a broad basis the heavy roof, with a massy knob as the completion."†

The only things that received some embellishment were the fonts and bells. But if on these latter the builder bestowed care, it was because they were as much for use as ornament. Their personal safety often depended on the sonorous clang of the metal, when the alarum was sounded; for it was necessary that the din should be heard afar when the bell swung in the tower, calling in the scattered inhabitants, or summoning neighbours to the rescue.

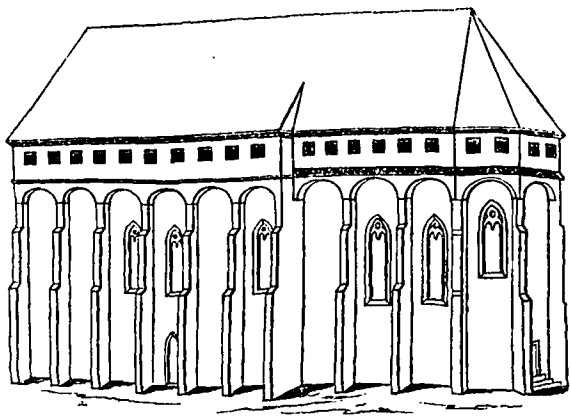
Another reason why there is so little ornament is, the scarcity of sandstone in which to work out architectural devices. Hence, in all Transylvania is not one Gothic tower. The stone used in the church at Schässburg had to be fetched a two days' journey off. This circumstance, in addition to the necessity of defence, accounts for all the windows being as they are, wholly without the tasteful forms elsewhere given them.

It not unfrequently occurred that the builders took the stone-work, with the ready-made ornaments, of Roman

* See the illustration to Chapter XXI.

† Friedrich Müller, "Die Vertheidigungs-Kirchen in Siebenbürgen."

remains for their Christian edifices. And this adoption of the skill and taste of another age and people in their buildings was, as Professor Frederick Müller with great sagacity remarks, one reason why the style of architecture prevailing in the land was slow to give way to influences from without. "Where the employment of antique fragments extended beyond the adoption of mere stone blocks, and especially where ornamental remains, such as columns and parts of arches, were adopted, the kindred form of the latter made the acceptance and longer retaining of the Romanesque style a necessity. The antique round arch and the Roman column could not well be introduced as parts of German architectural works."



CHURCH AT KAISD.

It is characteristic of all these churches that the arches are low; the pillars not light, but massive. All the details, too, are as simple as possible. It very often happens that on the side most exposed there are no windows; and thus a broad expanse of bare unbroken wall is a feature frequently met with. The ecclesiastical

character of the edifice is sacrificed to its purpose of defence; yet, notwithstanding, the fundamental form prevalent in the country—that, namely, of the nave terminating in a three-sided choir, of nearly the same breadth as the main building—is invariably retained.

The realization of what has been said above is distinctly seen in this outline of a church at Kaisd. It has, moreover, a distinctive mark of a "citadel church,"—massive buttresses against a wall four feet in thickness. Such buttresses are nearly always joined together at top by arches, and, as the main wall is sloped off a little, there a space was left between it and them. Through this, from the covered gallery beneath the roof, those within could look down, and hurl projectiles and flaming *Pechkränze* upon the hordes below. More than forty loop-holes are in the upper part of this sturdy stronghold. Choir and nave are here of equal height.

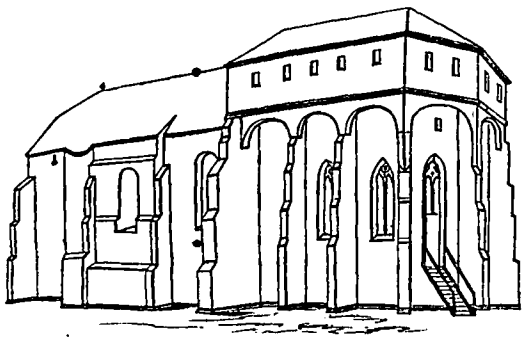
Nor was a surrounding wall, with occasionally even a second and third, the only means adopted for keeping off the enemy. The Saxons, taught by necessity, invented for themselves in the hour of danger these church defences. There was a regular system of fortification,—walls flanked with towers, bastions, strong gate, and moat, with storehouses within the precincts, as well as dwellings for the besieged. Indeed the whole arrangement is so peculiar to these German immigrants, that elsewhere a church built on a similar plan is called "a Saxon church." The whole covered a large area, and was picturesque in the highest degree. The very irregularity often made it so. Now a broad square tower rose out of the loop-holed wall, with a projecting open gallery at the top; and a few feet above this was the heavy roof, low, and strengthened with spars and cross-beams well fastened together. Here on the parapet, as on the wall of the church also, were

placed large stones, ready to let fall on the invader. Besides these still remaining from the old perilous times, I have seen rusty halberts and clumsy fire-arms, fitted only to fire from behind a wall.* Then a little further on, a round tower would bulge forward in its massive solidity, the upper part presenting a larger girdle of stone-work, between which and the main body were the orifices, down which the lighted pitch was dropped. There, perhaps, over a gateway projected a small circular tower for the warder, or it would be flanked by a bastion, to make it more secure. It was my great delight to examine these strange structures,—to walk round them and to find a point of view whence all the parts could be taken in at once, and grouped together in the most favourable manner. The church at Agnetheln (see chap. xxxii.) is a fine specimen of such fortified churches. Then, too, the inside of the place was equally curious. Sometimes steps still remained in the wall, to lead to a platform just below the battlements, where the peasant garrison could stand to fire through the loop-holes. There was a well to provide water, and receptacles for corn; and the pastor's house was also within the fortress. Occasionally a low postern-gate led from his courtyard to a piece of garden surrounded by a wall, where his flowers and vegetables grew. But this, though protected, was without the pale of the strong line of fortification.

One style of church is found throughout the land,—that, namely, where the choir is higher than the nave, and where that is made the strongest part of the building, loop-holed at the top. The tower is there placed at the

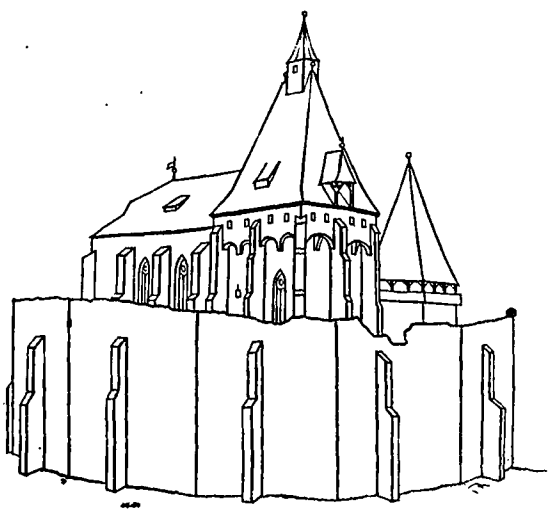
* In the inventory of the effects of a deceased pastor were found, so Müller relates, "besides communion cup and cassock, also *toga militaris*, —in other words, a suit of armour, and the *pixida bombardica*." To fast and fight were then part of his pastoral duties.

western extremity,—in the present instance it has been removed, because insecure, in order to defend that part;



CHURCH AT DENNDORF.

for the intermediate nave made it impossible for the combatants on the choir to cast projectiles in that direction.

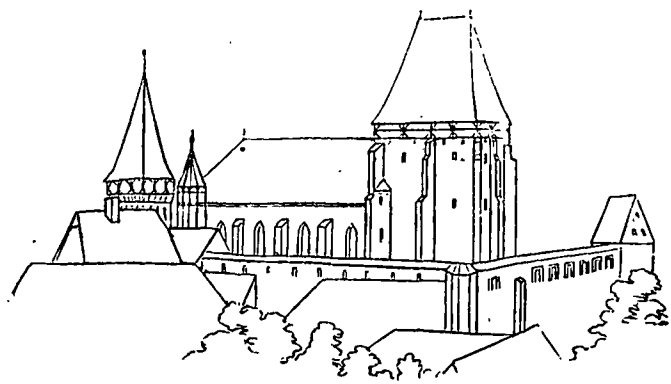


CHURCH AT BONESDORF.

Such tower, and so placed, became therefore a necessary bulwark.

In another sort of church, the architect made the choir the most salient feature, as well as the strongest part, by placing it in the tower. All the importance, both for the eye and for defence, was concentrated there. It had the buttresses joined by arches, as in the other specimens we have seen, with intervening spaces for letting objects fall. At the summit, too, it was loop-holed, like the walls of the choir.

An exception to this is a church at Baassen; the choir is in the tower, but the latter has no buttresses, gallery, or loop-holes, and is in its whole appearance like an ordinary tower.



CHURCH AT BAASSEN.

In all parts of the province you find these picturesque monuments, which cannot fail to interest the stranger, whether he be artist, antiquarian, or mere ordinary traveller. These are so peculiar in themselves, so distinctive of, and specially belonging to the people, who erected them, that they ought to be preserved.

I call attention to this, because part of the fortification of a most admirable specimen of such edifice was to have been destroyed to make way for a school-house, as if for

this building another site could not be found. It is the church at Agnetheln I allude to. In spring the destruction was to have begun, but I have since learned it has been determined not to commit the vandalism. These citadel-churches are monuments of which the Saxons ought to be proud. They are, with their burghs, the best, indeed the only ones they have. They speak better than columns or triumphal arches of the courage, devotion, and energy of their peasant ancestors,—planned and erected as they were by their own skill and perseverance, without foreign help. Verily, if a people allow such monuments to fall to ruin or be demolished, the spirit which once characterized them must sorely have decayed.

The space round the church of Mediasch enclosed by walls is large, showing that even in early times the population that would seek shelter there in case of need was considerable. The town now contains 5337 inhabitants. The school is also within this church-fortress; indeed it is invariably the case that the two are close to each other. "They belong together, and must go hand-in-hand," is the remark always made on pointing them out to you. Some strong places were here employed as prisons, much to the dislike of the clergyman, who thought it unfitting that the precincts of a church should be used for such purpose. Arrangements, however, are being made for removing the inmates elsewhere. Several men were in one room, well lighted by a large window with iron bars. One or two, who had succeeded in breaking prison, had fetters on their feet. The poor wretches looked all very crest-fallen; they seemed moped and wearied to death for want of blessed liberty. For the rest, they were well taken care of.

Having occasion for medical advice, I called on the physician. In the neat drawing-room there stood a grand

pianoforte, and to my surprise scenes from Derbyshire and Falmouth were hanging in frames on the walls. A portrait of Bulwer also; he, indeed, is the most popular English author here.

It was now the time of the vintage, and every cart and every horse and yoke of oxen were in requisition for carrying vats and casks to the small buildings on the hillsides, where the wine-presses stood. Every one, too, was out there, busily preparing and picking or eating grapes. On reaching my inn, I found a young Saxon girl with a basket of grapes from the clergyman, and a couple of bottles of precious wine. What a splendid pile of luscious fruit was that on my table! It was quite a picture; quite a pleasure to gaze on those clusters, almost bursting with ripeness, all covered with bloom, giving a most delicate tint to the light green bunches, and softening the shade of the darker purple. I wondered if those from the promised land of Canaan were more beautiful. They might have been, for the following morning another basket arrived from the same friendly hand, with a still finer sort; they were the very choicest that grew in the land, of exquisite flavour, and so thin-skinned that no residue hardly was left in the mouth. It was like the virgin honeycomb I had eaten near Hermannstadt, the cells of which were so fine that a mouthful of the sweet food yielded but a morsel of wax, not larger than a bee's wing.

In a land abounding in wine, you might naturally expect to get a good bottle at the inns; but this is not the case. It is invariably of the most mediocre description, and if you wish to know what the country produces, and to taste the best sorts, this is only to be done by going to private houses. In all the towns are wine-shops, with a public room more or less well-fitted up, where

various wines, or those only belonging to one grower, are on sale. At such places good vintages are sometimes to be obtained. At the "Count Széchenyi" hotel at Broos, I did, it is true, get a most excellent and palatable cheap wine.

The festival of the vintage, for it is a festival everywhere, takes place generally towards the end of October. Many large proprietors prefer delaying it a few days; for by doing so they not only get workmen for less wages, but the grapes, by remaining even a short time longer on the vine, gain considerably in the amount of sugar they contain. The difference is so great as to have very considerable influence on the value of the produce.

When the grape-gathering has once begun, there is mirth, and music, and rejoicing. From far and near, friends and acquaintances come to share in the merry-making and enjoy the delicious fruit. All are welcome. The richer the harvest and the fairer the promise, the more animated is the scene, and the gladness which prevails is then unbounded. I had been invited to go to the vineyard, and gladly accepted the offer. On these occasions chairs, tables, barrels of wine, plates, and various necessaries are laden on waggons and sent out to the vineyard. All is in motion, and a stranger might suppose that a general emigration was taking place. In a summer-house, or if still warm, under the blue sky, a table is spread with all sorts of refreshments, and continually replenished to supply the numerous visitors. Gipsies, with their violins and wind-instruments, play lustily to amuse the labourers, and prevent them from flagging at their work; and the picking and carrying goes on at a good rate.* Here the grapes are not stamped

* Among the guests assembled here, I found a young man who had been in Wales; one of the ladies, too, spoke English well. No writers

with the feet, but pressed with a lever. As usual, they are not assorted, but the son of the clergyman, who has studied the vine and its cultivation, is beginning to introduce new sorts, and to plant them separately. The Riessling, he told me, did not do in Mediasch, owing to the excess of sugar it contained. Its wine was almost like brandy. We tasted a vintage which we had brought with us, and I thought it excellent. It was strong, ardent, but most refreshing. This, a superior sort, was tenpence a bottle,—it was worth five shillings. Another, not so superior, but very good, cost only fourpence.* Both left the exhilarating prickling on the tongue which I have before alluded to. There was such an abundance of wine that they literally did not know what to do with it. They had neither casks nor room for storing it away. For the loan of a cask, an equal quantity would willingly be given to the lender.

I feasted to my heart's content on the delicate food. Of the many sorts, the small sugary maiden grape and the larger aromatic muscat are among the choicest. The air is here so mild that wheat and maize and wine thrive in perfection. The hillsides are steep and toilsome for the husbandman; but for the culture of the vine—being exposed the whole day to the sun—they are admirably adapted. Indeed, nowhere in the district does the like-sized vineyard yield so much as in the neighbourhood of Mediasch. The plants are manured every three years.

We took a pleasant walk in the evening, and in returning along one of the many ridges which run through this part of the country, forming numerous quiet

are more liked here, or more thoroughly appreciated, than our English authors. Their works are read and studied with an almost enthusiastic admiration.

* The soil of the vineyards here is sand and marl.

valleys, looked down on the colony at our feet. It stands beside the river, backed by vineyards, and above and beyond these are woods. A ridge of mountains shut in the distance. The houses were prettily mixed up with foliage, willows dotted the river-banks, old square towers rose at intervals along the wall, and as a setting to the whole, broad pastures spread around the town. In the most exposed spots, I was told, it was too hot for wheat: it shrinks and shrivels together.

Among a people who preserve so scrupulously their old customs, we may not be surprised at still finding many a practice relating to the guild system. It flourished long in this country, and has not yet sunk into total abeyance. Even now, the different corporations sit together in their particular places in church. Above the seats of the tailors were painted the arms of their guild; Oriental carpets were hung upon a great number of the pews as a sort of arras, and the same with the breastwork of the gallery over which they were thrown. Later, I saw them in almost every church in the province. They dated from another period, when trade with Constantinople and Persia flourished; and which, passing through here instead of by the Cape, brought hither many a produce of the East. Occasionally one was spread over the altar, or communion-table as we should call it; and the name of the giver, with the date, was worked by hand into the web.

Along the banks of the Marosch and the Samosch are many places with German names, where now the preponderating number of the inhabitants belong to another nationality. These vales were the places the settlers first came to, being the most fertile; but the constant forays of Turk and Tartar, as well as attacks of the plague, contributed to their gradual depopulation.

While at Mediasch I first heard of certain customs peculiar to the Saxon population, and as I shall hardly find a fitter place, I will give an account of them here.

There can be no doubt that the peasantry is the most truly conservative part of the German nation. Riehl, who is an authority, asserts it; and indeed whoever has mixed with them, and made himself acquainted with their feelings, habits, and mode of thought, must himself have arrived at a like conclusion. In Transylvania it is the same. Here the Saxon, surrounded by foreign and often inimical influences, clung on that account all the more tenaciously to his native customs, and was more thoroughly German than he was at home. Observances are still to be found among these immigrants which they carried with them on their long wandering seven hundred years ago, but which in the land of their origin have long become extinct. They are themselves a bit of living history—a stray page from an old chronicle, calling to mind past centuries of which the present busy generation knows nothing.

A study of Saxon character and customs is therefore not the least interesting to which the traveller in Transylvania can give his attention. In doing so, he will discover a fund of sound common-sense, of practical ability, a talent for self-government, and a healthy moral sense leavening the whole system of social and political life, which will assuredly take him by surprise, and to which he cannot refuse his admiration. I allow that all is not as it once was. Institutions are flourishing with us in the West—institutions that we Englishmen are proud of—which, centuries ago, were here looked on as a birthright when we had them not. And now those same have here passed away. Such are the mutations in this world's history.

One of the most peculiar customs, and one, too, which exercised an important influence on Saxon life, was the formation of societies called "Brotherhoods" (*Bruderschaften*). Their origin dates from a remote age; from a time probably when the law was corrupt and had little power, and moral law was equally without influence.

Their aim was to ensure civic and social order, to promote sober and discreet living, and to render mutual assistance in all cases of need. The members made laws for their guidance, and chose officers to see them carried out. The punishments for non-observance of an imposed duty were clearly defined, and as they were inflicted on the offender by a jury of his peers, he could hardly complain. As in the guild it was exactly stated what the apprentice was to do and to leave undone, so here, only on a far more extended scale, his various duties as subject, citizen, son, and brother were dwelt on, and the punctual execution of them demanded from him. Such "Bruderschaft" was a union of patriarchal family discipline, and of strict communal superintendence. The tendency was what I imagine the original aim of the freemasons to have been. The moral conduct of each member was watched over, as in the "Tugendbund" of later times; but the Germans in those days seem to have been endowed with a more practical sense than a later generation, and not to have been so apt to fall into fanciful and vague imaginings, leading nowhere, except, perhaps, to the clouds, and wholly inapplicable for the purposes of actual life. They gave their notions a tangible form: the scheme was clearly defined and put into good working order; and work it did, long and well.

What may be called the "administration" of the society was managed by seven persons, elected by the members. There was a president (*Altknecht*), elected

yearly, and a vice-president (*gelassen Altknecht*), as well as others who had their several special spheres of action, to superintend the behaviour of the members out of, or in church; to keep peace among the community; to adjust differences; to keep the accounts, etc. etc.

The duties of each were minutely given, as well as the method of performance. Every formula to be observed was noted and rigidly enjoined. There was hardly anything that did not come under the notice of the "Bruderschaft." The "neighbours," or council of seven, punished negligence, preserved order, saw that mutual aid was rendered whenever needed in life and death, smoothed dissensions, especially conjugal quarrels, and, in many places they made a point of receiving the Sacrament together. The whole system was a self-imposed mutual control. Whoever omitted going to church, especially on "Sunday or other holyday," paid a small fine; he, likewise, who on falling asleep in church and being waked by his neighbour should grumble at being disturbed, had to pay eight farthings. Whoever induced a servitor to leave his master was fined one florin. When a neighbour built a house, or barn, or well, the members were to help him; and he, in return, gave them an "Ehrentrunk," or draught of wine. A neighbour "who came slowly" to lend his aid had to pay a measure of wine; he "who came not at all" forfeited two. Another law shows not only how much care was taken for seemly manners, but indicates also how their co-dwellers in the land were viewed by these immigrant settlers. "Any neighbour who *in Wallack wise* shall loll with his elbows on the table, instead of sitting upright, is to be fined six farthings."

Obedience and subordination were rigidly enforced. "If the youngest neighbours do not obey the elders, but

with open mouth and jarring voice resist their commands, such shall pay fourteen farthings."

Precedence was strictly observed, and at a funeral or in a procession a young person was not allowed to go before an elder one; or to sit at an upper table when his place was at a lower.

Becoming behaviour at church was enjoined, and whoever came there was to be careful that his dress was neat and seemly. Untidiness, such as strings hanging out, buttons being off, etc., was punished.

Whoever did not appear, paid a small sum to the public purse. At weddings, funerals, on occasions of joy, on the occurrence of a misfortune, the "neighbours" were expected to participate. No service of love was to be refused; moreover, it was to be rendered lovingly. He who in a passion dashed his fist on the table was mulcted eight farthings; he also who failed to render the last honour to a "neighbour," and accompany him to his grave.

For the adjustment of differences, as for the punishment of offenders, it was necessary to hold a court of justice. This ("Der Zugang") took place every second or third Sunday. As soon as the sermon was over, the chief, or "father," announced that a meeting was that day to be held, and called on the members to attend. Having dined, they assembled before the church and went to the "Zugang." Here all was proceeded with according to certain forms. "Good brothers," said the president, "if any one is present who deems himself culpable, let him accuse himself; he will escape with half his punishment. Should any brother have to complain of another, let him do so, and afterwards hold his peace."

The case, whatever it might be, was then submitted to the assembly, and the punishment fixed. If the offender

demurred, the fine was doubled. As last court of appeal the clergyman was applied to, and if he found the judgment a fair one, he who appealed had the fine trebled, and lost 12*kr.*, which he had to deposit before going up to the parsonage. Any of the officers found guilty of partiality in the performance of his office was fined, and occasionally dismissed.

For the promotion of kindly feeling towards each other, and the avoidance of any rancour or illwill on account of strict censorship, a meeting was held on the Friday evening preceding the Sunday on which the Sacrament was administered. There, with certain formula, assurances were given of mutual friendly feeling, and pardon asked for any real or supposed unkindness. But previous to this, the "Altknecht," or "Nachbar Vater," as he was also called, had been to the clergyman of the parish to reconcile himself with him, in the name of the brotherhood, in case, wittingly or unknowingly, any offence should have been given. On the Sunday following, they received the Sacrament together.

Care was even taken that there should be no lack of fitting amusement, and that, with mirth and jollity, order and decency should prevail. When Bath was in its glory, and the master of the ceremonies potentate supreme in the fashionable "Rooms," not stricter order was observed, or more attention given to usage, and the true politeness that comes of gentle breeding, than was to be found at the dances held by the "Bruderschaft" at Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and on the Feast of St. John. As a proof of this, it may be stated that one of the duties of the "stewards," as we should say, was to see that no girl sat looking on for want of a partner,—a state of positive torture for these village maidens; and any youth who should reject the dancer brought him was

to be fined three farthings, and was not to dance himself for five *tours*. ("Verachtet einer die angeführte Magd, und will mit ihr nicht tanzen, er soll zahlen Denar 3 und 5 Reihen gar nicht tanzen dürfen, zum andermal doppelt.") There is in this bye-law a kindly forethought and a delicacy of feeling evinced which one would hardly expect to find.

It was a prevailing custom in Germany, existing still in many villages, that the young peasants went, *in corpore*, of a Sunday, after vespers, to pay a visit to the daughters of their neighbours. In one room were assembled the elder, in another the younger maidens. They sang, and played, and laughed; and many a lad here chose the girl, whom in time he led home to be the mistress of his household. In autumn and winter there was the "Spinnstube," where they met and chatted with the lasses, while the humming spinning-wheel flew busily round. On all these occasions one of the elders of the "brotherhood" was invariably present, so that no word or action could be ventured on that was in any way not comely. Whatever might lead to scandal was forbidden. The least breach of good manners towards, or in presence of, any of the young girls was heavily punished. Thus if a youth presumed to touch or take out the brooch from the bodice of a girl, he was fined thirty farthings. The dress of the youths even, on such visits, was prescribed; they were not to wear their coarse work-day clothes. At eight o'clock all were to leave, and no young man was allowed to escort a maiden home. She went alone, or with her own companions. At such meetings, the lads were forbidden to sit beside the girls at their spinning-wheels, still less with one before the fire, and with back to the company; but all of them were to sit at table and join, if they chose, in a song with the

girls, while their wheels went humming round. Should a quarrel arise between the lads and lasses, and unfitting, abusive words be used, a fine might be imposed as high as ninety-nine farthings.

Thus on all occasions the members of the brotherhood were expected to watch over themselves. A sharp eye was also kept over them by others, to whom they had delegated the authority to do so. As we have seen, not merely neglect of duties incumbent on a good citizen occasioned reprimand, but even the absence of Christian love and charity in performing a friendly service was taken notice of, and followed by an admonition.

The influence such control must have exercised is self-evident. Besides its moral consequences, it was important, inasmuch as it gave the Saxon population a feeling of unity which constituted their strength. They held together on all occasions, and were bound to do so. And there is no doubt that the constancy with which they invariably met every attempt to infringe their rights, had its roots in this well-devised plan and its excellent organization.

These brotherhoods were in reality the foundation of the municipal institutions. From among their members were chosen the common-councilmen; and these elected the "Richter," or officers whose functions were an admixture of magistrate and burgomaster.

Every Saxon youth was obliged, after confirmation, to enter the "brotherhood." He left it on marriage, or earlier, if so disposed.

That the Government throws no difficulties in the way of marriage* is doubtless one reason why the number of

* Bavaria shows what is the result of a contrary system. Here the Government opposes so many impediments to marriage that they amount frequently to a prohibition. The inquisitorial proceedings, too, which must

illegitimate births is so small in Transylvania, when compared with other lands or other parts of the monarchy. Among the German population it was, in 1851, only four per cent. of the whole number of births, while in Carinthia more than one-third, in Styria, Trieste, and Lower Austria nearly one-fourth of the newly born children were illegitimate. Since then it has no doubt increased, as the tables of the preceding years showed a regular annual augmentation of such births. The brotherhoods, we may be sure, by their watchfulness and coercion, were greatly instrumental in causing the above favourable results.

There is no proletarian class in the country, nor any fear of one arising,—a happy thing assuredly, which may serve as a set-off to the general scarcity of money, and want of means for turning the produce of the soil to account.

In Mediasch there are eleven such "Bruderschaften." Each one has its own oven in common for baking bread; and every "Nachbar" is obliged, under penalty, to bake there,—a custom peculiar to this town only.

The further one travels in the country, the more clearly is perceived how much its conformation had to do with the direction the inhabitants took in seeking out other people. I have already said that they—the German population especially—kept up continual intercourse with the nations of the West. Besides the circumstance of origin and a thirst for culture, there was another reason why they turned their steps thitherward. The mountain-chains for the most part slope in that direction and to

be gone through before parties may dare to marry, are as vexatious as they are ridiculous. And the consequence is, "In Munich, in one year, there were 1762 legitimate and 1702 illegitimate births; nor is it rare for the illegitimate births in one month to exceed the legitimate. In Lower Bavaria, illegitimate births are one in four; in the Palatinate, where freedom from vexatious laws produces a less proportion of crime, more contentment, and far greater prosperity, they are one in nine; and in Saxony and Prussia one in thirteen." (Wilberforce's 'Social Life in Munich.')

the south-west, while on the east and south they form huge barriers, at once giving protection from invasion on those sides, and interdicting, seemingly, all communication with the people beyond. The rivers, too, flow westward, and the valleys through which they pass afforded opportunity for making roads that should reach the dwellers in lands lying towards the setting sun.

NOTE.

The fortified Saxon church was a sort of Kremlin in miniature, where were accumulated all the most important possessions. The following extract from Madame Swetchine's 'Sa Vie et ses Œuvres' is interesting, inasmuch as it shows that still further eastward similar constructions arose, for a like purpose, and owing to the same natural impulse of guarding what was held most dear.

"Nous croyons d'ordinaire en France que le Kremlin est une citadelle, et qu'il n'existe de Kremlin qu'à Moscou; ce sont deux erreurs. Toute ville russe, antique et considérable, a, entouré d'une enceinte fortifiée, une église particulièrement révérée, souvent plusieurs, un couvent, un dépôt d'artillerie, des munitions de guerre; et c'est cet ensemble qui reçoit le nom de Kremlin, et qui pourrait en effet porter le nom de forteresse, puisque le peuple concentre là ce qui fait sa force, c'est-à-dire sa religion, ses archives et ses armes."

Every city in Spain had also its Alcazar, which was the Kremlin of the north.

CHAPTER XIV.

TO SCHÄSSBURG.

As every cart and horse was wanted for the vintage, and their owners were busy on the hillsides, it cost some trouble to get a conveyance. At last, however, the little waggon rattled into the courtyard, and comfortably seated on my throne of hay, I was soon again careering along the high-road. But just before leaving, a large travelling-carriage, with a *coupé* in front, drawn by six horses, three abreast, was also about to start. A whole family, children and servants, were stowed away in its roomy interior. There were beds and pillows and all imaginable appurtenances of nursery life within. Two young Hungarian women stood ready in the court; the light elegance of their figure, their expressive eyes, and a certain air of calm dignity telling at once the country of the birth. Who were they, I wonder? Could that young creature with the dark braided hair and passion-pale cheek be already a wife? And where might she now be going, and who was that taciturn man with her? I should have liked to know all this,—to have travelled on the same road they were going and have met again,—but while I was gazing down on them from my wooden

balcony, the Hungarian coachman flourished his whip, the huge machine rumbled away, and left me thinking of the beautiful unknown. I got into my waggon, and drove in a contrary direction.

The autumn in Transylvania is the finest season in the year. It is long and warm.* The temperature is regular, and often there is no frost till the end of December. It was never more beautiful than in 1863, and it was real enjoyment to travel through the country. The fine beech-woods were already of a rich golden-brown; the plains were still green, and covered with sheep and herds of buffaloes; the air was genial and exquisitely clear, so that the distant white-walled villages, the church towers, and far-off mountain ridges could be distinctly seen. Every line showed with sharp precision.†

One valley opens into another. At the foot of the slope lies a hamlet nestling among trees. On the upland all is cultivated; clumps of oaks and beeches dot the landscape and take away monotony from the broad pasture lying between you and Elizabethstadt, the church of which rises yonder, shining brightly in the noontide sun. The two tall towers look commanding, as you advance across the plain. The town is an Armenian settlement, and is said to carry on considerable trade. It looked most dull and desolate, and, as far as outward appearance went, bore no sign of thriving. Armenian shopkeepers were standing listlessly at their doors, idling in the sun. The market-place was dusty and in disorder; the whole place

* Repeated observations give an average autumnal temperature of +9° Réaumur.

† How pleasant to be thus travelling in your rude vehicle! You see around on all sides; the sun and the fresh air touch your cheek; you have room enough to move about at will; and when you like to stop you can do so, to talk to a peasant, to see a ruin, or to astonish and half affright the inmates of some gipsies' hovel by an impromptu visit. They are perfectly amazed when you come, and always fear your presence bodes them evil.

seemed asleep. The church is handsome and spacious. Close to it is a large building, which, even in its dilapidated state, gives evidence of former grandeur. But what a ruin it is now, and how wretched in appearance! What disorder and dirt in its courts and about the walls! This was once the castle of the Apaffis, and to them belonged Elizabethstadt and the manors appertaining to it. Now the excise officers and local authorities hold it for their use. The walls and towers which made the castle a stronghold are tumbling down piecemeal, and pig-sties fill the corners and the air with repulsive odours.

I was struck by the wells in the streets, roofed over, with a very large water-wheel for raising the buckets. In the next village was a row of these. We met on the road numerous cart-loads of deal planks, slowly wending westwards. These all came from the Czekler-land, where—and where only—are extensive pine-forests. These supply all Transylvania with deals.

It is getting on towards evening. The road leads gently upward; we turn a corner on arriving at the top of the hill, and before us rises a high mound, not unlike Old Sarum, and on it stands a medieval-looking town, and church, and walls, and gateways. Below are clusters of houses amidst gardens, overtopped by poplars; and green fields spread around up to the base of a row of hills which shut in this most picturesque spot. In front, the church which crowns the Burgh still shines in the faint gleams of the setting sun; lower down there is a wavering light on the windows of antiquated houses; there, too, are buttresses, and a postern-gate and dilapidated towers. The principal gate has half fallen, and the walls beside it are overgrown; and the broken masonry has rolled away down the steep. Some old burghers are standing out there,—the day's work done,—discoursing together in groups;

uttering surmises, perchance, of whom the traveller may be whom they see wending down the slope in face of them. And still lower, houses, and high house-roofs, and trees, and strong massive masonry are so mixed up together that you can separate nothing. It will soon be dusk, or you would stop and gaze your fill. The picture so delights you that you do not take your eye off it till the road winds along close beside the foot of the mound, and all above is then shut out from sight. How those stones tell of age, —of other centuries,—mossy and time-worn, and with strong shrubs growing out of the interstices? On the top of the old wall are dwellings joined in, and mixed up with it in some strange confused way or other, though do not comprehend how. Above, from small lattices, you heads are looking out; and you go at a foot pace over the rough pavement, and the street is narrow and dark, from the high gables; and all looks very like the time when Hans Sachs sang so merrily while he made his shoes and rhymes.

"Are you sure," you ask yourself, "that this really is the nineteenth and not the sixteenth century?" or are you in a dream? though everything, especially the tremendous jolting of the waggon, as if it would come to pieces, seems very real. And still in a sort of doubt you go onward to the hostel, prepared to meet all that may present itself, however antiquated, without surprise.

Presently the street opens on the market-place, broad and sufficiently spacious, but sloping somewhat; for the hill on which the upper town is built descends here abruptly into the very middle of the town. Indeed a part of Schässburg stands on this slope, one house uprising behind the other; and a steep street leads to the quarter above.

How you stare in wonderment at all you see there! at the architecture of the fine gateway with its massive and

most picturesque tower,* the narrow streets, and the curious out-of-the-way places that you chance upon as you rove about. It is like Nuremberg and Ulm, with something of the quaint little towns with walls still round them, to

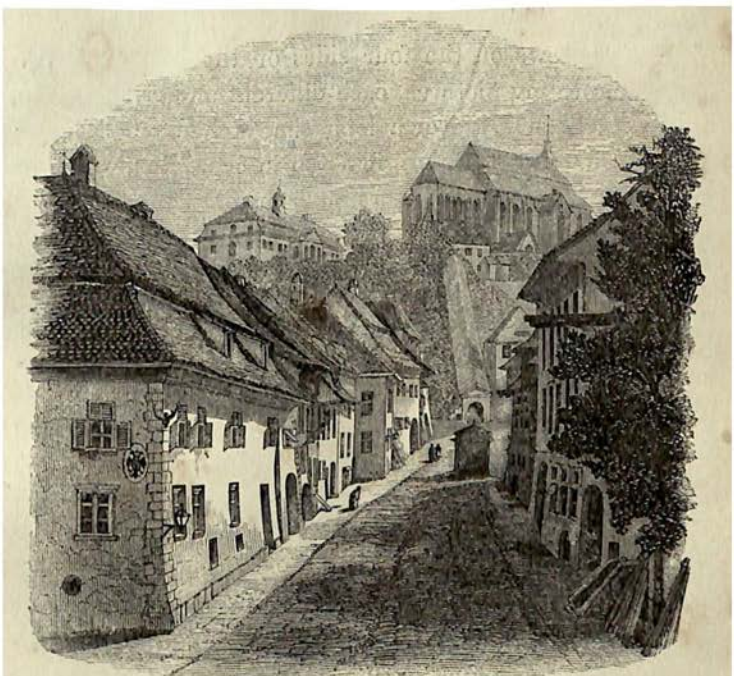
MARKET-PLACE, SCHÄSSBURG.

be found on the borders of the Rhine. Look where you may, some object is seen indicative of the troublous past. Everything is strong and for defence, and for guarding against surprise. Before reaching the gate of the Burgh is

* The eaves-course of the tower of the new church, St. James the Less, Garden Street, Westminster, greatly resembles that of the tower in the Burgh of Schässburg.

a strong, small oaken door, leading you know not whither, though you would like to know it; then a covered way; further on are steps for reaching a higher part, and here you pass through a low arch and emerge on a sort of platform overlooking the town; and what a conglomeration of buildings just within the citadel! There is the narrowest possible space between them, so that the passage can hardly be called a street. The houses just in this "Thurm Strasse," are small, but built with great strength; their interior is vaulted, and the narrow winding staircase of massy stone. This was probably a dangerous part, and being close to the gate, here the most desperate attacks were made. Each house was a little fortress, and gloomy and dismal were the vaulted passages, for little was the light that entered by the iron-barred windows in those thick walls. Further onward, all wore a pleasanter look. There was a square with neat houses, and pretty green jalousies, and old-fashioned decorations, and old-fashioned neatness. A quiet and certain well-to-do air was about the place. I fancied it could not have looked very different three hundred years ago. Here, away from the walls and the besiegers, the inhabitants seemed to have breathed more freely. They gave themselves more room; houses were not so cramped; nor were the walls nor the interiors of such ponderous strength. Beyond this was a covered archway or tunnel that led to a spot halfway up the hillside, where the gateway and ruined bastion stood which I had seen from a distance on first approaching the place. The wall of circumvallation had been flanked at intervals with towers and nothing could be more picturesque than these, standing on all sides on the steep declivity, while the old wall went now up the most precipitous places and now down among trees, following every bend in the uneven ground.

At the very summit stand the church and the Gymnasium, to which a long, straight, covered flight of steps leads. One never was tired of groping about the passages and streets, and prying into the courts behind the houses, making at every step some new discovery, and finding cause for wonderment.



STREET IN SCHÄSSBURG.

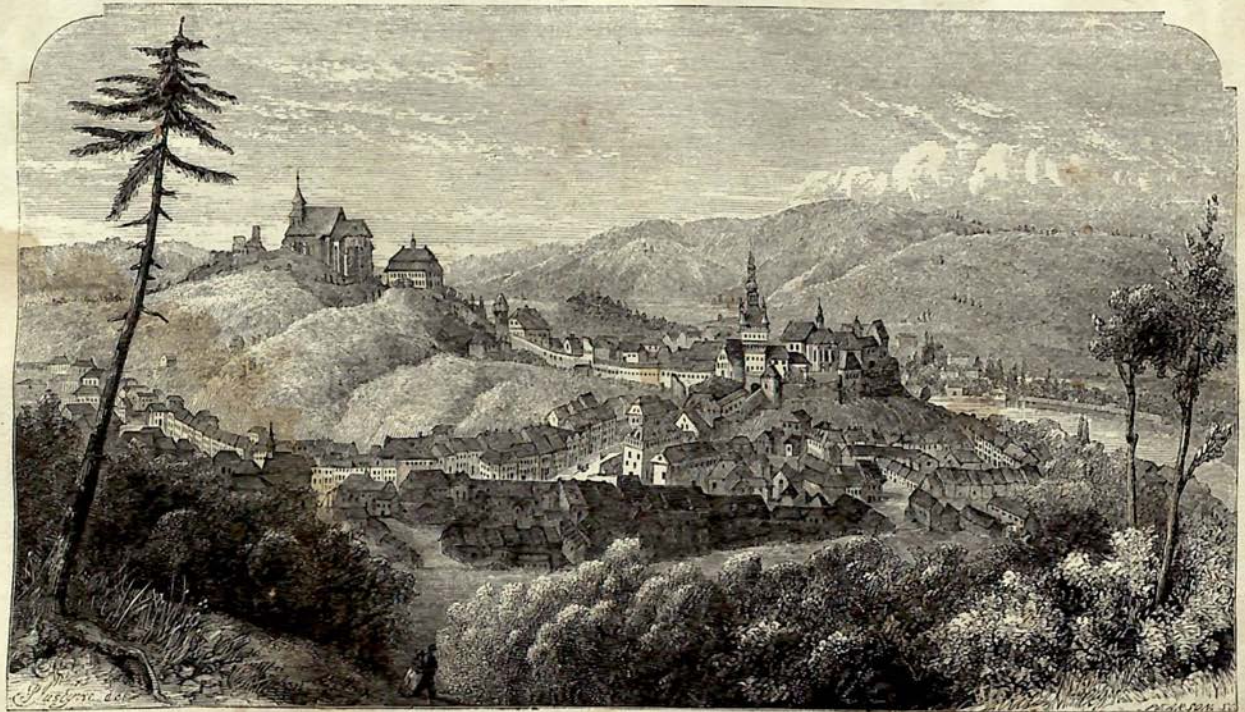
Before the evening closed in, I went up to the belfry of the church. I looked down on the high, steeply-sloping, tiled roof of a square tower that rose from the fortress wall. Its shape and build told of the middle ages. There was the churchyard, and, bordering it in pell-mell confusion, straggling up the hill, houses of dwellers in the Burgh. Away to the east lay a fertile plain. Round the town were slopes covered with beeches, and to the

west was a wooded declivity; while between this and the mound of the citadel ran a ridge, dividing the one dale in which the town lay from a new valley on the other side. I could look over into it. On the top of the ridge was a churchyard, with poplars and willows. There was foliage everywhere, and yonder, winding through it, ran the river.

The windows on the four sides of the belfry formed the frame to my pictures, each different and rivalling the others in beauty. For a long time I had not seen so lovely a landscape, so original too in character, with the sturdy gateways, and towers, and postern, and medieval dwellings mixed up with it, and now all softened and blended harmoniously by the melancholy gleaming of a setting sun. I never think of this place but as "Schässburg the Picturesque."

When, after the disastrous battle of Mohatsch, the Emperor Ferdinand was fighting with Zápoyla for his crown, the latter having suffered defeat, took refuge in Transylvania. "A great part of the nobles was on his side. The real strength of the country however lay in the Saxons: it was they who had the fortified towns; they had arms and money. The question was, whose part would they take?"* Zápoyla now summoned them to assemble and meet him on the Sunday after Reminiscence, 1527, with bows and arrows, accoutrements for 1000 horsemen, and the tithes which his Diet had levied. But they refused to stir. Zápoyla's rage was great. But notwithstanding they remained unshaken in their fealty to the Emperor. The whole of the Burzenland, Hermannstadt, and all that was Saxon ground, with the exception of Klausenburg, acknowledged him. So the Vaiwode, Stephen Bathori, laid siege to Schässburg. The

* Teutsch, 'Geschichte der Sachsen,' p. 240.



SCHÄSSBURG.

suburbs and a great part of the lower town were burnt, but the upper fortress could not be taken, and for many years it remained faithfully a stronghold for the Emperor. But before this, the citadel was on the point of going to ruin, from being deserted by the inhabitants. Many left it altogether, on account of the burdens which residence there entailed, and settled in the lower town. The place was already a solitude, and King Ladislaus began to fear that the land would lose one of the firmest bulwarks against the invasions of Turks and Tartars. With wisdom and forethought, he ordered that all those trades which, according to olden custom, had till now been carried on in the Burgh, were henceforth to return and not settle elsewhere; and moreover, that all wares were to be exposed for sale there, and there only. Whoever built a new house in the Burgh was to be tax-free for seven years. And later, the magistrate and town-council ordained that in future the court of justice should be held only in the citadel; that the half of the councilmen and of the four principal guilds—tailors, goldsmiths, locksmiths, and carpenters—might dwell there and nowhere else. By these regulations, the upper town was again inhabited and preserved. Twice the citadel was taken by the Szeklers. On one occasion admission was gained by cunning, in the same way as Linlithgow Castle was taken in the time of Edward II. A load of wine was brought up during divine service, and just as the waggon was in the gate, the foe rushed through,—it being impossible to bar the way or close the oaken doors.

Many of the houses in Schässburg are three stories high,—a sign how great was the want of room formerly; forcing the inhabitants to go upwards, as they could not extend their dwellings laterally in the circumscribed space.

It was market-day while I was there; and the numerous large-horned white oxen lying unyoked before their carts of corn and vegetables, formed pretty and picturesque groups. By them stood the muffled women and long-haired Wallacks. Directly over the house-tops you saw the steep Burgh covered with trees, out of which peeped the dismantled walls, and here and there a curious old tower. What a spot this would be for an artist! and what abundance of material he would find here! Some houses in the Burgh have over-hanging roofs; but many are of a construction that, with the various surrounding details, makes quite a picture. The gable roof is open, with a gallery of dark wood, nearly black with time, along the front. Here piles of golden Indian-corn lie drying in the sun, with their long, pale, tapering leaves falling in sheaves over the balustrade. The beams of the roof have a reddish tinge, and all sorts of forms present themselves which you cannot well make out. A mass of deep shade is behind, into whose profundity it is impossible to pierce.

I tasted a delicious wine from Batzko Madarasch; it cost but 6*s.* per eimer. The usual price, for must, that year (1863) had been from 1*s.* 2*d.* to 1*s.* 8*d.* per eimer, in the neighbourhood of Schässburg. Beef was selling at twopence, and pork at fourpence per pound. The "Klafter" of beechwood for fuel (144 square feet), cost five florins, or ten shillings.

The territory belonging to the burghers is large,—too much so indeed for the population, which is the reason it is so imperfectly tilled. They have here now the five-field rotation system; formerly the three-field was adopted. Fruit grows in the neighbourhood in great profusion. Those citizens who have no time to occupy themselves with farming, give their fields to a Wallack peasant, who,

instead of rent, returns them a part of the produce. This sort of arrangement is common throughout the country. Sometimes one-half, sometimes one-third of the returns is given for the hire. Several of the Protestant clergymen do this, not caring to be troubled with the business of a farm. Their share of the crops is brought home and housed for them; the Wallack, who probably has no land of his own, keeps his moiety, and thus both parties get just what they want.

Throughout Transylvania, I found the guilds were still in existence, though the old restrictions on trade had been removed. The guild system, with its strange customs and ceremonies, its strict laws and far-reaching jurisdiction, had been kept up here long after it had been allowed to fall into disuse in Germany. It was in keeping with many other arrangements, carefully maintained, and harmonized well with the tastes of the people.

In this as in other matters, we see how little change the original nature of these men has undergone. Less exposed than their countrymen at home to that intercourse and jostling on the great thoroughfares of life, they retained what was peculiar to themselves, while the others gradually stripped it off. All that love of formula which characterized every act of social and public life in Germany, whether in the promulgation of a law, in a private or diplomatic letter, the wording of a passport, or the cancelling an indenture of apprenticeship, and which was generally retained in that country until very lately, still shows itself in the character of the German in Transylvania. In the peasantry most particularly—that conservative part of every nation—this is very perceptible. At their marriage festivals, the election of their clergy, their Bruderschaft ceremonial, the long speeches in a set form, with endless repetitions, are all in the spirit of old

times in Germany. Even in the mother-country, railway communication, forcing people to be quicker, has not yet quite put an end to all this tedious paraphernalia of endless phrases, which, as with some of their philosophers, are always the more involved, hopeless, and unintelligible, the less their meaning is worth finding out.

We rejoice now at that misfortune which has enabled us to follow the daily life of the inhabitants of an old Roman town; to walk about their market-place, go into their houses, see what the good housewife had stored in her cellar or larder, and, peeping into the oven, even find the loaf therein ready for baking; to behold again, in short, in perfect preservation, a thousand interesting details which everywhere else are obliterated or have passed away.

Pompeii, locked up in lava, has supplied us with something far better than written history. We have bodily before us a piece of a long-past century—real, palpable; and, though lifeless, still there are the actors—each just as he was suddenly arrested in the very midst of action.

Now, in Transylvania we have something akin to this. Here, too, is a people that had strayed to the land beyond the forest, and sat there for centuries, locked out from intercourse with their kind. Not, of course, like men wrecked on an island in some lonely sea; but apart from that communion with their fellows, without which, in Europe, men become like bees in amber, and when chanced upon are, to the finder, as interesting as fossil remains. Indeed, they have somewhat of their value and character; for they furnish what nothing else could give, and they indicate a state that is most curious, because gone from us for ever.

The immigrants came hither, and carried with them their household gods. In the land of their birth, most

things have changed: old customs have fallen into oblivion; the ancient costume has been replaced by a more modern one, the house-gear has made way for other ornament; in the hurry and bustle of to-day there is no time for long-winded speeches about nothing, and so the traditional observances grew neglected and forgotten. As nations mixed with each other, all this was natural. But with those others, shut out from such intercourse, it was different. They clung together, and preserved all their old ways unchanged for centuries, as though their very existence depended on doing so. For them the world had all that while been standing still. Waiting for it to go on, they have been standing still with it. They talked together their Lower Rhine and Frisian dialect just as when they quitted home; they dressed still as though eight hundred years were but as yesterday; and the sayings which their ancestors had learned from their grandmothers, the present race went on repeating exactly as though the old grand-dames were alive and at home in the chimney-corner. Words elsewhere forgotten are in daily use here. Forms and ceremonials that we read of as half mythical observances, constitute a part of every-day life. The Saxon peasant tills his fields now just as he did when the wild hordes used to desolate them. He is still distrustful, forgetting that in five hundred years much has changed, that there is no Vaiwode to call on him for levies, that no cry will be raised to shut the town gates for safety against the advancing Turk. He still locks up his corn inside the high church wall, partly, may be, for convenience, but in a great measure also because it was done by his forefathers. In the large lockers which serve as wardrobes in the peasant's house, are girdles and ornaments which, for generations, have descended as heirlooms in the

family, which not impossibly were brought from the old land, and of which the like are there no longer to be found. For the philologist, as well as the antiquarian, there are here endless sources of information. And a great advantage for any seeker is, that he would everywhere find those who could assist him in his search—men who, with German assiduity, have traced the different tributary streams of knowledge to their fountain-head, through tangled and untrodden districts; and who, though comparatively unknown, still continue their pioneering work as zealously as though a world-wide fame awaited their discoveries.

The distribution of culture in the Saxon towns and villages is so remarkable a feature, that it cannot fail to take the traveller by surprise. Everywhere he finds what in old times were so fittingly called "students," or, as we now say, "scholars." The papers which appear in the Proceedings of the Antiquarian and of the Hermannstadt Scientific Society, sufficiently show the diligence and attainments of these men. As regards the interest of the matter and the depth of research contained in them, these volumes might fairly rank with similar ones which Germany or England could bring. Besides elaborate dissertations, serving to elucidate some dark part of history, an inscription or a monument, there are pages with as much information about rites, customs, festivals, costume, etc., as may be found in 'Notes and Queries,' Scott's Notes to his Poems, in Disraeli's 'Curiosities of Literature,' and in the books of John Timbs. On all that relates to church history, there is ample material. The geology and geognosy of the country have been minutely described, its botany and the fauna also. Indeed, in every department that may interest him, the stranger will find some one who can point out the road to

be taken, the landmarks to be kept in sight, and tell him of numerous bye-paths covered up and hidden for ages, but which, on being traversed, were found, quite unexpectedly, to lead to the desired end.

It is, too, a custom in Transylvania as well as in Germany to give at the close of the school year a report of the state of each Gymnasium, the course of study, the names and progress of the pupils, etc. To this is always added a paper by the rector, or one of the professors; and such essay is almost invariably a valuable addition to antiquarian, historical, or scientific knowledge. It is only a pity that these papers are scattered as they are, and not published separately in a collected form, classed according to their subject.

In Schässburg is a branch society of the "Verein für Siebenbürgische Landeskunde;"* and two of its most valuable members, Rector Müller and Professor Haltrich, reside here. The former is now publishing a 'Collection of the Roman Inscriptions in Transylvania.'† His last work, 'Siebenbürgische Sagen' (Transylvanian traditions), was a rich accumulation of stories originating in, and throwing a light upon popular belief.

In this little town I found the names and works of the various living German authors were well known. Bodenstedt, Riehl, Geibel, Kobell were as familiar names as Tennyson and Kinglake are to us. One man showed me all 'Mirza-Schaffy,' that he had copied, not being able in his straitened circumstances to buy the book. Grimm

* 'Association for promoting a knowledge of all relating to Transylvania.'

† For the history of the Romans in the province, this work will be invaluable. Mommsen published a similar work; but that of Müller will contain, besides the mere inscription, an exact description of the place where it was found and *on* what found, with, as far as possible, a completion of it, if not too mutilated. Every book in which any inscription has been mentioned or alluded to will also be named.

corresponded with one of the professors, delighted with the rich collection this gentleman was making in folk-lore, and urging him to proceed. As there is a Gymnasium at Schässburg, youths come thither from all parts; and from their lips the old stories, nursery rhymes, charms, and fairy tales were written down as they repeated them. Variations in the text and dialect were noted and compared, and the result will be a 'Transylvanian-Saxon Idiotikon,' which Professor Haltrich is now writing in the few spare hours which his school-duties leave him.

Macaulay's works are in the library here, and are read in the original. On my expressing some astonishment that this one corresponded with Fallmerayer, and another with a literary celebrity in Germany,—that in short they knew quite well what the men of letters were doing there,—the answer was, "Wir hängen an Deutschland." (We cling to Germany). "We do all we can to keep pace with the world,—at least not to be left too far behind."

As I have observed elsewhere, there is something touching in this attachment, and in such striving after light. These men—I mean the professors—are all badly paid. Early and late, they have work to perform which leaves them little leisure, and their means for buying books and keeping literary and scientific journals are but very small. Then, too, the carriage from Germany adds to the expense, and still more burdensome is the high rate of agio, and consequent loss on every paper florin. Yet, notwithstanding all these difficulties, they manage to accomplish a great deal.*

On leaving Schässburg I had to wait a long time before

* Might not the editors of literary and scientific journals in Germany send their distant countrymen regularly a copy of their publications? It would be a brotherly and a most graceful act. Our learned societies might also forward a copy of their reports. They would be well bestowed. They would, too, receive in return "reports" of equal value and of equal interest.

my waggon was ready; and it was suggested to me that the driver was possibly waiting till the clock had struck twelve, as throughout Transylvania there is a superstition that to start on a journey between eleven and noon is unlucky.

Whether there is also a superstition about making haste and keeping time, I do not know, but in my life I never met such want of punctuality as here. I always thought that in this respect the Bavarians were bad enough, and were not to be surpassed. Of all wares, time with them is the cheapest. But in this country absolutely *no one* kept to time. For a person you had ordered punctually at seven to make his appearance at nine was not thought extraordinary. Punctuality is simply a thing unknown.

A knowledge of our peculiar taste in cookery had penetrated even hither. When the meat was very underdone it was said to be "Englisch."

I left Schässburg—but not before the clock had struck twelve—to proceed to Kronstadt. The streets are certainly in a sad condition, paved badly and with a considerable brook, with high broken banks, running through the broadest. Most of them are narrow, as must necessarily be the case in a fortified town, where space, being circumscribed, is valuable. But no place in Transylvania so fixes your attention by its exquisite picturesqueness, nor as you look from the upper town down into the two vales, can you remember to have seen a spot that has such a charm and such amenity.

CHAPTER XV.

BURGHER STRONGHOLDS.

Soon after leaving Schässburg, the road passes close to the grounds of a Hungarian nobleman's seat, which was destroyed in the revolution. Bordering the highway, the walls of a summer-house are still standing, in their half-demolished state. The place of the battered-in windows is boarded over, and planks on the roof keep out the elements. Doors and blinds have all been wrenched off. It is left thus, partly from inability to repair the damage, and more so that it may serve as a standing reproach,—a monument of Wallack vandalism and ferocity. A Hungarian always dwells on and cherishes his wrongs, and, like the Irish, never loses an opportunity of putting them forward prominently. I am certain that summer-house will stand as it is, for every passer to see, till it drops to pieces of itself.

During the revolution, the cruelties and pillage the Hungarians had to endure were often fearful. The Wallack population—a wild horde—excited by passion and their priests, when once let loose were not to be restrained. Cowardly by nature, as it was natural they should be from their servile position for centuries, as soon

as they got the upper hand and had nothing to fear, they revelled in cruelty. A sudden change seemed to have come over them. They murdered, plundered, and burnt indiscriminately. To have arms in their hands, to be the masters after having so long been the slaves, to have a certain importance, and, above all, the opportunity to plunder, intoxicated them, and made them mad. I am not sure if the Wallack is naturally cruel; I rather think not. He is, in ordinary life, too indolent to take much trouble to be so. But once aroused,—the devil that is in us once awakened,—he becomes another being altogether. Thus, in the revolution, having once smelt blood, he never lost its scent; and hunted down his victims with a ferocious longing for its savour. These men killed for the mere pleasure of killing. They took life, like the King of Dahomey, for the exquisite excitement it gave. Nor could they have enough. Children, women, old men were slaughtered indiscriminately. All that could not be carried away was destroyed. Iron was what they cared most to get; and this circumstance is characteristic not only of them but of the state of the country, and shows the value set on an article in common use almost everywhere else. To obtain it, they tore up floors or knocked down walls; in short, a house or town where they had been, if not burned, was completely gutted. The dread they inspired was as great as the sound of the Indian war-whoop would cause in some English settlement. They were daring only when supported by regular troops, or when they were in overwhelming numbers, or had to do with the helpless. The horrors you still hear of, which they committed during the revolt are appalling, and at Enyed, Abrudbanya, and other places, besides country mansions in number, are abundant proofs of their destructiveness. They proved the truth of the poet's words—

"Vor dem Freien nicht,
Vor dem Sklaven erzittern,
Wenn er die Kette bricht."

One would think that two populations could hardly exist in close connection with each other, after one had received such fearful injury as the Hungarians have done. And yet it is so. The Magyar noble continues to reside in the Wallack town or village, surrounded by the men whose relations, or who themselves gutted his dwelling, set fire to his granaries, and murdered his kindred or retainers. There is no doubt that a patriarchal hospitality is an inherent feature in the character of the Hungarian gentleman. He is so used to exercise it, that he cannot refuse it even to his adversary. I remember once walking out of the courtyard of a mansion belonging to a nobleman who had suffered cruelly during the civil war. His cellars were deluged ankle-deep with the choicest wine, his gardens destroyed, his house pillaged. He had just before been showing me a list of the Hungarians who, in some fearful way or other, had met with unjustifiable treatment at the hands of the wild hordes of Wallacks. The day and place were noted down; the name and age and sex of the individuals were also given me. It was a black record of what humanity is capable of when unhumanized.

These atrocities were therefore fresh in my host's memory; yet when, as we passed the gates, a Wallack peasant came, hat in hand, humbly asking for half a quarter of corn for his family, it was given readily, and, I may say, kindly. Nor was it granted in a way which might lead to the supposition that it was only given in order to conciliate, respective of future contingencies. On the contrary, his bearing, though kind, was quite that of a lord to his dependant. Such gifts are continually

asked for, and rarely, if ever, refused; although the altered relation of the peasantry to the lord of the manor since the enfranchisement of the soil removes all right to any such claim. On my observing it was strange these people should come for favours to those whom they had so despoiled and ill-used, my Hungarian acquaintance replied: "Such requests are of daily occurrence. Directly they are in want of something, they come to ask me for it,—maize, barley, straw, whatever it may be. If they have not got it, we cannot, you know, refuse to give to them."

In the course of my narration, I shall have occasion to speak of the atrocities inflicted on the Hungarians by the Wallack population during the war. Once I dined with a venerable old gentleman, who told me that his brother had been harnessed by them to a plough, and made to till with a horse as yoke-fellow. Afterwards he was buried alive, head downwards, in a hole. Other prisoners had been buried up to the shoulders in the earth, the head and neck rising above the surface. Then with scythes these were mowed, like so many daisies or blades of grass.

Notwithstanding such things, the hate felt by the Hungarian gentleman towards the German population is far more intense, far deeper and implacable than towards the Wallacks.* "They knew no better, they are an ignorant race; moreover they were hounded on to do as they did by the Government." This is the excuse always put forward if you express your horror at their deeds. Such explanation serves a double purpose. Thus to shift the

* But it is always the case that two parties who, by blood or birth or culture, stand in near relation to each other, show a more inveterate antagonism than those between whom is a greater separation. Family feuds are the most implacable of any; we Potestants, too, are far more tolerant towards the heathen than with the Catholic, and in our contest with America there was greater bitterness than in our war with Russia.

whole *gravamen* to other shoulders has the merit of forming an additional standing grievance to proclaim against Austria, and of having a party, a corporate body, to fasten it on that can be called to account and made responsible for such acts. With the actual doers this would not be possible.

But the above assertion is one of the hobbies, and a favourite one, of the Hungarian party. The Wallacks were the allies of the Government, just as the population of Spain were the allies of the English, and consequently the foes of those opposed to them. But because the Spaniards often committed as great cruelties on the French soldiers who fell into their hands as the Wallack population on the Hungarian inhabitants, it would be hardly justifiable to make the Duke of Wellington answerable for such acts. And in the American war surely neither party wished their allies, the Red Indians, to scalp or roast their adversaries.

It is most regrettable that this notion should be so cherished; for it naturally serves to widen the separation already existing between the Hungarians and Austria. It shows, however, how innate the antipathy must be, how polar the instincts of the two people, thus to make the one party forgive such recent outrage, in order to intensify its hate against the other foe, and to stimulate its longing for vengeance when the expected day of reckoning at last shall come.

As regards political and social questions, the Hungarian party has drawn up its own thirty-nine articles, to which all who intend to go with them must first subscribe. There can be no compromise. Either the whole or nothing. "He who is not with me is against me." Such, if not the proclaimed, is the tacitly recognized principle. Now, one of these articles is, that the Saxons

feel inimically towards the Hungarian population. This notion, like certain others, may not be given up, because it is part of a whole. For the same reason, fair inquiry is not made to test its truth; for discovery of its falsity would derange the whole programme already laid down. On this point, however, the Hungarians are consistent: they keep to it, as to every other article of their political creed, with an unswerving fidelity, despite any representation, assurance, proof. Indeed, the last is not what they want. Proofs on many matters would rather put them out. They have decided that a certain state of things, which they describe, exists. They assume as incontrovertible truths, particular views of their own with regard to their grievances,—many undoubtedly real, but many also assumed; their rights, their strength and weakness, the strength and weakness, intentions, opinions, policy of their opponents. In every step taken by Government, the animus, which is invariably shown to be inimical, is affirmed beforehand, and by this assertion all abide. If, in the field, their generals had acted in the same way, they would hardly have attained the successes they did. They did not make their own plan of what the enemy would surely do, but they watched to see what he really did, and manœuvred accordingly.

This system on the part of the Hungarians, so thoroughly wilful as it is, cannot but greatly lessen the high opinion which one might otherwise entertain of them as men of political sagacity. Once launched in a cause, there is no doubt that greater devotedness, fidelity, self-sacrifice, or more daring valour or chivalrous courage, is nowhere to be found than among these men. But they are too self-blinded to be wise politicians. As party leaders, their fiery eloquence and dashing heroism cause them to accomplish much; and the smallest party is

powerful, because each member is so staunch. But these are advantages when action has begun. In the faculty of clear-sighted deliberation, in the power to discriminate between the desirable and the attainable, in that wisdom which inclines to compromise rather than to haughty antagonism, where nothing is to be gained by it, the Hungarian party of to-day seems to me wholly wanting. That high degree of self-consciousness, the sense of personality, which will carry the Hungarian through so many active dangers, are the very qualities which are his ruin when he is wanted to reflect calmly on a consecutive course of action. His inordinate "pride,"* then, makes him magnify his own importance and his own power, and consequently to underrate those of his opponents. He is dazzled, and does not see clearly the objects before him.

But enough of this for the present. I shall have occasion later to dwell more at length on the subject.

A short distance from Schässburg, a low line of hill borders one side of the road. You discern, on a knoll surrounded by a few trees, a stone monument, erected over the grave of a Russian general, who fell here in 1849, in a battle with the Hungarians under Bem. A strong body of Russian cavalry attacked the Hungarian army in the rear, and forced it to fall back on Schässburg. In this battle, the great poet of Hungary, Alexander Petöfi, lost his life. His end, however, is involved in mystery. With his brother-combatants, he went, on the morning of the battle, into the fight; but from that day to this, he was never seen or heard of more. Search was made for his body among the slain, but it could not be found. Nor could tidings be obtained of him from others

* Szechenyi, the truly great Szechenyi, than whom no truer patriot ever lived, said himself of his countrymen, "Mein Volk wird an seinem Hochmuth zu Grunde gehen." ("The pride (haughtiness) of my people will be their ruin.")

who fought with him. He totally disappeared, without a trace that could help any one to form even a surmise.

Petöfi was a wonderfully productive poet,—a true genius in the best and fullest sense of the word. Poetry and life were one with him. His first works were wild, and without the restraints of self-imposed law; but soon a longing for something better showed itself, and in his later poems we find the most beautiful pictures of calm happiness. Of his poetry it has been said, "it is not that of Anacreon, nor of Propertius, nor of Petrarch, but possessing somewhat of all three." His grand imagery, his fire and boldness, make him the favourite of his countrymen; and in many a room I found his portrait on the walls, and his works among the last-read books lying upon the table.

On my way, I stopped at Kaisd, a German settlement, to pay the clergyman a visit, and to see the ruin of a castle. The village looked less neat than the generality, owing to the brick buildings being not yet plastered and whitewashed; but on going into the houses, the characteristics were the same as elsewhere. It was very agreeable to turn into the "manse," and alighting from my carriage, enter neat fair-sized rooms, with books, prints, flowers, grand piano-forte, and all the appearances of comfortable social life. On the walls were good views of Athens, Rome, Naples. As usual, I received a hearty welcome, and an invitation to remain the night instead of going on, as was my intention, that same afternoon. We first looked at the church, which had been built in 1492, and then started for the ruin. At a pleasant walk's distance rose a hill, where on the summit stood the towers and walls of what had once been a proud stronghold. A large circuit of high wall enclosed the steep; there was a strong outwork on one side, and a

massive gateway, which admitted you first into a passage, and then into the large area within the fortress.

Perched on its domineering height, it had quite the air of a baronial residence. I asked to what Chief or noble it had belonged.

"To neither," said my companion. "We Saxons went away from home to enjoy our liberties, and to be where there were no feudal lords. No, that is a burg of the burgesses: they built it; here they took refuge in case of attack, with their corn and valuables; here still the corn is kept, lest, when the families are at work in the fields, fire should break out and destroy it all."

One is so accustomed, in Western Europe, to associate our fine old castles with feudal lords, that I not unnaturally supposed there must be the same connection here. But in Transylvania, burg and burgher belong together; and there is another union between them than that of etymology. The peasants themselves built this defiant stronghold, carrying up water, lime, and stone for its erection. A winding road is cut round the hill to enable carriages to reach the top; for even where we mounted, it is so steep that it is hardly possible to go straight upwards. On the north, the hill falls abruptly down into a deep hollow; from this side, therefore, the place was impregnable. One of the towers was called the Pfarrer Thurm, another the Schul Thurm (the Pastor's Tower, the School Tower), indicating their purpose. For the population remained up here beleaguered sometimes for months; and the children were taught, and church service was observed as usual. A well had been dug, three hundred feet deep. It was very lonely in that desolate place; and a solitary sheep wandered about, uttering, from time to time, a melancholy bleat. In one tower, up to which you went by a narrow covered stair be-

side the wall, dwelt the old keeper and his wife. Luther's room in the Wartburg was very like it. The broad top of one of the towers formed a sort of platform; and here were still some rusty weapons which, when the Turks came into the land, were distributed for use. A kettle-drum, covered over, stood there to give signal to the neighbours, in case fire should be seen in the village below. And a huge battered speaking trumpet leant against the wall, the purpose of which probably had been to parley with the besiegers, or to rouse the inhabitants when danger was approaching.

In former times, no Wallack was allowed to have his corn in the castle, but since 1848 he is permitted to deposit it there. Yet now even the men may not enter the precincts; to women and children only admittance is given. This is probably on account of the fear of incendiarism—a means of revenge the Wallack readily resorts to, when opposed in his wishes.

The village, or rather market-town of Kaisd, with somewhat less than 2000 inhabitants, possesses 6000 joch of forest for their special use. This is generally, if not always the case. On one fixed day in the week, the inhabitants are allowed to fetch the wood necessary for household purposes,—each having a certain quantity assigned him. Widows are allowed two days in the week, as they, being alone in the world, would not be able in one day to fetch sufficient for their wants. For whoever has horses and carts one day is appointed; for those who have none, another. Among the Saxons there are many such laws, indicative of the thought taken for the poor and helpless. The vintage of a widowed woman begins, for example, the first of all; for if it were deferred, she, poor soul, would get no one to help her. Many a poor man, having no pasture-land, is allowed to drive his

cattle on the meadow of another. He is looked on as a fellow-burgher, and treated as such, with a full share of all the privileges. A true democracy exists among them: no man is immensely rich, but no one is very poor, and none are beggars. Indeed, Transylvania, taken altogether, may be said to be the poorest land, as regards money, in the monarchy, although the richest in natural products; but for want of communication and capital to turn those varied gifts of nature to account, nothing is done with them, and the inhabitants are little the better for this accumulation of unused wealth. The talent, hidden in the napkin, lies there profitless.

At the death of a parent, it was the custom among the Saxons, that the youngest child should be allowed to "küren," or have the first choice of all the property. He selects the house, for example; for, being the weakest, it was accorded him as a means of helping one who stood most in need of help.*

When a piece of land was sold, the next neighbour or a near relation of him to whom it belonged had the right to take it at the same price as he had given who last bought it. Thus land was preserved in a family, as the owner, when better off, might re-purchase it, and opportunity be given to a man of small means to advance his fortune by enlarging his estate at moderate cost.

Here, as indeed in all the German villages and market-towns, were formerly but few Wallacks. Originally they served as herdsmen, and when the season for their services was over they went away again. By degrees one remained, and then more. They formed no part of the community, and had nothing to do with its rights, its privileges, or its possessions. To speak plainly, they were the slaves of the other inhabitants, inasmuch as

* Since the introduction of the new code, this no longer takes place.

they laboured for them, though not without remuneration; they had no interest in the land, did not and could not possess any, and, as far as participation in the political existence of their fellow-men went, were entirely outside the pale within which the others lived and moved.

When once they had got a footing, there was no being rid of them. Populous colonies soon sprang up around the original solitary hut; and, as an appendage to the German or Hungarian village, a supplementary Wallack settlement of nearly equal size is now everywhere to be seen. Where the houses of the German or Hungarian end, there the others begin,—differing from them so much in build, arrangement, and general appearance, that it is impossible to mistake one for the other. The line of demarcation is as distinct as possible. Here a range of roomy, substantial, stone or brick-built houses stand side by side in a long even row. The windows are sufficiently large, and have green blinds before them. A flight of stone steps leads perhaps to the entrance; or a verandah, as in Hungarian dwellings, forms a sort of large porch in front and on one side of the house. Now comes a succession of unwieldy dwellings. The walls bulge in different places; there is no sharpness in the forms; all indicates a low grade of civilization. The windows are small; the gate, uncouthly painted, is put together with wooden nails; you probably do not perceive a single thing in which iron has been employed. The whole house is wattled, and when finished is whitewashed over. It is exactly the architecture that a wrecked mariner, or a wanderer in the forest with nothing but his axe, would resort to, were he to build himself a dwelling. In the yard are large bee-hive-looking thatched receptacles for various stores. All that is used is what nature alone furnishes: straw from the field, the willow-branch and

osier from the water-side, wood roughly hewn out of the forest. Nothing that art has produced is to be found here. The implements used within, the inhabitants have made themselves in a wonderful primal fashion. Would you ever guess what that frame of coarse logs, held together by plugs, is used for? Well, that is a loom, and in it the wife weaves the thick white woollen stuff in which her husband is clothed. How she manages it is more than I can tell; but she does it. She is an industrious creature, busy always. As she walks home from the forest with a load of wood at her back, the distaff is stuck into her girdle, and she spins the wool she shore the other day from her little flock. In the winter she will be squatting at that marvellous machine of home-make, plying the shuttle steadily. It is she, too, who span the linen shirt her lord wears over his nether garments, and those garments are also of her tailoring. They are not well cut, it is true, and they hang in all sorts of folds, and the sewing, I dare say, is not very regular; but with such uncouth needles and thread who would do it better? The sandals he has on he made himself, being simply a piece of thick leather, the ends and sides lapped over round the foot, and held fast by a thong of great length that is wound round the leg. The strip of stuff in which the foot is swathed before putting on the sandal is also a bit of homespun shirt or jacket, so that the whole man is encased in home produce and home manufacture. On his head he wears a cap made of the skin of one of his own sheep or lambs.

And the bright kratinza which his wife wears, that too —soft as it is and of fine texture, and with well-sorted brilliant colours—was made by her in that incomprehensible primitive machine which they call a loom. It is, moreover, of their own wool, and the broad girdle with

its pretty pattern, is her make and design too. She even made the dyes given to the wool; but these were all procured from vegetable substances. For one colour a certain plant was sought that grew among the rocks; for bright yellow the buds of willows were taken, and so on till each hue and every gradation wanted had been obtained.

The carpets woven in some parts of the country by the more skilful among the women are so handsome that they would be prized as an ornament in any London or Paris drawing-room. The taste with which they choose and arrange the colours is admirable, and the designs, always Eastern in character, are also entirely their own. The combination of tints, as well as of forms, in the different patterns is endless; and this invention seems as easy to them as the execution of the mosaic web. By some chance, or rather mischance, the girls in one village had got a worsted embroidery pattern or two of Western Europe, and as these were new to them they thought them more beautiful than their own. Some table-covers they had made after these had a large wreath of roses in the centre,—beautifully done certainly, but not to be compared to the peculiar adjustment of lines and colours which their own fancy suggested, and which bore a decided characteristic stamp. I told them for the future to keep to their own designs, assuring them that they would be more admired than these commonplace patterns. They were surprised at the value I set on the former, and the small admiration their later work called forth.

In needle-work they show much skill, and seem to take great pleasure in it. The sleeves and collar of the shift are always embroidered; and the table-cloths and towels hung up for ornament in their rooms have a broad mosaic border of bright red, for the Roumain like the Russian (Slavonic) peasant is fond of adorning his chamber.

The Wallacks make also baskets of reeds, which are in general use throughout the province. Simple as they are, they are neat and pretty; and with that taste for arabesques which these people seem to have, some of them are embellished by tasteful open work, giving the common fabrication an air of elegance. They cost about twopence; and a merchant to whom I showed them in Bavaria ordered a large number, and sold them all in a day or two at a fair profit. But even in executing this little commission, I had evidence of the dilatoriness and imperfection of arrangement which characterize Transylvania. After the order was at last sent off, it was three months on the road, and when it did arrive many of the baskets were gnawed to pieces by the mice.

My afternoon and evening were most pleasantly passed. My host had travelled much,—had been in Italy and Sicily, and was moreover an attentive observer of what he saw. Here, too, in Transylvania, he had made many a tour through the woods and valleys, and could tell me much that was interesting. He verified my opinion as to the extreme fertility of the soil. Not even in the South had he seen such luxurious growth as here. In some places near Schässburg the land had not been manured for thirty years, and yet every year maize was sown.* In the neighbouring vale of the Kokel, near Udvarhely, all vegetation thrives luxuriantly. Trees are to be found not two miles from the source of the river, 114 feet long, and which at the extremity are one foot in diameter; others 140 feet in length, and half a foot thick at the top. These trees are eighteen feet in circumference at the base. There are beech, white fir, and pine in abundance, but

* It must not be forgotten that maize derives a great amount of nourishment from the atmosphere, and consequently takes from the soil less than corn would do.

though the mountains where they grow are not high, and a road might easily be made, the value of the timber is small, as there is no sale for it.

In all parts of Transylvania the hop grows wild. It is sufficiently good for brewing purposes, though generally other hops are mixed with it. The plant thrives so well here that I wonder no one has thought of cultivating it for exportation.

As I made a point of inquiring everywhere what the country around produced, and what the resources which might be turned to good account, it was quite surprising how frequent was the information that such and such things were to be had, but that nobody made use of them. All around here, for instance, was clay fitted for pottery; and a little further on the road to Reps was basalt in plenty, of which excellent millstones might be made, and a sure sale obtained for them in the bordering eastern lands. But both have been allowed to lie where they are unemployed. It is the same everywhere throughout the land.

In the evening, the clergyman was kind enough to ask the young wife of a Saxon peasant to come across, that I might see her in bridal array. She wore the dress she had at her wedding, a day or two before. It was bright and pretty. The staid matronly head-gear looked strangely at variance with that childish face. The young thing was but fifteen, and it seemed a farce to treat her as a married woman. She was more like a little school-girl who was mumming on a holiday, and I felt inclined to give her a cake, to pat her on the head and tell her to be a good child.

As I had a long journey before me, I started at daybreak the next morning for Reps, where the first halt was to be made. The road is not pretty; the country is bare,

and once only we passed a wood of beech and oak. But cornfields extended on every side.

At a turn in the road you suddenly see before you, crowning the ridge on your left, strange, dark, uncouth shapes sticking up into the sky. You cannot but stop to gaze and try to make out the forms. At first it is not easy to discover whether they are rocks or masonry, but at last you see that they are castle walls, which abruptly ending where the line of hills suddenly sink down into a hollow, produce that sharp line which at first so puzzled you. Then, again, wall rises above wall in an oblique line winding round the eminence, swathing it, so to say, in its repeated folds.

But it is only from this side and this particular point of view that it has so strangely wild a character. Further on you see the flourishing town, and, as background, the rock with its protecting fastness, and strong gateway, and towers, and bastions and advanced works to guard a weak point. This was another of those burghs built by the Saxon settlers for their protection. The whole is of considerable extent, and must have been of great strength. For besides the steepness of the site, the high walls rising one behind the other at distant intervals would have made it difficult to gain an entrance. Sometimes these rose out of the solid rock, and time having amalgamated all in one harmonious tint, it was not well possible to say where nature ended and where the work of men's hands began.

I was not long in going up to the castle, for every ruin has for me an irresistible fascination. Once within the precincts, you wound your way upwards as in the windings of a shell, stopped every now and then by a gateway, or what had been one. And so you went on, leaving a wall behind you and having still another to pass—to escalade it would have been a formidable task—

REPS.

till you arrived at the apex of the rock,—a narrow spot, with a house lately repaired standing on it. From here the whole might be overlooked, and the town below, and the broad expanse of country.

The houses and gardens were laid out with the nicest regularity. All was straight, duly apportioned, and mathematically exact. The well-built white houses, all quite alike, with their red-tiled roofs and green blinds and ornaments, a poplar here and there, and the straight line of garden behind each house, reminded me of the little painted houses, and trees, and sheepfolds which children have as playthings, and set out on the table in trim regularity.

In the middle of the town was the well-paved market-place and town-hall. Around it were the houses of the more substantial burgesses, and then the long main street diverged right and left, with its shops, and inns, and spacious courtyards and gardens. There is not a neater little Saxon market-town in Transylvania than Reps.

As the space within the fortress was less extended here than at Kaisd, the granaries were sometimes subterranean; often, too, one above the other; and the remains of all this masonry, with barred doors leading here and there into cavernous-looking places, and fragments of grey rock jutting up amidst the havoc, had a very strange appearance. Some parts between narrow embankments looked like trenches after a cannonade.

Though we know the history of these castles, yet after examining such a place and noting its size and strength, its formidable defences, and taking thought of what labour the work must have cost, fresh surprise awakes in us when we think that all this was planned and done by a few agricultural settlers. Their peasant chief directed the work, and the whole population set about building up

what was to be their refuge and their stronghold. And well did they do their work; the walls even now give evidence of their massive solidity; and the skill with which the parts were distributed, and advantage taken of the inequalities of the ground, show a knowledge no one would look for among peaceful husbandmen. The more I saw of these places, and thought of their origin, the more extraordinary did they appear. For me they were always wonderful memorials.

Once when the Tartars were here, and the inhabitants fled for safety to their castle, a woman lagging behind, fell into the hands of the foe. Her husband, peering over the walls, saw her being led away by one of the horde and after gazing at the pair for a time, exclaimed with a sigh, "Alas, poor Tartar!"

CHAPTER XVI.

KRONSTADT.

SOME distance after leaving Reps, the good high-road suddenly ends, and is exchanged for a mere track through a beautiful wooded valley, watered by a stream. There is no describing the places we went over. About twenty times we crossed the stony bed of the brook, down one steep bank and up the other; now over rocks which were a way for a foot passenger only, and then again over the green herbage or the smooth sandy ground. It went on like this for hours; and as the merchants and other travellers come this way from Kronstadt, it is astonishing that a road is not made here. We met a waggon with six horses that had broken down: the wheel had given way, and a young tree, felled on the spot, supplied its place, and dragged along the ground behind. How the travellers were in this fashion to get over the rough spots we had passed was to me a riddle. Beech and birch are here in abundance, and further on, the slopes for miles are covered with fine oaks, which, when the railway comes in the neighbourhood, will fetch a good price.

The site of Kronstadt is strikingly picturesque. The present town lies in a sort of defile. On one side a moun-

tain rises precipitately from the walls of the houses, and on the other is hilly ground, but less high and steep. A rich background of foliage, through which grey rocks show themselves here and there, is thus formed on the north side, reminding one of the slopes behind Heidelberg. But here they rise higher and are more abrupt. The view over the town from the promenade that winds some distance up the mountain, it is quite a pleasure to behold; and in summer, when all the fruit-trees, which now fill the space formerly applied to moats and ramparts, are in full bloom, the sight, I am told, is truly lovely. The high walls, with their strong gates, still surround the town, and on the slopes to the south, are watch-towers and other defences. These were doubly necessary when the forays of the Turks began. The whole of the Burzenland helped to build them, and so faithful were the Kronstädter, and so ready to sacrifice everything in defence of their country and the crown, that King Sigismund, in 1422, granted them and their land the same privileges and immunities as the Hermannstadt district possessed.

The red brick and grey and yellow stone of the fortifications have acquired a sober tinge, and amalgamate thoroughly with the autumn tints around. Then the towers of the bastion, round and square, some with windows and green shutters, being now turned into summer-houses, the flower-gardens in the moat, the quaint outworks like bits out of some old Flemish picture, with the background of hanging wood, altogether made a most pleasing sight. Nothing can be prettier than the view from the balconies of some houses on the north side. They look upon a wilderness of verdure, and here or there some little turret, or the venerable old wall peeps out from among ivy and creepers. The church, which is the

finest in Saxon land, dates from 1385 to 1425, and contains an organ that ranks among the largest in Europe. In the sacristy are some of the most beautiful priests' vestments I have seen anywhere,—specimens of old embroidery and rich stuffs that are of great rarity and interest. They date from the time before the Reformation, and were, no doubt, presents from princes and mighty potentates. They ought to be preserved carefully in a museum instead of lying about as they do, not estimated, and accordingly taken small account of. At Hermannstadt, also, are others very curious and valuable; and at certain parts of the (Protestant) service they are worn by the officiating clergyman. It is a strange contradiction to the spirit of Lutheranism; and the rich, almost regal robe ill accords with the studied plainness of the other parts of the dress, in which is not a trace of colour, of flowing lines, or beauty. But the dissonance to the feelings was greater; for one could not but feel it as such, to see the magnificent chasuble which the priest had worn at the altar—so highly prized as only to be used on the most festive occasions—now employed for some every-day purpose unconnected with any holy mystery.

The town itself is very neatly built, and has a well-to-do look. It is nicely paved, even in many of the side streets, and there is a good foot-pavement also. Though the houses are narrow, they go back to an immense depth. The number of shops of every sort, the busy life of the streets, the quantity of merchandise, the great amount of produce brought in on a market-day, all betokens activity, and shows that much business is here carried on. The population is somewhat more than 25,000 souls. Among the Germans I found many well-informed, intelligent men with whom it was a pleasure to converse. A great many Szekler girls are here in service: a

sturdy-built, plain race, rather short than otherwise; they wear their hair in one long plait behind, to which, on holidays, a bow of bright ribbon is attached. They leave home early to get places as household servants, and, as such, are found in nearly every house in the town. Later on, passing through the Csik, I was surprised to see so few *young* women, indeed I scarcely met one all along my route, and this early emigration from home was, it seems, the cause. They return to the native village when they have saved a little, and make good wives, even though their moral life, up to the time of their marriage, is usually not exactly exemplary. The Hungarians are much liked as servants, on account of their aptitude to learn whatever service they have to do. They are—so the Saxon inhabitants all told me—more tractable, honester, and more cleanly than the Roumains. The Saxons, on the contrary, are slow to acquire the routine of service, and are always awkward. As household servants it is rare to see a Szekler man,—he cannot be prevailed on to wear livery, and his hatred of a hat is intense.

It is strange that neither the Szekler nor the Wallack, both of whom stand in need of the Saxons, learns German, but each expects the Germans to speak his language. And, which is so thoroughly characteristic, they do so. Many learn both languages in their infancy from their nursemaids, and household or farm servants.

In Kronstadt, as indeed in the other Transylvanian towns, the guilds, with their customs and arbitrary laws, continued to flourish until very lately. The different bastions are still called after certain handicrafts, to the followers of which their defence was allotted; and the space within the wall is now turned into a garden, where the members of the guild recreate themselves in summer.

As was everywhere the case, the citizens were jealous

of their privileges. No one, not a Kronstadt burgher, was allowed to buy wool or tallow until after ten o'clock, so that the choice of the market might be theirs. The so-called Kronstadt wares, ropes, boots, woollens, coming to Kronstadt from any other town, were immediately confiscated. No competition was tolerated. How great the export trade of such articles, especially to Wallachia, once was, is shown by the fact that whole streets were filled with them, all of them bearing the name given above of Kronstädter Waaren. At present, the trade with Wallachia and further eastward has passed entirely out of the hands of the Saxons, and into those of the Wallachian merchants of Kronstadt. They understand their countrymen, and get on with them better than the Germans. And for this reason they are not so easily cheated by them as the German merchants invariably were, who always lost by such trade. What business is done with Greece and the border-lands is also entirely transacted by the Wallachian population. There is a greater similarity of character between them and the people of the East, and as each knows the tricks of the other, the difficulties in intercourse are fewer, being foreseen. Indeed all the *principal* trade of the town is, I believe, carried on by non-German merchants. The Saxon, when constantly menacing danger no longer kept him mentally and bodily active, seems to have relapsed into the original nature which was his characteristic at home, and have become apathetic. The necessity for the stirring life, to which in reality he owed his wealth and his position, having ceased, he allowed others more energetic to usurp his place.

The Hungarian and Saxon do not intermarry. The Saxons, like the Jews, wed among themselves, and often in the same family; and this circumstance may perhaps have an influence on the decrease of the population.

Up to 1791, no one who was not a Saxon was allowed to possess a house in Kronstadt, and none but a Catholic, Protestant, or Socinian could possibly hold office there. Indeed, in all their institutions the Saxons were most exclusive,—originally they were forced to be so in self-protection,—and hardly acknowledged the right of any higher power to meddle in their affairs. They chose their own law officers, and preferred to have the law badly administered by those deputed by themselves, to a better state of things offered them by Government authority. On this one point there was a resemblance between them and the Hungarians; for they also care more to have a government they can call their own, than one which, if even better, emanates from another.

It is all very well to cherish old customs and privileges, and to cling to them with a reverential attachment; but it betokens a thorough misapprehension of the march of events, and of the revolutions thereby caused, when the antiquated state and the narrower views which characterize it are preferred to a change that puts an end to party interest, and which, proclaiming equal laws and rights, and imposing equal duties on all, unites those hitherto separated, into one great whole. By it, of course each loses something which was exclusively his own; something, however, that most often is ill-suited to the time. But it is just in comprehending this, and in forming a correct estimate of what is given up, that sound judgment is shown. When a new order of things was proposed for Transylvania, that should put an end to a system which, however excellent in itself originally, had now grown antiquated, the Saxons, with few exceptions, acquiesced in the proposition of Government. The Hungarian party hoped they would not do so, but would go with them, and by this union give additional strength to

each. In the period of despotism in Austria, the Saxons and Hungarians united in opposing the system. Then came the Diploma of October, and each went his own separate way. But the Saxons knew by experience that, if they acted with the Hungarians it could only be in a subordinate rank; and they preferred, and I think they were right, to cling to the German government in Vienna, to putting themselves under Magyar authority, whose seat was at Pesth-Ofen. Magnanimous as the Hungarian kings showed themselves towards these immigrants, and politically wise as they were in the protection they accorded them, Saxon history bears record that the nobles, or in other words, the Hungarians generally,* had always been ready to attack them in their privileges, and to possess themselves of whatever advantages these burghers had won by industry or secured to themselves by charter. And such facts were now remembered. With all possible admiration for many noble qualities inherent in and brightly adorning the Hungarian character, the Saxons were also well aware of the incompatibility of the two natures which, nominally, were to go together to help to found a new order of things; but which, in reality, would have been united only by the bond which joins a dominant and a domineered race. They knew this so surely that they refused the proffered hand, even at the cost of many an advantage which such energetic, fearless, and skilful political partisanship would have brought them. And this refusal the Hungarians cannot forget, nor will they ever forgive it. Never did I hear them allude to the circumstance otherwise than with the greatest bitterness. It is a rankling wound, and, like all such, diseases the otherwise healthy parts. They always

* For, as was said, it was the nobility only that made the nation. No one else had an opinion or a voice.

speak of the conduct of the Saxons as an act of the "blackest ingratitude." "They came here," they say, "and we protected them. Never were their rights attacked; never was their position endangered; but on all occasions our authority lent them protection." This is one of the many errors of exaggeration to which the Hungarians are continually being led by the predominance of the imaginative faculty. They are so accustomed to take what they fancy to be fact, and wish should be so, for truth, that it is necessary to test carefully all statements in which national or political feeling is likely to bias them. Herein, as in numerous other cases, they are the very opposite of the German. He is slow to assert, and scrupulous in examining: the Hungarian, borne away by imagination and his hot passions, boldly asserts as fact the promptings of his ardent temperament; and he will often launch forth assertions as recklessly as he has always hurled defiance against an opponent. This assertion of the Saxon never having had cause to complain of Hungarian ascendancy, which is a standing clause in the Hungarian list of grievances, is one of many of their over-hasty statements.

The Saxons have undoubtedly lost, and are still losing, much, by standing alone as they do in the representative assembly of the country. Every measure, almost, brought forward by the Saxons or by the Government, however good it may be for the general welfare, is opposed by the Roumains if a single personal advantage is likely to be lost by the change. They fain would keep the influence of the law-courts, as well as of office generally, in their hands; for they are actually averse to courts of justice, before whom all are equal, and where it is impossible for a judge or president to show one of their nation that favour which, under the present organization, is always obtained.

The difference between the culture of the Roumains and that of the Germans and Hungarians is so great, that if either of the latter stand alone, they are virtually delivered over, bound hand and foot, to the enemy. In other lands, the members of delegated assemblies also defend the views of their respective party and their separate interests; but though there is a difference—a wide difference perhaps—between their political creeds, there is none, on the average, in their development as civilized people. As educated men, as regards their views of law, justice, right, moral worth, they are on an equality. There are certain fundamental notions of right and wrong, of social and political existence, which they all have in common. There is consequently no vital danger when one party succumbs to the other; because, though the loser sees views carried out to which he is opposed, yet, on what forms the basis of society, of moral, intellectual, and political progress, both are agreed. Herein, at least, is unanimity of opinion. All stand on the same undebatable ground. Hence there are certain interests which all have equally at heart, and which each one knows that the other would as little think of attacking as of committing matricide. Thus, having, as it were, the same starting-point—one and the same basis for an ordered existence,—there is an equality among them, and they are, in this one sense, on an equal footing. But such is not the case in the Transylvanian parliament. Here the two parties are in no wise equal. The one has all to win, and the other everything to lose. And as the starting-point—that firm neutral ground, about which there can be no controversy—is also different, the inequality thus occasioned becomes a fearful disparity. Elsewhere, parties in the senate-house meet in a common aim—the common weal. Here the sole aim of the one party is to

rise; to obtain place, power, friends, preponderance, authority,—and this, too, irrespective of other considerations. From what has been said, the difficulties of the Saxon minority will be understood. On certain questions they are always out-voted. The Hungarians look on, and watch, with an inward chuckle, the defeat which their presence would have prevented. The position of the Saxons is, they say, the just retribution for their defection. Had the Hungarians appeared in the assembly, they, with the Germans, would have been able to maintain their ground against the numerically strong Roumains. A proper balance would have been preserved, as it was intended should be the case. By the absence of the one party, this balance has been destroyed.

It would have been far wiser if the Hungarians, instead of each one laying down his mandate, had entered the assembly, and there fought their battle with that unflinching boldness and power of oratory which are natural to them. They would have found among the German members, faithful allies, who would have voted with them in every measure contributing to the common good, and to establish things on a firm constitutional basis. The Saxons are well aware how much they lose by the absence of the Hungarian members; not merely as regards their votes, but on account of the influence which their example would have exercised; the undaunted front they always present, their skill in political tactics, their burning eloquence, kindling as it does the hearts of listeners, being always mentioned by every German who spoke to me on the subject, as qualities which were all the more valuable, as they—the Germans—were without them. Had the Hungarians taken their place in the assembly, or gone to the Reichsrath, their eminent qualifications for political life would soon have given them the ascend-

ancy. During my stay in Transylvania, I never once met a Saxon who did not express this opinion. The superiority of the Hungarians in the qualities above mentioned was invariably acknowledged.

However much there might be to be changed in the laws first laid down for the guidance of the representative assembly in its routine of business, it should be remembered these laws were only formed as a preparatory step.* The session itself was merely a preparatory one, to consider the mode of operation, what clauses were to be retained, and what new regulations introduced; and many an arrangement decidedly unconstitutional would have fallen away before the opposition of the two people, who for centuries had known the value of free institutions. They had, it is true, not carried them out equally; but that arose from the difference in the elements of each; one being composed wholly of simple citizens and husbandmen, all on an equality, the other of nobility and serfs, with the exclusiveness and prerogative which such conditions inevitably bring. Both people, however, understood how priceless a thing is liberty, and would have gone hand in hand in removing undue restrictions. The Government, even had it opposed just measures, would have been forced to give way. Moreover, the spirit of the time would have proved a strong, an irresistible ally to those who were fighting for progress; and it would have been no more possible for a minister at Vienna to have with-

* The Emperor, Nov. 5, 1861, declares in a letter that the differences are only to be cleared up "in a constitutional manner;" and further, "I find myself called upon to declare anew that as regards the concessions made to Hungary respecting the constitution, its rights and liberties, its representative assembly and its municipal regulations, I am irrevocably determined to uphold them for the future undiminished and inviolably." As the state of things which these words introduced was a provisional one only, the Hungarians should have taken part in the proceedings, to watch that the decisions come to were really constitutional.

held it—supposing it had been his wish—than to have prevented the sun from rising the morning after it had set.

I cannot but deeply regret the determination of the Hungarians to have nothing to do with the legislative assembly, or office, or public political life. They, after all, are the greatest sufferers by it. I think, too, they perceive their error, for there can be no doubt that it was one, brought about by an over-estimate of themselves and contempt of their adversary. Some would have been willing to show themselves less unbendingly opposed to conciliation, but fear of the others deterred them,—so well organized is the Hungarian opposition, so great is the terrorism. In this respect the Hungarians exercise a greater tyranny than any Government, for they *morally* stigmatize a man, and brand him ruthlessly should he not act with them. It is just as with the Catholic Church, that arrogates to itself the power to wither a man's soul within him, should he not obey, while a lay power can touch only the body, can hang or fine, but not destroy the character.

I remember well, on coming to Transylvania, my first meeting with one of the Hungarian magnates, and was glad to hear other opinions of the Government, and of the state of the country, than those held by the Saxons. After the usual courtesies, the conversation turned on politics. My new acquaintance became at once an orator. He eloquently described the "abominable" behaviour of the Government, the wrongs of his party, and the absolute impossibility of being otherwise than passive. Austria, he said, wanted to make Europe believe she had become constitutional; but it was no such thing; the whole was a sham. She had allied herself with the Roumains to destroy the Hungarian element, and it was there-

fore quite useless for them to raise their voice in the Reichsrath.

"But would it not have been better," I said, "if, instead of refusing to appear, you had gone and openly stated what you consider your grievances? Free speech is allowed, and not only could you make your sentiments known, but what you said would resound throughout Europe. Surely the opportunity was too good to be thrown away."

"Yes, and I had formed a party, a strong party, which would have fought our battle even against odds. But when the news came that the Emperor refused to take the oath by which alone he is a prince in Transylvania,—when he thus took away all ground for himself to stand on, and showed that the holiest rights were no longer regarded,—then we said, No, we can't go, and we refused to appear. I will tell you later how we have been treated,—will show you that the so-called constitution is a delusion. What is aimed at is centralization: we are to be governed from Vienna, and as they like."

He was most enthusiastic, and consequently most eloquent on the subject of his wrongs, and every word was uttered with the tone and manner of one who speaks from the most profound conviction, and with a sense that he himself stands on a commanding height; a tall, firm rock, rising grandly amid the frantic buffeting waves. I never had such a conversation without thinking how fine a nation these Hungarians form, and what an innate turn they all have for political life; but I always felt that a sense of their own superiority carried them away, and made them intolerant of any other standing beside them on an equal footing. This is more than they can bear.

While they protest against centralization, they would themselves have had it in the strictest form at Buda-Pesth.

The Saxons said, "We would rather not have centralization; we were formerly immediately under the King, and had to do directly with him: let us have him again with our old self-government, and, call him as you may, we are satisfied. But if there must be centralization, we prefer the central point to be Vienna, rather than Pesth; the one a centre of civilization and in connection with the West, the other on the borders of civilization." If at Vienna were only despotism, and on the other hand a guarantee for freedom of the subject at Pesth, then the Saxons would have been willing to sacrifice other advantages—all indeed—for liberty.

Kronstadt is an essentially Saxon town, and neither here nor in Hermannstadt, nor the other German settlements, are Hungarian gentry to be found. They either remain on their estates, or congregate in Klausenburg, keeping apart from the other nationalities.

Having heard there were bears in the mountains near Rosenau, a Saxon market-town near Kronstadt, I drove over to inquire about them and to see the village, which is pretty and prettily situated. It lies at the foot of a steep hill, crowned with a most romantic ruin,—one of those burgher strongholds already described; in front is a broad plain; on the left rises the mountain-chain, and the imposing Butschetsch, 7951 feet high, and opposite it the sturdy Königstein, 7101 feet in height. The view from the fortress is particularly fine. You wind your way upwards through a deep ravine cut in the hillside, overhung with birch and beech, hawthorn and wild fruit-trees. Here and there, the outer wall is seen sloping downwards to the north. On this side are low hills covered with beechwood, and between them and the foot of the castle-mound are green dells and glades. High up behind the bright slopes are sombre pine-forests, spreading away to an indefinable

distance. As you come round towards the south you see a strong round tower with a large doorway planted on a mound, but before this is reached you enter another gate, and are at once within the walls. On the slope where the castle stands, the bare grey rock appears above the sward, shooting out in great groynes or buttresses, and at one point directly above the village it is so steep as to be inaccessible. Here the walls and a postern gate stand on the very edge of the precipice. The buildings within the fortress are now a heap of ruins, all having been burnt down; but the spiral road that once led upwards may still be traced among the rubbish. A well is here hewn through the rock, 76 fathoms deep. Everywhere among the dilapidated buildings, in cellars, and excavations in the rocks, places for storing corn have been formed. A few sheep were grazing over the ruin. A cold autumn wind was whistling through the embrasures and the long grass on the walls. In front were the Carpathians, now obscured by sad, colourless mists, and now suddenly opening and disclosing the blue sky and the highest peaks of the Butschetsch, encircled by wreaths of snow-white cloud. On the edge of the plain on my right rose the sombre Königstein, wrapped in shade. It was a peculiar scene,—dreary, desolate, and yet wildly grand.

On the 27th March, 1612, the castle was besieged by the Hungarian Bathori, and after seven days' resistance, the peasant garrison surrendered. He then went to Terzburg, and took it. This place was deemed impregnable, and the magistrates of Kronstadt, in their great wrath, had the captains who delivered it up impaled on the castle walls, the right hand and left foot of the more criminal of the two having been first cut off.

In Zernest, not far from Königstein, bears are often shot; and one of the priests of the Greek Church there

obligingly offered me to come and hunt in their forest, promising me every assistance. For several days past, men from Rosenau had been out looking for tracks, and also watching for the bears at night; but nothing definite was as yet to be learned. The week after, however, a letter reached me at Kronstadt, to say that there were certain evidences of six different bears being in the forest. I was therefore to come as soon as possible. Accordingly I drove over to Rosenau, and took up my lodging in the house of the notary, or, as we should say, the town-clerk. I was as comfortable here as possible; and nothing could exceed the neatness and cleanness of my large commodious room. My friendly host was—as indeed most of the Rosenauers are—a famous bee-keeper; and the virgin honey he gave me, on learning my taste for this delicious food, was something quite exquisite.* Here, too, mulberries are planted in the courtyards and gardens, and let for so much a year to the silkworm breeders.

After waiting for nearly two hours for the men, first one man came, then another, and so on till all were assembled. It was no use sending for any of them. This one had to fetch a cow, a second to cook his mamaliga, and neither entreaty nor command could make them appear sooner.

We went a good distance into the forest, high up the hills. We found the slot of a bear on one side of a hollow way. It was quite fresh; the earth was still crumbling from the recent disturbance. He had crossed the road and gone into the deep ravine below us. Further on, we followed all along the road, which was wet and soft, the slot of a she-bear and her cub. We saw

* It is calculated there are 172,000 bee-hives kept in Transylvania. A tax is paid of 3 kreutzers per hive up to the tenth; all beyond this are tax-free. In some Russian provinces millions are annually gained by bees, the wax being exported.

besides, other tracks; and on a meadow, where a large crab-apple stood, evidences of the bears' presence were numerous. At last we reached the spot for our operations. I was posted on a slope that led down in a valley. Before me was a gully, where fragments of rock and mouldering trees lay. Here I was told the bear would certainly come, if he were in the woods. A long time passed before a sound was heard; for the beaters had made a large circuit, and were far off. They advanced, too, very quietly; for the five or six men who went through the forest were all experienced sportsmen, and did their work admirably. I presently heard a pattering over the dead leaves advancing down the slope in front, but the branches made it impossible for me to see anything. Indeed, I should not be able to fire at an animal coming thence until he had emerged from the wood, and was in the gully immediately before me. The animal stopped from time to time, and then came on again with a heavy step, at a hand-gallop. Just as I thought he must emerge from the wood, a shot was fired a little below me, and was followed by a low growl. The bear—for it was one—rushed down the steep, making the stones fly and the brambles crackle in his flight. On looking to see who had fired, I found that a publican of the village, who had joined our party, had squatted himself down behind the roots of a tree in the gully and thus, from his position, had been able to see the animal as he came from the opposite slope. The man had no business there, and his conduct greatly annoyed me. But the animal was only wounded; and following the red tracks, over the snow, and through the densest bushes, the men kept behind him like so many bloodhounds. It was hardly possible to keep up with them. Their passion for the chase was now seen in all its fervour; they were quite

beside themselves with excitement. The bear was sighted at last, and shot after shot fired at him, but, as usual, with no result. The noise only sufficed to make him start off anew. It was perfectly useless to order the men to wait till I came up with my rifle. The bear then plunged into a large valley where there was water, but being hard pressed by his pursuers, made for the steep hillside. Here he fell exhausted from the result of the first shot of slugs and bullets, which had struck him in the chest. It was a fine brown animal, of three years old.

This long pursuit showed me how such a beast tramples and destroys everything in his flight. His broad feet cover a large superficies, and his weight is such as to press everything to the earth. The beaters told me they had seen him in the wood, and kept back purposely in order not to scare him, as they saw he was making directly for the spot where I stood. Every now and then he would stop, sit on his haunches like a dog, put his nose in the air and sniff a few times, to learn if there were danger in advancing; then listen, and as the men came on, set off at a gallop, stop, and again listen. But for my neighbour, the prize would have been mine; for I had resolved to let him come to me within ten paces before firing. Indeed, the ground was such that I should have been unable to see him much further off.

The little publican lay down upon the bear, patted his sides, put his arms round his neck, then enthroned himself upon the animal, and almost screamed with joy. When cleaned, a young tree was cut down and the beast was bound to it and carried out of the wood. But it was hard work, and the men had to change often; for there was no path, and they scrambled through the stony bed of a torrent, and over steep places where no footing was to be got. It was nearly dark when we reached Rosenau,

and there was no end to the shouting and firing off of guns. Some days after, I went out again, but the several drives were all unsuccessful. One was just over, and I was going up a steep slope alone; two Wallâcks were before me higher up. Out of breath, they had flung themselves on the ground, but were chattering as usual at a good rate. I gazed at the magnificent view that lay before me over the Burzenland,—for we were now pretty high,—and was just turning to go on, when on the crest of the hill, between a beech-tree and a fragment of rock, I observed a black mass whisk by. I did not see distinctly what it was, nor at the moment did it occur to me that it might be a bear. But a second after, the thought flashed upon me, and off I set to reach the wood, for which the bear was evidently making, before him. The two Wallacks instantly comprehended what was the matter, and dashed off with me. We had a good run, but the bear was quicker than we. It was a very large animal, considerably more so than the one shot a few days before.

Rosenau is well built, and has an air of neatness. The Saxon population remains stationary; the inhabitants intermarry, and seldom take a wife from elsewhere. No Rosenauer would, for example, marry some one of Neustadt, which is the next village. The Wallacks greatly outnumber the Saxons, and their part of the town stretches away to a seemingly never-ending distance. In the main street their houses join on to those of their German townsmen, but the difference of architecture is so great that the demarcation is as distinct as though the two populations were separated by a wall. The neighbourhood of the frontier line makes this a good place for smuggling, and large quantities of gunpowder and tobacco are brought over from Wallachia. Since

the revolution, powder cannot be bought without having a permission from the authorities. Even the large landed proprietors are only allowed to have a certain number of pounds.* It is time this vexatious law were abolished; for it is not only perfectly useless, but is a constant source of irritation to every one. There is no sense in the prohibition; for the few pounds of powder that might be bought would be insufficient for the purposes of a revolution. And if such quantities were obtained as to be of use in a revolt, the buyers would at once betray themselves by the magnitude of their purchases. Strangely enough, all this smuggled powder is excellent English sporting powder, which is bought in the East, and thus finds its roundabout way to Transylvania.

Here there is one clergyman, who lives in the vicarage, two assistants called "Prediger," or preachers, who are not ordained, and are little more than our parish-clerks; and five school-teachers. In Zeiden, close by,—also a German town, with 3820 inhabitants,—there are six teachers: a proof how much is done by the Saxons for the instruction of their youth. Throughout the whole of the Burzenland,†—a district which takes its name from the river Burzen,—the village authorities are addressed as "Eure Weisheit" (Your Wisdom). Even the vicar would give them this title.

* One gentleman was allowed 1 lb. for the year. He had applied for the permission in July, and obtained it in November.

† The tract of land which bears this name extends from Kronstadt to the river Feketeügh on the east, where the Háromszék begins. It stretches away to the pass of Törzburg on the south, and reaches on the west and north to Zeiden and Marienburg. All this rich high-lying vale was in other days a broad lake, locked in by mountain-ridges. The river Alt, coming from its birthplace in the Upper Czik, flowed into it, after forcing its arduous way for miles among the rocks. Such is the story that still lives among the people of the district; and the popular belief is, that a Saxon hero, with gigantic labour, hewed a passage through the mountains in the Geisterwald, and allowing thus the waters to drain off, left the fruitful Burzenland as we

In many places the fields are not manured for a number of years, and it is considered sufficient for a field to lie fallow for a year, and to have sheep driven upon it. In Rosenau, however, the soil being stony, it is necessary to employ manure annually. That this fact should have been pointed out to me, shows how rare such proceeding is.

Neustadt, a village between Kronstadt and Rosenau, has the reputation of containing the most enlightened rural population in all Transylvania. They have begun to improve their breed of cattle, and even to sow clover and turnips. Seeing the advantage of these as fodder, they adopted them accordingly. But we must not judge this act by the notions of Western Europe, where such husbandry is as much a matter of course as to make corn into bread. To sow clover and turnips is, in this part of the world, like having had a clear perception of the utility of railways when Stephenson first broached his project. In some parts people do not know what clover is, as it is only the large landed proprietors who sow it. That a peasantry, the most difficult class to induce to quit old systems, should of themselves have made this change, is so remarkable that it deserves notice. Throughout the province, the dislike of the people to machinery is great. They pretend the bread is not good where a threshing-machine is used; that it spoils the straw; but what makes them most averse to its employment is the noise. This prevents them from speaking, for to talk

see it to-day. The course of the Alt is at first direct south; till, where the waters of the Feketeügh join it, the advancing walls of the Carpathians force it to seek another path. It fain would go westward, but obstacles again oppose it; and so, turning northward once more, it retraces its steps, seeking a channel among woods and rocks, till at last—a thousand years ago—it forced a passage for itself through the limestone barriers which stopped its westward way. Again it turned southward through narrow valleys, and at last came rejoicing into the open land, that blooms like a garden, at the foot of the Fogaras mountain-chain.

down the machine is, even for them, impossible. Except in Neustadt, and on the estates of Hungarian gentlemen who have no such prejudices, but, on the contrary, strenuously endeavour, by introducing improvements, to raise the system of husbandry, not a threshing-machine is to be found: no one will use it; they say, too, if it were to break there is no one to repair it.

But in Neustadt, there is a peasant who has constructed a threshing-machine for himself, and as neatly and strongly as if it had been sent out to him from a London maker's. I saw it at work, and nothing could be better.

The inhabitants are wealthy, and you perceive this as soon as you enter their dwellings. The houses are all solidly built of stone; the rooms, as regards size, are quite luxurious, and the good furniture, the abundance of kitchen utensils, the neat beds with a clean white covering thrown over them,—all betokens easy independence. Even in the common room was sometimes a large looking-glass, and neatly framed prints, while the large gaily-painted lockers showed what a goodly store of linen and holiday apparel was there deposited. In many of the kitchens, the cooking-range was according to the most approved plan as in towns, with various conveniences for boiling and baking, and a compartment for hot water. And, as in the households, so in the arrangements of the farm; each house had a large yard at the back, that looked neatness itself. Everywhere order; all was tidily kept, and gave proof of good household government. In many of the houses, there was no one at home,—the family being at work in the fields; but, accompanied by the clergyman of the village, I walked into the farmyard and garden and stables, and inspected all. Large lofty barns, each one tiled, formed the background of every court, and their size gave evidence of the abundant crops which had annually to be stowed away.

Though the Saxon of to-day exhibits a certain want of activity, yet what comes immediately home to him, or militates with the accustomed usages of his household life, rouses him to action. The inhabitants of Neustadt have, of their own accord, built barracks for the cavalry, in order to be quit of the soldiers hitherto quartered in their houses. They stand at the end of the village, and were erected without architect or any foreign help. Each person had to supply his quantum of bricks, mortar, timber; a certain number took it by turns to do the building work, and thus the whole was carried out by the little community in the most creditable manner possible. Indeed, the Saxon towns and villages have been for seven hundred years so many damning facts against the opposers of self-government. When I was at Neustadt, the villagers were adding to the barracks a neat row of houses for officers' dwellings.

The church here is, as usual, a little fortress, surrounded by a moat and an outer wall about ten feet high, with here and there a most picturesque old watch-tower. Inside was a higher wall, full thirty feet in height. Within this stronghold, all round the wall, were the stores of the villagers. Each was numbered, and had the name of its possessor painted on the door. The whole place looked beautifully well ordered, and it was striking how even here the spirit of the Neustädter manifested itself in the arrangements. Close to the gateway was the dwelling of the old warder, as tidy and clean as any park-keeper's lodge in England.

The Neustädter practise a two-field rotation in their farming,—the Rosenauer three; and the latter told me that their corn, sown on ground which has lain fallow, is much finer than that at Neustadt, which has never any rest.

An English company had undertaken to light Kron-

stadt with gas, and while I was there the gasometer was being built. English bricklayers were at work, and every one told me of the astonishment which their quickness occasioned. The Kronstädter used to go out on purpose to see the Englishmen at work; and one gentleman said he had counted that they laid six bricks while the native workmen laid one; but what gave rise to the greatest wonderment was the silence of these men while working. They did not talk together as the others do, who generally have a conversation or pinch of snuff between each manipulation. Neither did the Englishmen smoke while at work, which was again a matter of surprise. A hundred yards off, might be seen the line on the walls where the natives had ceased to build, and where the foreigners had begun,—so different was the style of work. Nothing could be more amusing than the patronizing air of one of the Englishmen towards the Wallack hodmen. "But you cannot speak their language," I said to my jovial, good-tempered countryman. "No," he replied, "but I keep on talking to them, and somehow they understand me: we get on quite well together. They don't know much, the poor creatures; and as to work, Lord bless you, they have no notion of it; but they are a good set of fellows, and we hit it off very well together."

One of the men had died while there: the palatable wine of the country had been irresistible, and the essentially English vice had been his death. My informant told me he was well paid; he got, I believe, 10*s.* 6*d.* a day; but he said, cheap as it was in the country, he would not stay: "I'd much rather go back to my old woman." Lamp-posts, fittings, fireplaces, had been brought from England, and I heard, what however seems hardly credible, that the contractors had asserted, it would have been cheaper to have brought their own bricks than to have got them here.

The burgomaster died during my stay in Kronstadt. The great bell tolled for one hour, three times a day. Funerals here go from the house of the deceased, and not as in Germany, from the rooms in the cemetery, built for the reception of the corpse, which in Transylvania remains in the dwelling-house till the day of interment. The portal of the house, on this occasion, was hung with black cloth.

CHAPTER XVII.

NEMESIS.

THERE is a great truth which, the more varied our knowledge, the wider our experience, forces itself upon our minds with still stronger conviction. It is, that the transgression of any moral or natural law carries with it certain punishment. Succeeding generations may first feel the penalty of the ancestral sin, but come it will inevitably, and is no more to be avoided than the advent of that visitor, who, at this moment, is on his way to our door with, "Come, it is time!"

It is quite indifferent with whom are our relations, with our kind or with the soil; the regulating laws which preside over all *must* be regarded. No matter what we are spendthrift of, our revenues, our bodily vigour, or the vigour of our fields; eventually the result will always be unnervate exhaustion. Whether the moral law be disregarded in the household or the State, the consequence will always show itself in entanglements, twining round our feet, in sudden stumbling-blocks, and in a shadow which still dodges behind us, even though our sun be at noonday height.

Old sins committed, and committed still by the Saxon peasantry, have begun to tell against them in a way they

little expected. We have seen how the Wallack population has increased, outnumbering by far that of the Germans. We know, too, how actively they are striving for power, and, founding their claims on their numerical superiority, demand that to those who have nothing shall be given of those who have. But how is it that these German colonists, all thinking men, should thus dwindle away, instead of peopling the land with their race? The thing was, the worship of mammon brought its inevitable curse. The man of substance—he who had a roomy dwelling, and barns, and a spacious court, with his stables well stocked with horses and oxen, and vineyards on the hillside, and corn and pasture-land in the valley—could not bear the thought of these possessions being divided. For a middle state he had a decided distaste; and as the patrimony could not be increased to provide amply for each member of a numerous family, the same obnoxious and objectionable causes, which in France check the increase of the population, were allowed to work here among the Saxon peasantry. One child got the house and some land, and the other the remaining portion. Thus, each had a goodly estate, and the peasant's pride was gratified. Moreover, the Saxon never could accustom himself to give the surplus population of his village to towns, as elsewhere is done,—the sons and daughters going into the world to make their way, and gaining their own bread in a humbler sphere. This was repugnant to him. Yet formerly it was not so. In early times the Saxons colonized new spots with the surplus population of their hamlets.

There are villages where the population has remained stationary for a hundred and more years. In others, where originally every inhabitant was German, with but a few Wallack huts outside the boundary, there is now hardly one Saxon left, and the whole population is Wallack. This is

the case at Dunesdorf, near Elizabethstadt, and the change has taken place since the childhood of men still living.*

Another fact proves the diminution of the present generation,—the number of individuals in the village schools hundred years ago and now. The following figures relate to certain villages in the neighbourhood of Fogaras. There were—

	In 1764.	In 1864.
In one village school,	185 children.	120 children.
In another	89 „	89 „
„ „	85 „	43 „
„ „	71 „	28 „

That worldly pride has to do with this state of things, the following circumstances will show. There were throughout Transylvania, Saxon villages, whose inhabitants were not free men like the others;† these, for some reason or other, had located themselves on the manor of the Hungarian noble, and, in return for the protection given them, had accepted bond-service with the other vassals. They were without land of their own, and consequently poor, and had nothing to give their children in marriage or to leave as a bequest. Yet just in such villages the Saxons were blessed with numerous descendants.

Again, at Peschendorf, not far from Mediasch, the Saxon inhabitants were formerly all serfs. Here it

* According to the census taken in 1787, the Saxon population amounted to 302,204, while sixty-three years later, in 1850, it was only 192,482. Transylvania, of all the Crown lands of the monarchy, is the one where the married population is the least fruitful. Of all the nationalities the Germans, again, are the least prolific. The constant hard labour and poor fare of the Saxon peasantry have to do with this, as well as with the high mortality which is found among them. Whilst with the Roumains there is 1 death to every 39 individuals, among the Hungarians 1 to 36·3, the Germans show a mortality of 1 to 33·5. All these facts suffice to show how it is their numbers so rapidly diminish.

† See page 99.

would be difficult to find a household where there were only three children; and they rejoice that it is so. But at St. Jacob's, a free, and consequently rich village, close by, it would be equally difficult to find one with as many as three.

In the Palatinate, where the peasants have large possessions, and in the Mark, in Westphalia, it is the same. The farmers there are rich, and live like nobles, and cannot bear the thought of their fine estates being one day divided. And yet it is he who has the largest farm who most needs stalwart sons to help him in his labour; and in their place must hire inefficient labourers whom he cannot trust.

The clergy do their utmost, by their representations, to work a change; and it is they alone who can do so. When a young couple come to the pastor to plight their troth, and when, as is the custom among the Saxons, they go again to him on the Sunday after the wedding to receive a blessing, he can explain to them their duties and responsibilities, and exhort them to bear these in mind. Even from the pulpit, difficult as the subject is, it has been vigorously and eloquently treated. I have before me two admirable sermons, by a man whose happy talent for seizing the popular style both in his written and spoken words, as well as his keen observation, ought to obtain for him a larger audience than his own nation affords. In that village where he preached, the population had, in five years, diminished by five-and-thirty souls.

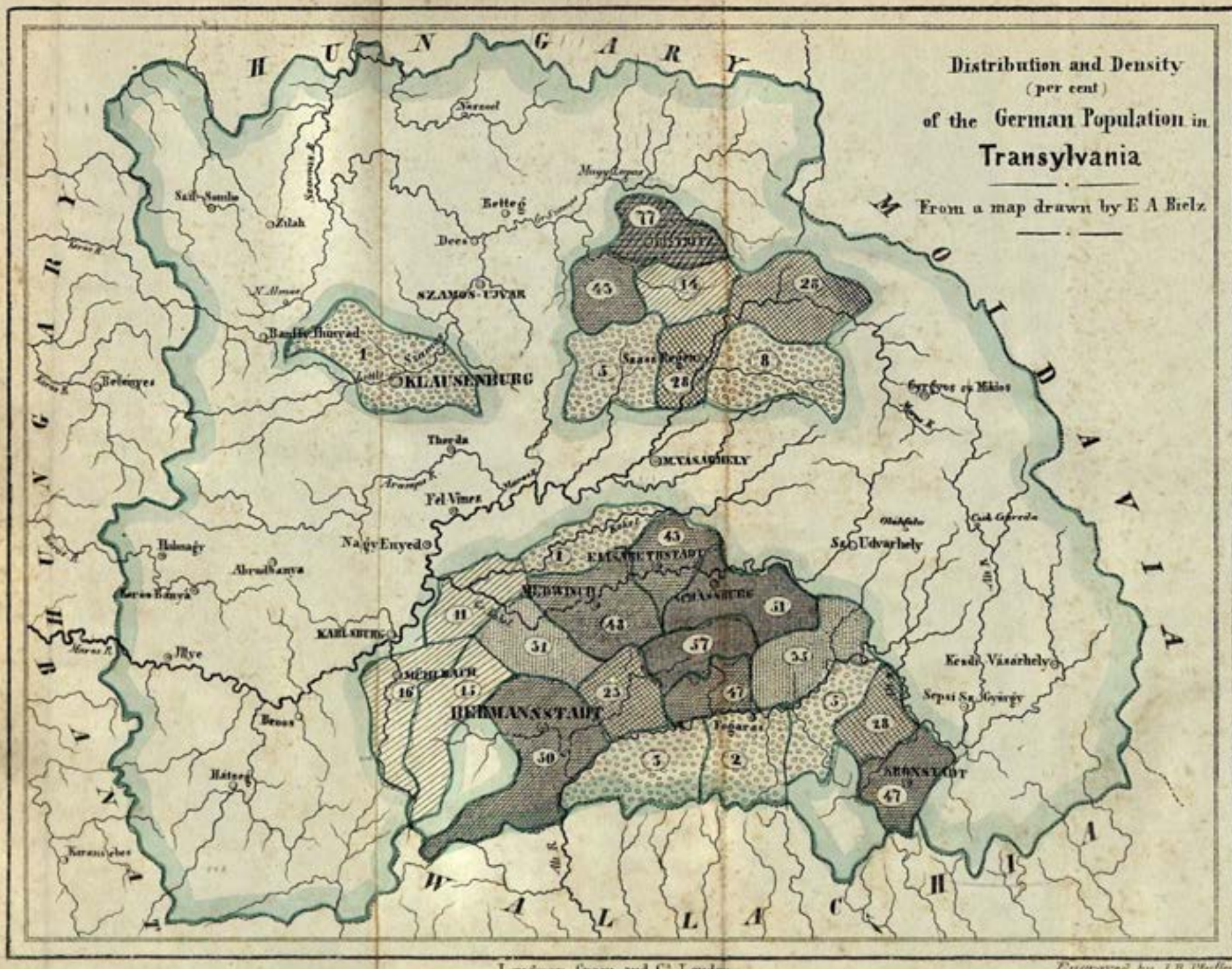
In a book by Stephen Roth, addressed to his countrymen, the subject is thus alluded to:—"Nations are preserved from decay by being blessed with children, and by educating them. That disgraceful chapter about calculation as to the number of a family among the Saxons, I shall pass over; for were the skin of my face as thick

as sole-leather, shame would still redden through it like coals of fire. I will only say, that to destroy a parent's hope, is to plant over the grave of a people a mark of infamy worse than the gallows, and that, for but one such deed, the Lord would inscribe the name of that people in His registry of Death."

Adverting only to the evil in a worldly sense, its consequences are all-important. Everywhere, throughout the land, the Saxons, who took the first, are now gradually falling into a secondary position. In their once flourishing villages, the Wallacks are increasing so fast, that their ever-growing population displaces and threatens soon to overwhelm entirely the original settlers. In some places it has done so. On the banks of the Kokel there are German villages, which are so but in name. One by one the Saxons have died out, and some few have emigrated. In Jakobsdorf (Gyákos) is a large Saxon Protestant church, with a clergyman and clerk, and the whole congregation now consists of a single family. In 1847, the last family but one, having probably become amalgamated with the Wallack inhabitants in everything but religion, at last adopted that also. An acquaintance of mine, who told me the fact, was present when the parties professed their new creed, at the same time giving up the Saxon for the Wallack dress. In S. Bonyha, S. Danyan, S. Csavas, the population was originally *all* Saxon; but now it has dwindled away to a minority.

At Erked there were formerly but five Wallack families; now they form one-third of the population. But go where you may, it is the same;* and on their numerical superiority the Wallacks found continually new claims.

* It is very remarkable how, in South Tyrol also, though probably not from the same cause, the German element is gradually being superseded by another—the Italian. It is pushed back to Salerno, where it once formed a compact mass, but which, now yielding, has taken its course into the lateral valleys.



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The number of their representatives in the Transylvanian Parliament is so great, that they carry every measure by an overwhelming majority; for as the Hungarian party still holds aloof, the Saxons stand alone. Thus the Wallacks have become *de facto* the ruling power in the land. They seek office with avidity, and—partly from policy and partly on account of the dearth of civil officers—all the different departments are filled with them, from the highest to the lower grades. Most of these men are in every respect unfit for office, both as regards general culture—I might almost say civilization—and special education. In the numerous judicial cases, in which they have to decide between Saxons and Roumains, the Saxons go to the wall. The merited retribution for a heavy offence against nature and morality has fallen upon them. They expected that while their numbers remained stationary, those of their serf dependants would do the same. But their calculations have proved false; the vassals have grown in strength, and the hum of their voices, always raised to demand new concessions, grows louder and louder, like the murmur of the waves as, closely following each other, they dash forward to take possession of the shore.

CHAPTER XVIII.

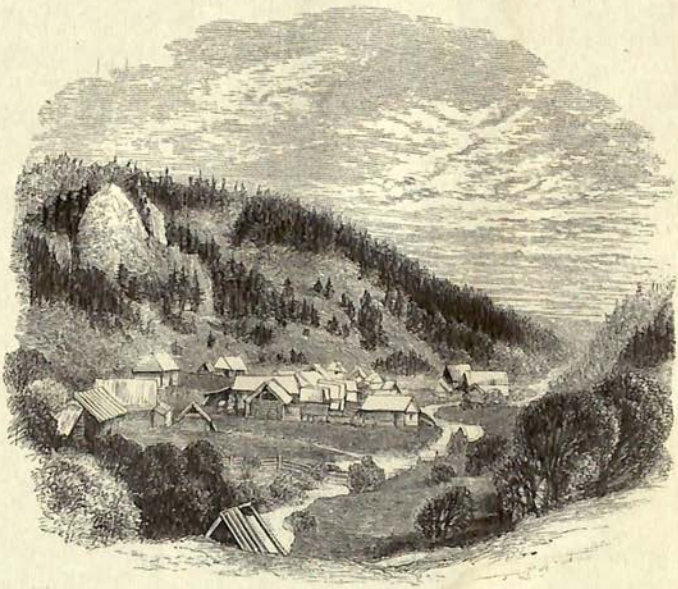
ACROSS THE CARPATHIANS.

SOUTH of Kronstadt, the plain stretches away to the foot of the Carpathians, which here form a barrier and shut in the land. A short drive from Rosenau brought me to the castle of Terzburg, built on a rock rising just where the mountains on either side slope down and meet as if to barricade the way.* Nothing can be more romantic than the fortress; its position among the solitary rocks, its construction and seeming inaccessibility, make it the very ideal of such sort of dwelling. It might have been the abode of some robber knight, or of Blue Beard, who from the windows high up over the perpendicular rock saw and defied the knights scouring across the plain riding amain to save their sister's life. A path up the rocks leads to the entrance, which is gained by mounting

* Just as the Rothen Thurm pass was the way by which the hordes invaded the cultivated plains around Hermannstadt, by this mountain defile the wild foe came pouring down over the Burzenland. The Rothen Thurm was held by the Hermannstadt citizens, and in 1651 the ancient rights of the Kronstädter to Terzburg were recognized anew, and the fort was given up to them to hold, with nine villages pertaining to it. They placed in command a Hungarian warder. Twelve horsemen were always ready to protect travellers crossing the mountains, and in time of need nobles and citizens sought and found here protection.

CASTLE OF TERZBURG.

(See p. 278.)



A FASHIONABLE WATERING-PLACE.

(See p. 301.)

an outer wooden stair, and crossing a trap-door or draw-bridge in the flooring. Within are narrow passages and galleries, strange nooks and zigzag stairs, and dark corners irresistibly attractive, and in the thick wall was a low prison where no ray could ever enter. In one of the rooms I found Bulwer Lytton's 'Ernest Maltravers' on the table, and a portrait of Fräulein Seebach hung on the wall. When the Teutonic knights who once held this fortress were gone, the German colonists united together as "Brothers of the Hermannstadt District," and the land teemed with fertility and population. It was like a garden. At that time none but Saxons were settlers on it; now Szeklers and Roumains are here in preponderating numbers. But what the Saxon villages still are may be judged of by the fact, that there are some with 3363, 3829, 3837, and 8215 inhabitants.

At Terzburg, all are herdsmen. There are some hundreds here who do not even know the use of a plough. The greatest part of the year they are on the mountains, which are limestone, where, 7000 feet high, grass grows luxuriantly. If in winter they find no pasture in Wallachia, they go on to Bulgaria. They have no Spanish sheep, and care rather for the quantity than the quality of the wool; a finer breed would bring in far greater profit.

There I got horses to ride to a cave at the foot of the Butschetsch, where some Greek monks dwell. On the like occasions, I would advise travellers always to look to the stirrups before starting, for the two are never of equal length, nor of the same material or shape; and as they are fixed in some inexplicable way with rope or a thong, it is difficult, when once off, to make them comfortable. It was noon by the time all was ready, and as it looked cloudy, the warder of the castle seemed not to like our

having so late to pass the mountain-chain. But with a traveller's obstinacy we went. For awhile we kept in a long, narrow valley, with a village extending for miles on either side. Some houses were beside the mountain stream, others upon the hills; they were scattered in all directions. Here, shut out from the world and all intercourse with others, the Wallack population is in the lowest state of civilized existence. The road is the stony bed of the stream; further on is the wild, dark forest, and the sole instrument that could serve to raise the minds of the forlorn inhabitants is a pope, not one degree above themselves, who daily practises with them the most abject superstition.

Mounting a steep path, we passed through magnificent beech forests, and then came to the region of firs. Beyond were stone and torn embankments, and uprooted trees, and all the havoc and desolation of such mountain heights. The mists rolled below us and above, but every now and then was a gap torn in them, and we could look down into deep valleys, and on winding streams, and villages at the foot of steep hills. Then presently the jagged summits of the Carpathians rose before us in a sudden glory of light—white and illumined by a sun we could not see, and behind them was a firmament intensely blue. Then all disappeared again, and we were wrapped in cloud. Soon there was a whirl round the mountain-top, and a commotion; the air grew more transparent, and another mighty peak rose into sight; and so I had a series of dissolving views for my delectation on my ride.

There is a guard-house before reaching the saddle of the mountain, but on the Wallachian side are only the ruins of dwellings—a picture of misery.

My little bony nag carried me admirably, through deep

snow and over smooth rocks, where it seemed impossible a horse could find a footing. He never lagged, though we had been scrambling up and down for six hours. At last, towards nightfall, we descend, and reach a deep, narrow vale, through which a considerable stream is rushing; we follow its banks. The shores approach each other more and more; the roar of falling waters grows louder; there is a dampness in the air, and an unpleasant chill. But it cannot be otherwise, for at noon only can the sun here penetrate with a vertical ray. A wooden fence gives token of human neighbourhood, and there, too, stands a sign that has been so unhesitatingly employed to sanction sin and wickedness, to cover so much stupidity,—the poor misused Cross. We wind along a path beside the damp rock, and suddenly turn into a vast cave, sixty or seventy feet high, in the perpendicular wall of stone. The atmosphere is dank, and it is more fitted to be a den for bears than the dwelling-place of men. Yet here, in this mountain gorge, shut in on all sides, face to face with the dripping rocks, with no sight to exalt the soul and raise it up to God, some Wallack priests have taken up their abode. On a height, however great the solitude, are sights to cheer and to make the heart rejoice; and it is intelligible that some minds may feel a special joy in communing thus alone with their Maker. There is the large expanse of sky, the pure refreshing air, the glory of rising and setting suns: but here are none of these. The very air is cavernous, and the overwhelming rocks depressing. The natures of the inhabitants accord with the place. They are abjectly ignorant, and live on alms; their sole occupation is to perform certain ceremonies, and to collect food. The head priest can read and write, but I doubt if the others can. My guide told me he knew one of them well; he had been a

robber, and had at the time two children at Terzburg. To be safe he had come here, for the *gendarmes* dare not follow him to the sanctuary, and having brought some ducats to the superior, he had consecrated him, and the fellow was now a priest. On our arrival they were all in the chapel, which extends along the front of the cave, singing their ritual. On either side of the cavern are small block-houses, where they live; we went into that of the chief priest, who hastened to put the room in order and make me up a bed, while I prepared some tea. I told my guide to ask him what made him come here to live; but he replied, "I'll take good care not to do that." At midnight, there was a noise of a wooden hammer struck on a board; this was the priest going round the church, with a clapper; it lasted nearly an hour. Then came chanting in the chapel, which made a lugubrious sound, and again the wooden clapper in another rhythm.*

I left betimes in the morning, glad to get away from so unhumanizing a place. The men told me that on the sides of the Butschetsch they often saw bears; and that the year before, they met one in the morning walking into the cavern, and pelted him out again with stones.

As we went on, the mists grew thicker in the valley, and soon came sweeping upwards. I now thought of the warder's counsel. We hastened on, for it was no joke to be surrounded here by their impenetrable clouds. Once

* These monks, or "Kaluger" as they are called in Roumanian, follow the rules of St. Basil. Four times a day the "Toaka," or clapper, calls them to prayers. This is a small board about 5 feet long and 3 inches broad, on which the youngest of the monks, carrying the Toaka in his left hand, strikes with a wooden hammer, walking the while round and round the church. Before starting he strikes three blows, with his face turned to the east, then he kneels three times, repeats a short prayer, and then begins his peregrinations, hammering all the time on the board. When over, the three blows, genuflexions, etc., are repeated.

over the mountain-ridge it would not matter, as there a sort of mule-track had been formed; but here was nothing to guide us.

"Are you sure we are right?" I asked. "How can I tell," was the answer, "when we cannot see anything? In front must, I think, be the deep rocky ravine which, on crossing, was to our right. If I could only find our footmarks of yesterday in the snow!"

But we could find nothing; the mists rolling round us were fearfully cold, and we groped about in vain. At last I thought I heard voices coming towards us, and my guide, shouting, went to meet the speakers, I hallooing all the time, that he might be able to rejoin me. He was long absent, and at his return, brought with him five men with laden pack-horses. They, too, had missed their way, and one of the beasts had slipped among the rocks of the ravine, and broken his leg. I asked if, being unable to move, they had not killed the animal; but they had left it to its fate. We now got into the right track, yet more than once the heavily burdened horses lay in the snow, unable to rise. As we neared the Austrian guard-house, one of the party left the path, and disappeared in the mist; he had taken a bye-way, to avoid paying duty on the maize he brought from Wallachia, where it is even cheaper than in Transylvania. By noon we reached Terzburg, when the owner of our cattle came to meet us. For the two half-days I paid for both horses two florins, and a present to the boy.

In Transylvania, eighty-seven per cent. of the population is occupied with husbandry; and as the soil is fruitful and the site admirably adapted for agriculture, the produce of the land should be great. But it is not so; the ground does not yield half, often not one-third, of what it ought to render. Large tracts of country, too,

lie untilled; a great part of the most productive land being devoted to pasture. Cattle-keeping accords with the indolence of the Wallack; he lies down on the hill-side, and remains thus for hours, doing nothing but watching the herd. This inactivity, this hereditary indolence is incompatible with agriculture. All his field labour is confined to sowing a patch of maize, which supplies him abundantly with meal for his mamaliga; he has absolutely no wants, and can even do without bread.

There is, however, no reason why the Wallacks, if properly encouraged, should not become an agricultural, instead of the pastoral people which they hitherto were. We find that by wise measures such change has been effected among the Caffres, and they have acquired habits of industry unknown to them before. How industrious the women are has been already said. If such a conversion could be brought about with those South African people, the Wallacks will surely allow the possibility of the same being done with them. The failure of the potato crop forced the Irish into new habits; and some event may also occur to modify the tastes of this originally nomade people.

As long as the dwellers in the land were in a state of vassalage, they had little interest in cultivating their fields, or in making them produce more than sufficed for bare existence. Serfdom is at an end; but the state of things engendered by it still exists, and its evil influence with regard to husbandry will only gradually die out.

The rotation system has been introduced here within the last fifteen years, and still is but partially followed. The ordinary plan is to plough a field one year and let it lie fallow the next. One year the cattle are driven out on one side of the road, and the next year on the other. Where this system exists a change is difficult, for as the

cattle graze over the half of the land lying untilled, it would be necessary for him who should have ploughed and sown his particular field, to fence it round, in order to keep off the herd. Each sows what his neighbour sows, in order that the whole harvest may take place at the same time. Were it not so, one would be wanting to bring home his ripe crop over a neighbour's field, where a future crop was still growing; and this would never do.

A great hindrance to good husbandry is the division of the allotments into endless little strips of land, scattered about in all directions, far apart. I have seen the survey of several parishes, made on purpose to determine the boundaries of each individual's possessions; and it looked much as this page would do, if between each line of type a line were drawn, indicating a separate field belonging to another possessor. Perhaps the first line, fifteenth, and the thirtieth, might be the estate of one and the same man, each strip being a mile or two from the other. This wide separation of the fields is also one reason why they are not manured; it would take too much time. Some are so far apart that not more than two loads could be brought to them in a day.*

They do not perceive the loss of time occasioned by this systematic separation, or, if they do, find any possible disadvantage counterbalanced by the probability that if a hailstorm come, it will not destroy *every* field a man may have. This is the reason why they prefer such dispersion. "But, if you fear the hail, why not insure your fields?" is what I always asked them. However, they do not as yet see the advantage of such a system suffi-

* With the Wallacks it is generally laziness which prevents them from dunging their plots of ground. At a village in the Kokel they sell manure rather than take the trouble to use it, and twenty-five cart-loads are given for one of firewood, the purchaser fetching it himself.

ciently clearly to make their profit of it; and yet it is the very nature of the Saxons to associate for mutual assistance,—to combine together, in order that all may render help should the individual member suffer. In Heltau an insurance society has been formed by the inhabitants among themselves, and nothing can be better than the statutes or the working of the plan. The good example will, it is to be hoped, be followed by others.

But, despite the partiality for the old system, a change has at last begun. Several of the Hungarian noblemen, who are energetically and at great sacrifices doing more for agriculture than any of the population, have with great difficulty succeeded in getting their estates into a more compact form. For this purpose, the parish or parishes to be new modelled must first be surveyed, and every plot of ground, no matter how small, accurately laid down. The whole is then subdivided according to the quality of the soil, and marked 1, 2, 3, or 4. By this means arrangements can be come to where, in order *to commass* an estate, as the term is, a field of one man is handed over to a neighbour, and a piece of one of the latter, lying a good way off, taken in exchange. Thus, for an acre of very good land, No. 1, two acres, which are only half as good, of No. 2, are given. The quality of the fields is determined by a jury, so that by such arrangement no injustice is done. As it is not always possible to manage that *all* the strips of land of each parishioner shall be close together, and the fields no longer scattered, any arrangement to this effect, if desired, is made afterwards by private contract, and a plot of ground here or there bought or exchanged. From 1851 to 1856 the Government tried to carry out this commassing system, but the Szeklers resisted. In one place, in the north, the house of the surveyor, who was sent to make the measurements,

was burnt down. "The change may be all very well," the people said, "but we won't have it." The survey was, in some instances, obliged to be obtained by force, exactly as in England, when Stephenson was taking his levels for a new line of railroad. There the landed proprietors, high and low, opposed him and drove him off their fields with pitchforks, and it was only by coming before dawn or by moonlight, that he could circumvent those who looked on the new system of locomotion as "a curse to the country." They are parallel cases, and show how poor human nature remains, under all conditions, true to itself. Very few years ago, Sir Astley Cooper told Stephenson his railway scheme was "preposterous and absurd," and "if this sort of thing be allowed to go on, you will in a very few years destroy the noblesse." While I write, the important sewage question meets with quite as much senseless opposition in enlightened England, as the Szeklers have shown to a change which is plainly advantageous for them. Let us modify therefore the severity of our judgment. Much as the peasantry opposed this change at first, they are glad of it now, wherever it has been carried out, its advantages being so obvious. To the large proprietor they are very great. He now can erect farm-buildings at a central point, and have field labour and other work carried on under proper inspection, which before was impossible. The improved system of farming which the Hungarian gentry are introducing and superintending themselves, is doing much good, and by the force of example will gradually effect a general improvement. They are, too, improving the breed of sheep, and doing what was never thought of before, fattening cattle. It is time they did so, for beef in Transylvania is so bad as to be dear at any price. The Saxons will, it is to be hoped, give up some of their old

prejudices, and adopt the improvements their active Hungarian neighbours are introducing into husbandry.

The number of agricultural machines now used in Transylvania is, I learned on good authority, greater than in Hungary.

The change which has come over these gentlemen is very striking. Formerly they neither cared for, nor visited their estates, except for hunting or pleasure. Their management was left to the agent, worthy or worthless, as the case might be. His chief task was to supply money for the expenses of the possessor; to show anything like a balance of receipts and expenditure was quite unknown. Hence boundless hospitality at home and a gay life at Vienna, Paris, or London, soon exhausted the annual revenue. In this way, nothing was or could be done for the amelioration of the estate, or for the condition of the tenants. Instead of caring for their property, or taking on themselves the duties of their station, they acted the part of the Irish absentees. They did nothing for the country, but gave a bad example of wastefulness and neglect; yet they expected that their special interest, their position, and their wishes should be taken account of. They had given proof how unfit they were for the management of their own concerns, yet they wanted, now all was going wrong with them, which was in a great measure their own fault, to direct public business. The straits in which they were helped to irritate them; their enjoyments were curtailed as their embarrassments increased; the causes of complaint which they had were magnified, and all the evils which had come upon them were attributed wholly to the shortcomings of the Government; whilst, had they themselves been properly active, many a grief would never have occurred. With no taste for regular employment, and cramped in their ac-

customed movements, their activity soon found scope in another direction, and the long-glimmering discontent blazed into a flame. Bodily and mentally, the Hungarian likes a stirring life, and is fitted for it. He likes, too, to play a part in the world of fashion or in the arena of politics, as circumstances may decide. To me it is quite clear how his want of order, his financial embarrassments, his impatience of all thraldom, combined with his quick, fiery, impulsive nature, and his susceptibility to any infringement of rights belonging to himself, conspired at last to bring about a feeling that there must be a change; but if the Hungarian gentry had occupied themselves then as they are doing now, I feel sure there would not have been a revolution. They have, however, derived a lesson from adversity; they have been forced by it into new habits. In an admirable manner they are turning the teachings experience to account, and thus, as so often happens, "out of the confusion and outbreak of men's angry passions arises a better order of things." While they are benefiting themselves, they are raising the condition of the country at large. They are showing to their less active, plodding countrymen, what they ought to have done, and did not do. They are developing the resources which are before them, and are forcing attention to the long-neglected province. The good thus rendered is wide-spreading, and the whole population will be gainers by it. The same resolute perseverance, the same determination to overcome obstacles, which the Hungarians have shown in their campaigns and politics, they are displaying now in their efforts to raise agriculture, to promote traffic, and to open up new markets for the produce of the land.*

* Some gentlemen of Klausenburg were occupied, when I was there, with the formation of a more expeditious means of transport for goods than at

The hemp of the country is of super-excellent quality, and equals the best produce of Italy. Additional attention is now being turned to its preparation for the market, and it is confidently hoped, that when better known, its value will be generally recognized. On this subject the Honourable Julian Fane, in his report to Earl Russell (Blue Book, No. 3, 1860, p. 108), thus writes:—"That Hungarian hemp is excellent, is a fact generally admitted, and, from personal knowledge, I can state that some of it which reached her Majesty's dockyards during the war, gave the highest satisfaction. It is, like grain, a commodity of which the supply could be enormously increased." While the Crimean war lasted, we imported from Austrian territories 114,459 cwt., and from Russia only 943 cwt.; but the war over, the quantity derived from Austria sank to 24,050 cwt., and that from Russia rose again to 602,272 cwt. As there is no

present exists, by means of fly vans, like those of Pickford in England, or the Messagerie Générale in France. These were to ply between Grosswardein and the larger towns of Transylvania, leaving on fixed days, and reaching their destination in a certain number of hours. The present uncertainty attending the arrival of goods is so great as to prevent all but the most necessary traffic. No one can tell, if a thing is ordered, when it may arrive; consequently it is not ordered at all. But if merchants could calculate *with certainty* the very day of its arrival, without fear of its being too late for the market, much more business would be done. Wishing to introduce certain Transylvanian manufacture into Bavaria, I induced a merchant to order the wares. He did so; but the consignment was three months on the road, and arrived so much beyond the time for the Christmas market, that he lost by a speculation which could otherwise have brought him profit. "It is impossible to transact business with such people," he said, and gave up at once any further intercourse with Transylvania. Thus one channel of communication which might have led to good, was stopped as soon as opened; and it was because of the worthlessness of the existing system and its many attendant evils, that these gentlemen bestirred themselves. Though this has *nothing* to do with agriculture, I mention the circumstance as an additional proof how busied the Hungarian nobleman now is in carrying out generally useful improvements and reforms.

reason why this supply from Austria should not have continued as in 1855, it is probable that a greater activity on the part of the Russian dealers pushed their less brisk competitors out of the market.

Hops grow wild in such profusion that they are used for brewing. For 20 Austrian eimer (= 100 Transylvanian, or 250 English gallons) of beer, 20 lb. of wild hops are used, mixed with 6 lb. of a cultivated sort. The price of wild hops the cwt. is from 30 to 40 florins; that of the best Bohemian (Saatzer), which are equal to any in Europe, from 140 to 150 florins per cwt. Thus, we see that the cultivation of the plant would leave room for a good profit, supposing it were to thrive; and, as it does so in a wild state, there can be no doubt it would succeed well under cultivation. In the Csik and the Vale of the Maros hops grow luxuriantly. There are several breweries in the province, a market would therefore be found for good produce; and, were there better means of communication with the rest of the world, it would, if exported, be sure to find ready purchasers.

To show the condition of agriculture in Transylvania, I cannot do better than compare the results with those of English farming. In a village in the north of the province, containing 1400 souls, there are 7000 joch of ploughed land. They have, too, 8000 joch of forest. A wheat-field yields fivefold; the field being manured every three years, and getting forty cartloads of dung per joch.

Near Torja, which I visited some weeks later, wheat, as I was told, yielded ninefold in 1863, but generally only five- or sixfold. Some fields there are manured every three, four, six, nine, or twelve years. A farmer, near Bath, tells me that "one bushel of wheat drilled in, produces on an average from 40 (the least) to 50 bushels.

On middling soils, 28 bushels is the average." This is under the four-course system, superphosphate being used.*

It is only since 1848 that the land in Transylvania has been manured. To drive the sheep or cows over the fields while lying fallow, was considered sufficient. The draining of many a dung-heap might be seen running into the brook. On one estate, which was sold, a large stock of manure had been left, the accumulation of years. A thousand excuses were made for not removing the nuisance. I know a case of a steward who ordered a field to be manured. By mistake of the labourers, the dung was scattered over a neighbour's field. He was very wroth, and ordered the men "to take the filth away." Indeed, no care was taken for manure, and people thought themselves rather lucky if they could get rid of it, just as we think now with regard to our valuable sewage.

But after 1848, the remission of the forced labour, which the Hungarian peasant had previously performed for the lord of the manor, caused the latter an immense loss. The sacrifices, too, made in the revolution, greatly contributed to his present poverty. The Kossuth bank-notes were all burnt, and nothing was given for them. Then came a forced loan, and the heavy, badly-distributed taxation. Many also sold the money they were to have from Government before they received it, and of course at a loss; sold at 50 what in the market stood at 75. The proprietor, therefore, in order to obtain more from his land, began to manure it. Though the soil in Transylvania is

* According to official returns and investigations, the *clear* profit of best land (first class) is 6 florins 50 kreutzers per joch, the lowest class only 20 kreutzers; but if well cultivated, the first class would bring in a profit of 30 florins; meadows, highest profit, 10 florins per joch; least profit, 20 kreutzers. The lowest profit forests bring in is 1 kreutzer per joch, and of such there are thousands of acres.

decidedly fruitful, it is not now what it was. "The ground has greatly lost in fertility, and the best ground no longer bears what it once did."* These are the words of one on whom I can rely. There are places where "for centuries" no manure has been used, and where maize has been planted *every* year.

The following numbers give the quantity of maize a piece of ground, 18 joch in extent, produced in six consecutive years. It had not been manured for *at least* thirty years:—

In 1858 it yielded		938	viertel.
1859	„	1104	„
1860	„	763	„
1861	„	680	„
1862	„	916	„
1863	„	906	„

* 1 viertel = about 6 bushels English.

In passing through the Csik, my companion, a Hungarian landowner, showed me uplands where rye only grew, and, higher up, only oats. These slopes were never manured, on account of the difficulty of doing so. The crops were always excellent. In addition to good example, one way of teaching would be to disseminate among the peasantry plainly-written papers, in popular style, on matters relating to husbandry. In an excellent little book, called the 'Sächsische Hauskalender,' published at Kronstadt, this is sometimes done. Only make the Saxon comprehend that a change of system will bring him certain profit, and he will not long keep to his old ways. It is a pity that the Protestant clergy do not generally farm their land themselves. It is usual for them, in order to save

* There are places where it is found that the land will no longer do without manure. Even the Banat (once under water,—Mare Album), and hitherto one of the most fruitful districts in Europe, is now showing signs of exhaustion.

trouble, to let the whole, and the lessee delivers one-third or one-half the harvest to the clergyman as farm rent. Were this not done, the pastor, being an enlightened man, might, on his own glebe, carry out various improvements. Thus, in every village, an opportunity would be afforded of proving to the peasantry, *by ocular demonstration*, the good results of certain innovations. An example, too, set by the "Herr Pfarrer" would always have weight.

CHAPTER XIX.

THROUGH THE CSIK.

UNLESS you have a carriage of your own, you must use the common waggon of the country, as a better sort is not to be had on hire. At Kronstadt, however, there is a man who has a capital vehicle and good horses, though not very fast, and as he speaks German, as well as Hungarian and Roumanian, I beg to recommend "Der Kleine Hans"—for as such he is known—to future travellers.

We arrived at Marienburg towards evening, and drove at once to the manse, where, as usual, I met with a hearty reception, and found a most comfortable lodging. Standing as it did at the end of the market-town, there was an extensive view over the broad plain stretching away to Kronstadt, and the mountain barrier in the background. There is the ruin here of one of the castles built by the Teutonic Knights, to whom the whole of this rich plain was given by King Andrew (1204); but its portal is crumbling away, and walls and towers will soon have tumbled down. Nowhere is anything done to preserve the ancient monuments of the country. In this district alone are seven such castles built by those sovereign knights, but of some hardly a trace is left. Marienburg

contains 2049 inhabitants, and, beside the clergyman and "Prediger,"* there are four school-teachers, and an organist.

In a land so fertile as Transylvania, a Saxon clergyman who was paid in kind received a goodly store of corn and wine, beeswax, honey, etc. His granaries and cellars were always full, and he sold so much produce that his money-chest was well furnished also; he was able to, and did provide for the education of his sons, whom he sent to German universities, and afterwards to travel. The clergy, as one of them acknowledged to me, were "like little bishops." But this Utopian state caused the jealousy of the Catholics, who were in a very different position. In 1734, the Protestant clergy were called upon "to prove their rights;" in 1752, they lost their tithes, three-fourths being taken and one-fourth left. Now they do not receive any from their parishioners, except in the Burzenland, where a quarter is still given, but in money, the equivalent being reckoned at the minimum price of the produce. The Government pays the salaries, and as the valuation of the livings was taken in a decidedly unfair manner, the worldly position of these clergymen is very different to what it once was; a glance at the following valuation will make this intelligible. Each clergyman was required to state how much corn, wine, etc., he received as tithe, and the estimate of the produce was then made thus:—

	fl.	*kr.*	
Wheat, per Vienna metzen = 12 9/10 English bushels ...	1	16	per metzen.
Another sort (*Triticum Spelta*)		58	„
Rye		44	„
Maize		32	„
Wine, per eimer of 40 maas, or quarts	1	46	„

And of this, again, one-sixth was deducted for expenses.

* The "Prediger,"-literally "Preacher," is something like the curate with us; only, not having had a university education, he cannot, except in rare

These were not average prices, but such ones as had perhaps occurred twice in the century. Moreover the clergy were paid their arrears of tithe, and other moneys due to them, in certain Government paper, which stands now at 72 instead of 100, and which then the recipients, being in want of money, sold at 59, losing thus one-half their due. They were mulcted in every way. The tithes, though not received, are calculated as being so,* in order to levy an income-tax. A clergyman in the north of the province, with a salary of 2200 florins, showed me that his taxes amounted to—

fl.
53 ground rent.
67 various.
161 being 7 per cent. on tithes.
281 fls., taxes of clergyman exclusively as such.

My kind host, in giving directions for the horses and coachman to be provided for, expressed a hope to me that the latter would remain with them, as it would, he said, be extremely disagreeable to him should they be

instances, obtain a church living. He teaches in the school, and does duty for the clergyman when he is prevented from attending, and, in short, fills a post between the curate and parish-clerk.

* I have said somewhere that Transylvania is a land of anomalies. Here is one more fact, in addition to the many that might be cited on the subject. A new house pays no tax for ten years; but notwithstanding, the "extra tax" or "Zuschlag," the percentage 118½ per cent. upon what would be the tax, is still claimed and levied. Again, there is a law here as in England, that when property changes hands—when it is inherited, for example—the heir or other receiver pays a percentage on the value of the acquisition; but as church property and the funds of endowed schools do not change hands, being vested for ever, a tax of this sort cannot be levied. It has been reckoned, however, that on an average, property generally changes its possessor once in so many years. That of the churches and schools therefore is subjected to a duty called "an equivalent," in order to make up for the sum which, *if the property did change hands*, would be levied on it.

stolen in the night. Full of astonishment, I asked if it were at all likely; enclosed, too, as they would be in the courtyard of the manse. "It is impossible to say," he answered: "the horses are very good-looking, and that is something irresistibly attractive to a Wallack. I would rather your coachman stayed with them."

The little publican, who shot the bear near Kronstadt, told me how a foal had been stolen from his stable. A cross-bar with a lock was fastened to it, so that, should the door itself be forced, the animal could not, as the thief intended, be led out. The bar was left in its place, but it was taken notwithstanding; the thieves had opened the door in the night, and, spreading a large horse-cloth on the ground, laid the foal upon it, and thus dragged him him out *under* the bar.

How prevalent cattle-stealing is throughout the whole province I perceived later, from the mode of making the gate in enclosures behind a house.* My companions led me through the garden, and thence by a door in the fence, into the fields. There was a lintel placed across, but so low, that I was forced to stoop to the earth to creep under it. On my remarking on the awkwardness of such arrangement I was told its meaning; all were made so, in order to prevent a thief from leading away the animals attempted to be stolen. Though brought thus far, they could not be got over the fence nor speedily through the gateway; and this simple contrivance was a pretty effectual security against theft from cow-house or stable.

From here to Sepsi-Czent-György, the road is pretty

* There are about seven hundred cases of cattle-stealing annually. As formerly in Scotland, a certain tax was levied by the border freebooter for sparing a herd, so here, on the frontier, it is customary, especially among the Saxons, to pay blackmail or "Felelat" to be exempted from loss of their cattle.

enough, with woods and park-like glades. On the hills around the town grow great quantities of wormwood (*Artemisia Absinthium*), from which the favourite bitter wine is made. Small as the place is, I found a very neat restaurateur's, kept by a Szekler, where I got a good dinner.*

At a house on the road I found Thackeray's 'Esmond;' and later, at Torja again, translations of Bulwer and Thackeray were lying on the table. Elöpatak is a little village whither, in the season, strangers resort to drink the mineral (acidulous) waters which rise here. Nothing can be more simply primitive than such a watering-place; yet, on account of the great efficacy of the springs, numbers of visitors repair hither annually. In the principal ingredient, protoxide of iron, the water surpasses that of Schwalbach, Bartfeld, Spa, and Pyrmont, as it contains more than double as much as any of these. At Kászon is a bath, excellent in scrofulous cases, containing nearly as much carbonic acid as Borszék. The whole of this district (jurisdiction Kronstadt) is rich in products and in beauty. Large plains,† the most fruitful of the province, are spread out at the foot of the mountains, whose varied outline and bold peaks give grandeur and diversity to the landscape. There is game in the forests, fish in the streams, and mineral wealth in the earth; lead mixed with silver, iron, sulphur, coal, rock-crystal, tar, trachyte and basalt for millstones,‡ fine potter's earth, limestone, —all these are to be found here more abundantly than

* About here the three-field system is in vogue, and the fields are manured every nine years, and in Kovászna, some miles further on, every six years.

† These plains in the broad valley of the Alt lie very high, 1350-1800 feet above the level of the sea.

‡ At Csiczo millstones are to be had for all Transylvania. They are better, it is said, than those of Derbyshire.

elsewhere. In the eastern part are endless mineral springs as pleasant and refreshing as Seltzer Water, others which are sulphureous, some are salt; then there is an intermittent spring near Kronstadt, those of mineral pitch near Soosmezö, some which incrust objects, turning them seemingly into petrifactions, etc. The only thing wanting is wine; wheat especially thrives in the Burzenland. Flax, too, and hemp and tobacco, and here and there maize ripens also.

The road to Kovászna is bounded on the left by mountains, with an occasional dip, giving a fine view of peaks beyond. The inn at this place is of the humblest, but the bed was clean, and the people did their best to serve a decent meal. How visitors to Baden-Baden and Homburg would stare at beholding Kovászna! It is a straggling village, the cottages of which are let, in the season, to those who come here for the waters. The bath is a pool in the middle of the village, with some rickety planks round it, about seven feet high; inside, some little cabinets, like sentry-boxes, are boarded off, for the bathers to dress in. This pool, called "Pokolsár," or "Morass of Hell," is of an ashy colour, with numerous bits of charred vegetable remains on its surface, which is kept in a constant ferment and motion by the streams of carbonic acid gas that are continually rising. Now and then, at distant intervals of thirty years, the water rushes suddenly up with such force as to inundate the village. Close by is a gas-bath, equally primitive in arrangement. A pit, seven feet long, is dug in the ground; you lift a trap-door and descend a few steps, when the floor is closed around you, leaving the head above, by means of a round hole cut in the boards; the gas streams upwards and around you out of the earth. Over the "bath" a sort of wooden booth is erected to preserve it from the

weather, and this is all.* On expressing my surprise at the poverty of the arrangements here, my guide, shrugging his shoulders, replied, "This is Transylvania!"—a sufficient excuse, as he seemed to think, for every imperfection.

The visitors to Kovászna bring with them their household necessaries,—beds, kitchen utensils, etc., besides stores not to be had here. Those who come thus well provided, make a point of inviting others without such an establishment to accept their hospitality. A departure for the bath is like an emigration; so many are the goods and chattels and provisions prepared and packed for the journey. The abundance of these mineral and gas springs in the east of Transylvania is one of the wonders of the land. The whole neighbourhood is full of them. In the bituminous slate, which characterizes the country around Kovászna, a great number of plants of an anterior world are to be found.

Every spring in the village of Vajnafalva, where the gas bath is situated, is impregnated with carbonic acid, and many cellars of the houses are filled with it up to a certain height. The earth is so full of mephitic vapour, that in undertaking any excavation the greatest caution is necessary; as, by digging, numberless subterranean channels of communication are opened, through which the gas pours forth into the atmosphere. After rain, many little springs of gas become visible in the ground, which, on being collected, is found to be pure carbonic acid.

It is a curious circumstance, and significant of the

* An analysis of the gas gave the following result:—

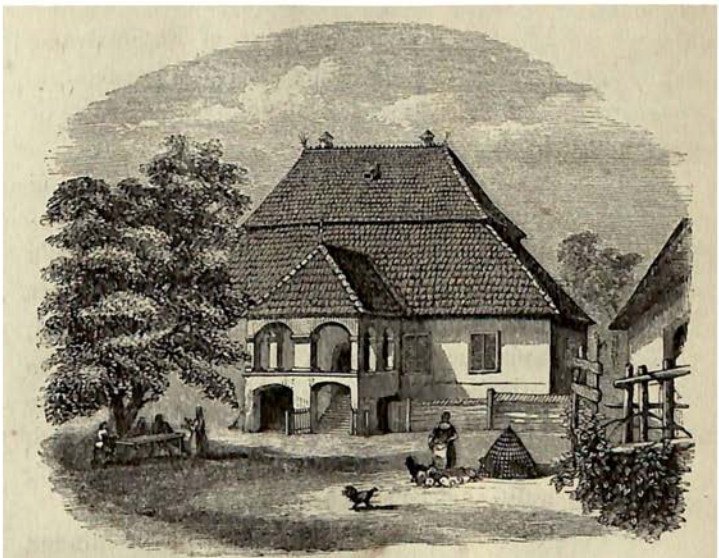
Carbonic acid	55·193
Oxygen	9·736
Nitrogen	35·071
	100·000

geological nature of the soil, that the people, without exception, believe if a brood of chickens be covered over by their mother's wings, they all will be choked, unless something be between them and the earth of Kovászna. Indeed, at certain hours of the day, it is not safe to bathe in the "Pokolsár," on account of the vast amount of gas rising immediately above the surface of the water. If I remember rightly, the dangerous time is early in the morning, before the sun has exercised its power.

From here I drove to Kezdi Vársáhely, and on towards the St. Anna Lake; but in compliance with the wish of a Hungarian, whose acquaintance I had made on my journey, and to whom I had offered a seat in my waggon, we stopped at the house of a country-gentleman ("eines Edelmannes") on the wayside. "You will not only be heartily welcome," said my companion in answer to my representations, "but the whole family will be most proud to receive an Englishman under their roof. Take my word for it, they will all thank me for bringing you." And in truth the reception of this Szekler family was a most friendly one. There was no embarrassment, though a perfect stranger had thus dropped suddenly among them. That I should have stopped there on my way seemed to be considered quite natural. Except the master of the house, all spoke German well, so there was no difficulty as to conversation.

The house was neat in the interior, simple in its arrangements, but orderly and clean. A flight of steps led up to the house, along the front of which was a verandah supported by columns. You at once entered the dining-room from here. The whole consisted of a ground-floor only, having three large sitting-rooms in front. After talking with the ladies and a neighbour who had dropped in, I looked at the stables, farmyard, and garden. Every

word that was said showed how deep-rooted was the dislike felt towards the Germans, and how great the discontent with the Government. Nothing was right. The elective laws were dwelt on as an especial grievance.



COUNTRY-HOUSE OF A HUNGARIAN GENTLEMAN.

But the warm-hearted hospitality and even pride all felt in being able to entertain an English traveller, soon made me forget complaints and disaffection. We sat down to a good dinner, a large and cheerful party; and the delicious wine warmed my very heart. Suddenly the gentleman of the house, filling his glass, rose and made a long speech in Hungarian. I began to suspect from a word or two that was intelligible to me, that I was the subject of it, when presently the word "Lord," several times repeated, made me feel very awkward and uncomfortable. If it was of me he was speaking, I wished to stop him and set him right; yet I could not well interrupt him in the

middle, so I thought it best to wait. At the end of the speech my companion interpreted it, and said his friend had drunk to my health, adding, it was the first time he had had the honour of entertaining an Englishman in his house, and that he was delighted that an opportunity had been afforded him to do so. He spoke of England and Englishmen in the most flattering terms, and concluded by wishing success to me, etc. etc., joining the name of England with mine.

"And so I was right," said I to myself; "*I am* the 'Herr Lord' so often mentioned in the speech!" Involuntarily I thought of the "Lordl" in the farce, Staberl's 'Reisen Abenteuer,' and, annoyed as I was, I could not help laughing at the ridiculous resemblance. I resolved, however, to defer the explanation till after dinner, and to ask my acquaintance if he perhaps had been decorating me with false plumes. So, for the present, I contented myself with returning thanks in a German speech, and saying what is generally said on such occasions.

Though pressed to remain, I started after dinner, intending to reach Torja the same night, and furnished with a letter by my kind host for the notary of that village. The first favourable moment was chosen to ask about my title. "What on earth have you told your friend about me? You must not let him think I am a lord, and I beg you to make him understand that I am not." He told me, laughing, that it was true the word had been used, but it would have been employed in referring to any other English "gentleman," as well as myself; and that, in reality, he meant by it "gentleman," and nothing more. This did not much satisfy me, and I begged that he would take care nothing about a "lord" might be said to his friend at Torja.

I found that Kossuth was here in high favour. He was

spoken of with enthusiasm, and with a feeling of the most perfect confidence. Later experience showed me that the nobility were to a man against him. This was very comprehensible, for as long as he was in the ascendant, their star paled in his dazzling presence; which, with their aristocratic notions, must naturally have been very distasteful. It was he, moreover, who abolished prerogative, established equality, abrogated serfdom, and decided that a noble should be taxed like another man. They submitted to these innovations because opposition was useless, and bore them with as good a grace as they could. But to expect that they could like them or the man who was their author, is asking too much of human nature.

No one can suddenly renounce the principles in which he has been nursed; and the opposition to our own Reform Bill, and the desperate energy with which men wrestled for their antiquated privileges, as if existence depended upon them, show how difficult it is to give up ancient notions, however absurd.

It was dark before we reached our destination. The village of Torja seemed endless; indeed, it is, as I afterwards learned, some miles in length.* We turned into a large courtyard, where stood a handsome house, built in the usual style, with steps and a verandah in front. The master was not within, but his housekeeper sent out to look for him, and before long he returned and gave "the Lord" as hearty a welcome as he had received already at noon. All was offered with the warmest hospitality. What the house afforded was set before us, and the manner and the words, and the manifest pleasure which our arrival occasioned, made me feel as much at home there as though I and my host had been old acquaintances. I

* Close by is abundance of slate, admirably fitted for roofing and other purposes; but it is not turned to account.

found invariably great heartiness among the Szeklers; a bluff heartiness like what used to be considered the characteristic of the "genuine Englishman." Among the Szekler—probably among the Hungarians generally—good bread and wine are always to be found. Both are better than among the Saxons. A Szekler peasant lives altogether, I mean as regards food, better than a Saxon villager.

At Szekler weddings a curious custom prevails. The bride entertains her friends at her house, and the bridegroom all his in his own dwelling. It is not improbable that this may date from his Hunnish ancestry, among whom, I think, I have heard of a similar custom. The Szekler soldier I was told was "excessive," which means extreme in all he did.

An English dwelling could not have been cleaner than the roomy house of our host. At Vajnafalva I had entered several cottages, and simple as the interiors were, neatness and order prevailed in all. But the Szekler is neat in his person; "Selbstbewusstsein," which may best be rendered by self-respect, is strong in him, and shows its influence in his carriage, his address, his household, and his personal appearance. What is so pleasing in this country is the total absence of ostentation. You do not find it anywhere, in any rank or in any nationality. This is most striking perhaps in the Hungarian nobleman, who, fallen as he is from his high estate, might be almost excused for a wish to appear—particularly before a stranger—in somewhat of the splendour which once made part of his daily life. But no such attempt is ever made. There is a dignity in the simplicity shown amid the wrecks of former pomp, which, to me, had always more nobility in it than the grandest state.

CHAPTER XX.

TO BÜDÖS.—THE CAVE OF DEATH.—HIDDEN TREASURES.

My host had ordered a waggon to be ready for the morrow, and, when it came, stored it well with wine and provisions for the excursion. There must be something in the air of Transylvania which prevents people from keeping time, for no one seems capable of doing so. The waggon was ordered at six precisely, but it did not appear till seven. Then the guide had not arrived, and after sending for him repeatedly, he came at near eight. And so, after an excellent breakfast, we at last got off. A gun was put into the waggon, in case of need; though how it might be wanted, I am at a loss to say. It is however the custom when travelling, always to have one in the carriage; and as everybody says there is no necessity for being armed, I suppose the habit is a remnant of other days, when attacks were really to be feared from biped as well as other foes. The weapon may have, perhaps, only half a lock, but it is taken nevertheless.

Our coachman inquired if I were *really* an Englishman; for he could hardly believe that a real one could find his way to little remote Torja. He never had seen an Englishman, he said, but on learning there was no doubt whatever about my nationality, replied, "Then, I would

do twice as much for him as for another." Not understanding the reason, I asked him "Why?"—"What have you not done for the Hungarians?" was the answer. "You have treated them as friends. But why do you travel here?" I told him it was a characteristic of English nature to go prying about in strange lands, visiting different people. He seemed to think it strange, but bowed to the fact as a dispensation of God.

The road to Büdös is indescribable. One wheel is now three feet higher than the other, or we go over blocks of stone which fill the bed of a stream, or into ditches and up banks, with such jolting and rattling, that it is quite incomprehensible that the whole waggon does not fall to pieces. How it held together I do not know, or how the horses managed not to break their legs, I am unable to tell either. Our way lay through a beautiful beech-wood, sloping upwards on each side of us. Everywhere mineral springs were to be seen, oozing up out of the ground. As we moved slowly on, my gipsy guide asked me if I could discern a certain tree which he pointed to. "Yes."—"Well, just there, close to that tree, my mother was eaten by three wolves."—"When and how?" I asked. "She was out in the forest in winter, getting wood; my father was out too, but he was a good way off, and could not help her. By the time some one came, a great part of the body was eaten. There are sometimes many wolves here. Yesterday, I was coming along this way from Büdös, and I saw one among the trees."

We stopped on a gentle rise, where the forest had been cleared, to lunch and look around. On one side rose Mount Büdös, a pointed cone of trachyte, 3745 feet high, with large rents in its sides, discernible through the birches and stunted bushes with which the south slope was covered. Before us was a deep valley, and opposite

Büdös rose hills of less height. The rocks about here give evident proofs of their volcanic origin; indeed Büdös itself is a so-called Solfatare,—a volcano which, though never in actual eruption, incessantly pours forth streams of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. These deadly exhalations are the results of inner volcanic action; which, however, a vent being thus formed for the forces generated in the depths of the earth, gives no dread evidences of its existence like Vesuvius or Etna. The trachyte of Mount Büdös is more porous, and more calcined and sonorous, than that of the neighbouring mountains; and is of much older date than any of the formations of the still active volcanoes. "The whole formation of the mountain and the surrounding cones, the sharp-edged blocks and masses of rock, heaped up one on the other, of which those cones consist, the apparently molten surface of the trachyte,—all seems plainly to prove that it was only *after* the formation of these masses, and when they were in a rigid state, that a grand upheaving took place here; during which, the powerful gases from below, raising, and straining, and tearing the masses, piled them up in mighty domes and mountain-tops, tossing them about till, here and there, they had found permanent canals leading to the surface of the earth." *

Büdös is Hungarian, and means "stinking." The phenomena which make it remarkable are two cave-like clefts in the whitish-grey calcined trachyte rock, whence, by innumerable fissures, sulphuretted hydrogen gas streams forth, mixed with carbonic acid. The walls are covered with sublimate of sulphur, formed by the gases coming in contact with the colder air.

The one cavern—though it hardly deserves the name—recedes about twenty steps. In order to enter it with

* Frederic Fronius.

safety, care must be taken not to draw breath while in the fatal place. A long respiration is made before rushing in, the nostrils are closed, and then, with hasty steps, the further extremity is reached. A pricking feeling in the eyes is caused by the warm atmosphere. From the feet upwards the whole body has the agreeable sensation of a gentle heat playing round every limb. But your stock of breath is exhausted, and you run back again to the open air, where to breathe does not bring death. The day before I was there a man had committed suicide by entering a step or two. He dropped at once; and when a shepherd that was tending his flocks on the opposite hillside, and who saw him enter, came across to look for him he was dead. The vapours of this cave are highly valued, as a cure for gout, and for diseases of the eye. At the end of the cavern a tasteless, slightly warm liquid, clear as crystal, falls slowly, drop by drop, from the rock,—the result, probably, of the condensed vapours rising from below. A small vessel is placed here to receive the precious water: with this the suffering eyes are wetted, and by all it is acknowledged as a sovereign remedy.

A loose dress is worn by those who take this bath. They go in, remain as long as they can hold their breath, then run out, breathe, and go in again. In summer-time there are always people here who seek relief for their ailing. But as the place is in the middle of a forest, with no human habitation near, those who come must build their own dwelling, as well as bring with them wherewithal to supply their necessities. I saw the remains of such abodes. Fragile as they are, however, the winter storms soon sweep away every vestige of them. They are mere huts, built of fir-branches, cunningly entwined. The Wallacks are extremely skilful in constructing them. When out shooting, I have been surprised at the quickness with

which they were built. Hardly had we arrived at the place of our encampment, when the hatchets resounded in the wood, and one tall young fir after another was seen toppling over to the ground. On returning, some hours after, a large hut was erected for me; on one side, a bed of dry leaves, covered with green fragrant twigs, and in the middle a large fire of resinous pine-logs blazed cheerfully.

And in such dwellings the visitors to this bathing-place live. Beds are brought, and cooking utensils; and from time to time a messenger is dispatched to Büksad or Torja for provisions. Several huts are built; and the kitchen is generally a pile of stones, like an altar, at a little distance from the dwellings. More wealthy people occasionally have a house of boards; but the difficulty of transporting them must be great. There were the remains of a small house of stone, which had been raised some years before; but it was now so fallen that this wreck of a human habitation flung a sadness over the place.

A year or two ago, an Austrian general and his family were here "during the season," and had a wooden hut put up for their accommodation. On the path that leads up to the cave, I saw a gravestone among the shrubs. It recorded how he who lay beneath fell a victim to the gaseous exhalations, by drawing breath as he entered the dangerous spot.

Not far from this cleft is a second, called Gyilkos—the Murderer. In flying past the opening, birds drop dead upon the ground. Close to the entrance I found a jay that had thus met death. It reminds one of the influence of the upas-tree, and of its victims that strew the ground in its neighbourhood.

There is a chalybeate spring near, bubbling up from out a peatmoss; and hither also many visitors come and

pitch their tents for the sake of the baths. The beautiful *Drosera rotundifolia*, with its curious red leaves and white blossoms, shoots up here among the pale lichens.

A two hours' walk through the wood brought us to the St. Anna See,—a mountain lake, in a basin like a crater. The steep sides are wooded with beech, pine, and birch. Not a leaf was moving, and the deep death-like stillness, the unbroken silence, the placid water in which every tree and cloud was mirrored, gave that tarn, as you suddenly came upon it in the forest solitude, an almost eerie look: a spell seemed to hang over the spot, holding it and you by its strong influence.

The whole district around Büdös contains rich deposits of sulphur; but valuable as this article of commerce is, the abundant source of wealth still remains unheeded. Such is Transylvania. The supplies for this province, as well as the others of the monarchy, are drawn from Sicily; and if we consider the gain accruing only from the various industry connected with the preparation of the mineral, and the possibility of keeping in the country the large sums which now annually leave it without an adequate return, the direct and indirect advantage to the province and the state, from working the mines, would be incalculable. Here were a field for English enterprise! In conjunction with another undertaking, what brilliant results might be obtained! What I mean is this: at the different salt-mines are hundreds of thousands of tons of pure refuse salt lying waste. They might be had, *for chemical purposes*, at a mere nominal sum. Thus two essential features in chemical preparations might be obtained, and which, too, in conjunction, produce valuable and important articles of trade. It is sufficient to name sulphuric acid only, which has played so important a part in raising the industry of Europe to its present state.

Sicily has hitherto been the great staple whence the civilized world drew its supplies; yielding, as it has hitherto done, a million and a half cwt. every year. Thus, on the inexhaustibility of a single spot our material progress seems hitherto to have depended. A single commercial house in Kronstadt employs yearly near 300 cwt., and would probably use more, were its price not so high. The whole stock comes from distant parts of the Empire, or from Sicily or the Papal States; although at a day's journey from the town, abundant sulphur deposits are to be found.*

On a subject of this sort, accurate information is necessary; I therefore profit by two reports made by M. Brem, director of a chemical factory at Hermannstadt, and by Dr. F. Schur, Professor at Kronstadt; and I give also extracts from a paper of the former gentleman, containing the analysis of the alum and sulphur found at Mount Büdös.

The sulphur deposits are situated at the south and west of Büdös, and not on the mountain itself. The places are Kis Soosmezö, also Vontala feje Bálványos, and a little above the chalet Gál András. Thirty different diggings were undertaken in a circuit of at least eighteen miles; but the extent of the ground where the deposits are, is more than three times this size. The deposits run in

* The sulphuric acid factory at Hermannstadt, the only one in the province, uses 3–400 cwt. annually.

The custom-house returns for Transylvania vary from 300 cwt. to 3000 cwt., as the article comes sometimes from Trieste, sometimes from Vienna, where the duty has already been paid.

In 1863 the amount of sulphur produced in the Austrian monarchy was 35,085 cwt., at an average price of 6*fl.* 44*kr.* per cwt.

In 1858 the import from foreign states was 71,337 cwt.
In 1859 „ „ „ 86,673

The consumption has regularly augmented, owing to the increase in the number of soda factories.

unequal strata of from 1 to 9 inches under the mould, which varies in thickness from 1 to 3 feet. The soil was everywhere saturated with sulphur, and in this permeated earth pieces of pure sulphur were found. They were of pale yellow colour, fine-grained, and with a strong smell of sulphuretted hydrogen. Here and there only was a sort found with a certain hardness (cohesion), and even this, when dried, became brittle and triturable. All this shows that the mineral is a true volcanic sulphur, and that the deposits will continue as long as the inner activity of Mount Büdös lasts. A careful analysis gives as result, in the earth taken in one place, 63·96 per cent., in a second spot, 61·00 per cent., and in a third, 41·01 per cent. of sulphur.

The district whence the earth was taken is a space of 16,000,000 square fathoms. Allowing for interruptions in the deposits, and taking these at an average thickness of three inches instead of nine, 200 lbs. of sulphur might be obtained from every square fathom, even if we suppose the earth to contain only 50 per cent. of the mineral. But we have seen that it has 61 per cent., and, in some instances, near 64 per cent. of sulphur. Continuing the calculation, the district would contain 16,000,000 cwts. of the precious commodity. Ten years ago, raw sulphur, from Sicily and the Papal States (*viâ* Trieste), cost, in Hermannstadt, 9½ florins per cwt. Competent authorities are of opinion that it might be produced here for 5 florins per cwt., inclusive of the carriage from Büdös to Kronstadt. Sulphur costs more than this in the places where it is produced in Poland, Slavonia, and Bohemia. Every year, the demand for the article increases; for almost each year brings with it new appliances, and shows how indispensably necessary it is in the daily life of civilized communities. We all know what are the profits arising

from chemical fabrications; and I think the facts here given will hardly fail to attract the attention of those who are willing to turn their knowledge and spirit of enterprise to account. For Transylvania at large, but for Kronstadt especially, it would be of the greatest advantage to obtain the article in question at a cheaper rate; for not only might undertakings which, as yet, are but projects, be called into existence, but others already thriving, be considerably enlarged.

Besides sulphur, other treasures are hidden in the earth. Alum, a most important article in commerce, and without which many a branch of trade would never be developed, is also found near Büdös. There are springs here strongly impregnated with it, and aluminous earth and slate are also found. Close by, fuel in abundance is to be had; for, as well as wood, there is a peatmoss at the foot of Mount Büdös, many miles in extent.

The tracts where the earth is found are very extensive, and are characterized by a strong sulphuric smell, as well as by a total want of vegetation. The following is an analysis of the aluminous earth—

Silica	14·00 per cwt.
Clay	18·98 „
Potash	1·00 „
Lime	9·65 „
Sulphuric Acid	51·59 „
Water and Sulphuric Clay, mixed with Lime	3·54 „
	100·00

The advantages which thus present themselves are so startling and manifold, that it would not at all surprise me if many were to doubt their reality. "It is too good to be true," is an almost natural thought, on hearing of the existence of such fields of wealth still allowed to lie fallow from century to century. And some may say, "Were it

worth while, some one would surely have been found to turn such opportunities to account." In answer to this, I repeat the words of my Hungarian guide at Kovászna—"This is Transylvania." He evidently thought them, and meant them to be, sufficient explanation for the strangest anomaly; and, now I know the country, I think so too. All the alum used in Transylvania is imported from abroad, which raises its price considerably above the intrinsic worth.

It is a well-known fact that the preparation of alum from its elements is a cheaper process than that of obtaining it by a compounding of its constituent parts. In England it is obtained in this way, which enables the English merchant to sell it at Trieste for 6*fl.* per cwt. But at Vienna, what with 1*fl.* 40*kr.* duty and 4*fl.* 60*kr.* land and sea carriage, it is not to be had for less than 12*fl.* The same with that fabricated at Munkács and Muzsai, which costs 8*fl.* per cwt., and 11*fl.* by the time *it reaches* Vienna. Alum brought from Poland and Bohemia and the other Austrian Provinces to Transylvania, would never cost less than 13*fl.* per cwt.; while the production of the same at Büdös would not amount to more than 5½*fl.**

The elements necessary for the produce of alum and vitriol being present in such abundance in Transylvania, there is no fear of the manufacturer not being able to compete with the foreign importer. The demand in Austria for alum is very considerable; and the produce of the Büdös district would not only find a market in Transylvania, but in the other provinces of the monarchy as well.

At last we left the forest, and gaining the summit of a

* All these estimates, be it remembered, refer to 1853. Since then the consumption has increased, and the prices have also risen.

hill, looked down on the fertile plains stretching away in the far distance to the south. Yonder was the fertile Háromszék, with the river Alt winding through it, and passing on its course villages without number. Below was Bükszád, and there we stopped. A glass factory is here, belonging to a Hungarian nobleman; and the Director, also Hungarian, did all he possibly could to oblige me in every way. It was really striking to find, even in such an out-of-the-way village, men who talked of England with a respect and admiration quite unbounded. May all her acts towards the nations henceforth be such as to promote the feeling, to strengthen and to justify it!

A great deal of the glassware goes to Wallachia, especially little ornamented lamps for hanging up in chapels or before a shrine. No fine glass is made here. It is the same as with the porcelain and woollen cloths: the better sorts are all imported, though there is excellent porcelain earth for their manufacture in Transylvania. I saw here large kettledrums of glass; the upper surface as thin as the finest paper. The air, in passing over it, as over the strings of an Æolian harp, causes a vibrating tone. The peasantry are fond of the toy. Shalms or trumpets, seven feet long, are also made here, but it requires great skill to play upon them.

All the workmen in the factory have genuine German names, their parents or themselves having immigrated hither from Bohemia; though not one now understands a word of the language.

An exceptional state of things exists at Bükszád. Every house pays to the lord of the manor a "hearth tax" of 2*fl.* a year. For this, however, the cottager receives in return all the firewood he wants. The inhabitants have no taxes to pay to Government except the poll-tax; all the rest the nobleman who owns the estate

takes upon himself. There is reciprocal service and assistance. If a villager builds a new house, he gets all the timber necessary for the purpose for 12*fl.* He also pays only 75*kr.* a year rent for a joch of land. These are considerable advantages; and in return each peasant has to fell the wood on the estate for 40*kr.* per klafter; or, if he bring it in from the forest, for 60*kr.* per klafter. He has moreover the privilege of sending all his cattle to pasture on the land of the nobleman, for which, as payment, he is required to bring in one piece of timber of a certain length, from the forest to the manor-house. For pasturage in the forest he pays 18*kr.* per cow or ox a year.

When I was at Bückszád in 1863, rye cost 2*fl.* per kübel = 64 quarts; and wheat 3*fl.* 20*kr.* The year before, it had cost 6*fl.* The three-field system is practised, and a field is manured every six years. Maize grows here, but not in the Csik. Between this latter district and Bükszád there is no great distance; yet potatoes here cost 32*kr.* per kübel, and in the Csik only 24*kr.* Beef was 9*kr.* a pound. I do not know why there should be no buffaloes here, as they are so prized throughout the country, on account of their rich milk. Buffalo milk is looked upon as indispensable; and it was always a matter of surprise to every inquirer, when he learned that we had none in England. Those who are accustomed to it, think the ordinary cows' milk not fit to drink in coffee, and really pity those who live where it is not to be had. That of the buffalo cow is very much fatter, and more satiating. The buffalo is a displeasing-looking animal, and its smell is so strong, that the servant who tends it is not allowed to come into the sitting-room, on account of the effluvium retained in the clothes. Dull-looking as the creature is, it seems to be affectionate; for when the man or milk-maid leaves, to whom the cow has

been accustomed, she pines after the absentee, and refuses to be milked by the new-comer. On such occasions, it is necessary to put on some article of clothing of the former servant; when, deceived by the smell, the cow quietly allows herself to be approached.

There is no school in the place, nor, I believe, in the other Szekler villages; but in winter, the children go to the precentor or clerk for instruction. Here, unlike the Saxon land, the rural population increases. The houses of the peasantry in the Csik are better built, the more northward you go; as there the long straight pines are nearer at hand, and plentiful.

A fortnight before my arrival, four horses had been devoured by wolves in the village, as they stood in the road waiting for the waggoner. The loss however is not so great as might be supposed; for my landlord bought one day a couple of good-looking colts, a year old, for 40*fl.* (just £4). In the preceding week, a large bear had been shot in the next hamlet; and as a man brought the news that he had crossed the fresh track of one, in passing through the wood, I started early next morning with six men to try if we could find him.

The tracks were quite fresh, and we saw that two animals were together. It was easy to follow them in the snow; and after tracing them to a dense part of the forest, some of the men went in as beaters, while I and the others took our appointed stands. But we afterwards found that both had gone up the hills, and accordingly we went further and further, hoping that where the wood was thickest they might have made a halt. We always came upon the slots of the pair jogging along together; and after repeated drives, and following the game for miles through the snow, we gave up any further attempt. It was fatiguing work; for we went to the top of the

mountain; but the sight of the magnificent trees, independent of the excitement of expectation, made amends for all. The men, too, were the best I had while in Transylvania. They did their work admirably, without noise, and in a way which showed me that they were thoroughly good sportsmen.

There was only one circumstance that marred my pleasure, and that was to see clearings in the wood where all the trees had been destroyed by fire. They had been purposely fired to get rid of them. To fell them was too much trouble, and therefore during the dry weather they had been burnt. Some had fallen, others as yet were standing.* The Wallacks destroy systematically. One year the bark is stripped off, the wood dries, and the year after it is fired.

Incendiarism in Transylvania is of so frequent occurrence that, some years ago, in a part of the Csik, gallows were erected at short intervals, on which to hang whoever might be convicted of the crime. I saw them along the roadside, and on the hills bordering the villages, and for a long time could not imagine what they were. There is but one opinion about the greater number of fires being the work of the Wallacks. It is an easy way of taking revenge, or of satisfying spite. The fear of it is so great, that the most flagrant trespasses are endured without complaint, in order to escape the almost sure retribution of seeing the glare of the flames over barns and stables and dwelling-house, should the offender be punished. On one estate which I visited, the farm buildings had been fired six times in the week before my arrival, out of revenge. I have spoken on this subject with Hungarians and Sax-

* Before 1848 the forests were better cared for. There were foresters to manage them, but the Szeklers sent them away, saying, "We want no foresters; the woods are ours, and we will do what we like with them."

ons, with nobles, clergy, peasantry, in every part of the country, and from all I heard an expression of the same firm conviction.* Occasionally, of course, a forest conflagration is accidental, owing to carelessness: the shepherds make a fire to warm themselves, and go away, leaving it to spread or go out as it may; if a breeze come, the embers are fanned into a flame, and the mischief is achieved.

When at Enyed, I saw two considerable forests on fire. In one, the flames had burst out in eleven different places at the same time; and 25 joch of young oak were destroyed. A year or two ago, there were repeated fires in the neighbourhood of Gyergyó Sz. Miklós; and there was no doubt but that one of the popes, not far from Toplitza, was the incendiary. He was, however, not convicted, but died while still in prison. In 1862, near Toplitza, 23,000 joch of forest were burned by the peasantry. In 1848, the Wallacks cut down and carried off a whole oak wood belonging to the gentleman who has leased the estate there. If this goes on, a time will soon come when the dearth of wood will make itself felt. It is therefore the duty of Government to take measures for stopping this destruction. The low state of culture of the Wallack population prevents their comprehending that present abundance may have an end. As wood has grown without their care, they think it will continue to do so.

The rainfall also, in a country, is greatly influenced by the forests that cover its surface. And not only this, but the land where rain falls suffers or is protected by the

* "If you accuse a Wallack, whether he be punished or not, you risk having your house set fire to, do you not?" I asked of a man who knows the people well. "It is not a chance, but a certainty," was the answer. That they were, even in earliest times, addicted to incendiarism and destruction of forests, is shown by the stringent laws put in force against such crimes. See Chapter VIII., "The Immigrants," page 100.

absence or presence of trees. Where there are none, as in the Mezöség, the earth on the steep hillsides is washed away by the flood of water that pours down them, leaving only the stiffer clay behind, or a stony soil. If the forests at the heads of rivers or on their banks are felled, periodical floods will inevitably be the consequence, as has been undeniably proved to be the case in certain departments of France. On one side drought is occasioned; on the other, inundation. At Verespatak, the bed of the stream which flowed there is now dry; and in order to obtain water to feed the mill-race of each crushing-mill erected along the valley, ponds have been dug higher up, to collect the rain. The woods which once stood here are all gone; the hilltops are entirely treeless. The Spaniards in America did the same as the Wallacks here, and with the same result: they cut down forests, and did not plant again.

It is, moreover, a fact that can hardly fail to attract the attention of even a superficial observer, as he travels through Transylvania, that the stone-built, tiled, and well-ordered houses of the Saxon villagers are continually being burned down; while the wattled, chimneyless dwellings of the Wallacks, covered with thatch as they are, and with the smoke finding its way through the straw covering as best it can, are hardly ever seen on fire. In Jaad, a large Saxon village near Bistritz, the fire broke out at a part where, being driven by the wind blowing at the time, the greatest damage must be occasioned. But this circumstance obtains always, where the causes of such conflagrations are not surely known. It is rare that there is a calm at the time; it is rare, too, for the fire to begin in a part where the wind does not assist the devastation. In a village I passed through—one large charred ruin,—the fire had broken out in an un-

inhabited house. All these circumstances are evidently suspicious-looking. The mode of revenge is in keeping with the character of the Wallack,—getting it, as he does, without personal risk or exertion. At the same time, too, that an enemy is struck, the hatred against those possessing property is gratified. When at the prison of Maros Ujvar, I obtained the culprits' own testimony on this subject. The first man I spoke to told me the fire had broken out "by accident."—"Well," I said, "you, no doubt, are innocent. But tell me why the others do it; for, that they do set fire to places is well known."—"Why," he replied, "it is annoying to see the Saxons so thriving. There is such a difference between them and us—between their villages and ours." I spoke to another prisoner, convicted of incendiarism, also a Wallack. "It is not *always* we," he said, "who set fire to the Saxon villages; but," he added, laughing, "sometimes it does so happen, that, when angry, we do it to revenge ourselves." I give their very words.

NOTE.

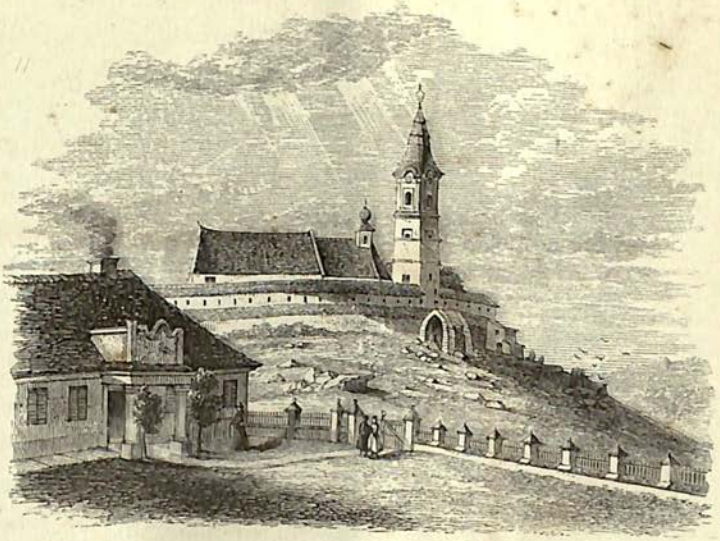
Constantinople is supplied with water from reservoirs attached to streams that pass through a district called the Forest of Belgrade. Some years ago, permission was given to cut down the timber of this forest, and speculators did so largely. The consequence was soon felt. The reservoirs began to fail, and the Government was obliged to interfere and restrict its permission in order to prevent the drying up of the springs, the inevitable consequence of depriving them of the shade of trees.

The Volga has also diminished, in consequence of cutting down the forests in the Ural mountains; and in the Madras presidency it is the same. The Caffres in South Africa are as wasteful as the Wallacks, and hence the basin of the Orange River is gradually being deprived of moisture, and the desert grows in extent. See Meeting of the Geographical Society, March 13, 1865.

CHAPTER XXI.

A COPPER-MINE.—BALAN.—DOWN THE MAROS.

ALL the part of the country called the Csik, is high table-land, with hills in the distance on both sides; the whole landscape is thickly studded with white-walled villages; handsome-looking churches, with tall towers, rise above them, and the scene before you looks cheerful, from the evident signs of populousness and fertility. It was only regrettable to see so many fields lying fallow. Far off before me, rose two torn limestone rocks, which marked the place of my destination, for it is at their foot that Balán lies. The highway leads through a famous bathing-place, Tusnád, where the arrangements were all, as usual, wondrously primitive. A little before coming to Sz. Domokos, I passed one of the fortified churches, built on a mound for greater security. It was late when I reached Balán, and going at once to the house of the director of the mine, claimed his hospitality. Those who travel in western Europe can hardly appreciate the pleasure felt at suddenly alighting on neat household arrangements, and pleasant society speaking a familiar language, when for a time you have been deprived of both. Whenever, as here, I became the unexpected guest of a Hungarian or German



CHURCH ON THE ROAD TO SZENT DOMOKOS.

(See p. 324.)

GYERGYO SZENT MIKLOS.

(See p. 330.)

director of a mine, or other establishment, or on taking up my quarters at the parsonage of the Saxon clergyman, this feeling of intense satisfaction—almost of rejoicing—was called forth.

I had the agreeable surprise of meeting, that evening, a Protestant clergyman, whose name was already familiar to me, and whom I had intended to, and did later, visit. He had come this distance from his parish to instal in office a young man who was to be both pastor and teacher to the little Protestant community here, in this gorge among the mountains. The following morning the mining population assembled, and my acquaintance delivered an address, which was clear, sensible, and, coming as it did from the heart, went at once to the hearts of his hearers. He laid great stress upon the education of the children, and the discipline to be maintained by the parents at home; he enjoined all present to live on good terms with their Catholic neighbours, and in no way whatever to show them less love than those of their own confession; in short, neither in word, nor deed, nor feeling, was a difference to be made between them. He pointed out the duties and respect owing to their spiritual teacher; and then, turning to him, spoke of *his* duties towards his little, till now forlorn congregation. Nor were his relations to the Catholic priest forgotten. He was told to seek him out and live on good terms with him, without jealousy or feeling of superiority, and to remember that both were busied in the same office, and should therefore mutually assist each other. The whole was admirable. What, too, interested me, was to see how well the meeting got through the business part of the matter. The men rose, delivered their opinions as to the expediency of this or that arrangement, of the necessity of churchwardens being elected, and a clerk to manage the accounts, and then proceeded to con-

sult among themselves, and to elect their officers, in as quiet, expeditious, straightforward a manner as any vestry in England might have done. This aptitude for public civic life seems literally inherent in the Saxon population of Transylvania.

The Catholic priest here did all he could to prevent a school for Protestant children being formed, and petitioned to have it forbidden. He refused also to bury the child of one of the miners, and all entreaties were vain until a sufficient fee was promised; but this state of things only exists since the publication of the Concordat: till then, no man ever asked what was the religion of his neighbour, and various creeds lived together in the most perfect harmony. In Transylvania, religious feud was a thing absolutely unknown. When, after the Reformation, wars were elsewhere raging between the different sects, here all was peace, and true Christian charity was not only preached, but practised.* But since the attempt of Rome to regain that power over the individual, which, by one of the greatest blessings God ever vouchsafed to man, had been made to totter to its very foundations, and since that retrograde step of the Austrian Government which favoured the insidious attempt, all this is changed. The Catholic bishop, with misplaced zeal, has been active in separating the confessions, and placing them inimically one against the other. He has forbidden Catholic children to go to Protestant schools, though the law of the land allows it, and though of course religion is not taught there.† The Protestant schools being better than the others, Catholic

* "The faith of the Christians is ONE, even though different church-observances prevail," was the declaration pronounced unanimously at the Diet held in Mediasch, A.D. 1554, by the fathers of the three peoples living in the land.

† Though a decided enemy to Protestantism, the Hungarians are his ardent partisans, which shows that the nationality question is more to them than the religious one.

parents profited by them till prevented by the interdict. The churchyard, where both in different divisions lay still more equalized, if possible, than they were before, was now separated by a wall. In every possible way measures were taken to raise a similar barrier between them, while still moving in life over the earth, with the sunlight of God shining alike on both. The law of the land, respecting mixed marriages, is so equitable, that no difficulties ever occurred when such took place. Now, however, the Catholics refuse to follow it. In short, the Concordat has proved a curse for the country, as indeed any man of understanding predicted it would do whenever it was accepted by the State.

The rocks around Balán form the cradle of the Alt, which here meanders through the valley as a babbling brook. On the right bank, the mountain mass is composed entirely of mica slate, while on the left, there are, besides, granite and Jura limestone.

All the arrangements for preparing the copper, and especially those for winning every particle of the mineral from the water and the refuse, so that not an atom may be lost, are extremely interesting. As we went along the brook's side, my companion, the director, chanced to see in the water an old iron spoon, lying there with broken potsherds and other rubbish. I remarked that it attracted his attention, and he turned back to fetch it. The whole was slightly covered with a layer of copper, of the consistency of thick cream. By this he found that, in spite of the means taken higher up to arrest all the particles of copper contained in the water, some still flowed away and were lost. We soon came to the simple machinery in question. Out of one of the adits or horizontal shafts flows a stream, so impregnated with copper, that 100 cwt. are obtained from it annually. The water is led through wooden

gutters, in which bits of old iron are laid; the coppery particles attach themselves to the iron, and from time to time the thick mass is scraped off and sent to the furnace. The metal obtained thus is almost pure. Here, too, are large mounds of rubbish, thrown out as the excavations proceed. In all this earth and rock there is of course some minimum amount of copper, but so very little as to be worthless. Yet even that little is now not allowed to be lost, and it is obtained by a process which costs neither money or trouble. My companion had once remarked, after a shower of rain, that the water oozing in little rills from the mass of rubbish was very red, and not being willing that a grain of metal should escape, hit upon a most ingenious device for attaining his end. From the hills above he led some brooks, so as to come tumbling over his rubbish-heaps, at a good height, and in order that the water might saturate every part, he laid a square board beneath the falling rill, which caused it to break and dash off in a thousand directions, and come down again like fine rain over a large extent of the heap. This spray permeated the whole mass, and the result was a thick stream issuing at the foot of the mound, strongly impregnated with copper. This was led into the gutters filled with old iron, where all the wealth the water had carried off with it was deposited. These are as pretty examples as any I remember, of how the commonest occurrence may be turned to valuable account by a careful and reflecting observer. At a cost of 10*fl.* per cwt., 24,000 florins' worth is yearly obtained in this way. From the water green copperas, or sulphate of iron, could be produced at an outlay of 50*kr.* per cwt. In Moldavia and Austria, the price is 2*fl.* 50*kr.* per cwt.; but the expense of carriage to a distance would take away all profit.

I went over the mine, which is well worked, and saw

how the stone is richly veined with the ore. The copper produced here is of the very best sort, and equal to the Australian, fetching the same price in the market. It is free from arsenic and antimony. The yearly produce at present is 2400 cwt., but much more could be furnished if the works were on a larger scale. The selling price per cwt. is 75*fl.*; the cost of producing, 40*fl.* Wood is cheap, and there is enough still for the next hundred years. The mine belongs to a company, that also possesses large ironworks in the south, which do not pay; and the loss incurred by the latter is made up by the proceeds of those at Balán. Had the shareholders more capital, this would prove one of the finest undertakings in Europe; but, without money, they are cramped in their movements, and are hardly able to do what is necessary for the maintenance and enlargement of the machinery. I have tried to find out if they would sell all the shares, or be willing to be joined by men who brought the necessary capital; but, in Transylvania, people do not always answer letters, even when their own interests are concerned. I am, therefore, unable to say what they would do; but I once was told that the property might be had. If so, he who obtains it may consider himself a lucky man. The machinery here for washing, sifting, and separating the ore is of most ingenious contrivance. It is the invention of ministerial councillor Rittenger. I asked about Roumains here, and was told they were "*very* diligent." This, no doubt, is the effect of example and companionship with the Hungarian and Saxon miners; just as, in England, the Irishman is as steady a workman as those about him. Indeed, all I saw and heard leads me to believe that the Roumains want only strict laws, strictly enforced, with opportunities for good instruction, to make them a people fitted to take their place among

the civilized nations of Europe. They are ambitious, and are striving to rise.

It was the afternoon before I left next day, and late in the evening by the time I reached Gyergyó Sz. Miklós, an Armenian market-town. My driver asked about England, and it seemed as if a load was removed from his mind on hearing the inhabitants were Protestants. On learning that it was an island, he said, "Oh, then you have no horses!" and his astonishment was great on being told that we had some.

On entering the inn and inquiring of mine host, who was sitting in his pleasant warm room over a comfortable game of cards, if I could have a room there, he answered abruptly, "No!" and, taking no further notice of me, went on with his game. I asked some Austrian officers, who were supping at an adjoining table, to show me where another inn was to be found, which they did, with that obliging politeness which I have invariably found to characterize their behaviour to a stranger. I went and obtained a room. Soon after, one of the gentlemen came to me and asked if I would join them at their table, expressing regret at the same time for the rude manner of the landlord, who, after all, was a thorough good fellow; and indeed I found him to be so. He was a blunt sturdy Szekler, near six feet high and stout in proportion,—a man well to do in the world, with broad acres and a handsome house. We grew very good friends, and there was nothing he was not always ready to do for me. I never was lodged better than with him; for the day after, saying something about its being late at my arrival, and the room not having been vacant, he made a sort of apology for his abruptness, and offered me, if I liked to do so, to come to him now. I liked the independence of the man. The offer was made solely out of good-nature, and there

was nothing in it of anxiety to get a customer. He had too much self-respect for that, and too much money beside. All betokened plenty. The rooms were scrupulously clean and very prettily arranged, and I paid for them much less than for my little lodging at a small inn close by. I think my jolly friend's name is Domokos, and should a traveller pass through Sz. Miklós, I advise him to stop at his comfortable house: he will not find anywhere a better host.

From here I again tried my success in bear-hunting, having been told by a man, whom I had sent out for the purpose, that several bears were in the forest: nine had been shot here that autumn. There must also have been many wolves, for twenty-seven horses had already been devoured in the same year, belonging to the Sz. Miklós people alone. I had eighty men with me to drive, having left the preparations to the care of the individual in question, who, as he was commander-in-chief, seemed to like having as many persons to rule over as possible. I never in my life met with such a noisy crew. They were utterly useless for the purpose intended; they went loitering about, without any order, chattering incessantly, and doing what they liked. The only thing they seemed to understand thoroughly was building huts of boughs, and drinking brandy; in both they displayed a mastery. We had stopped in the morning in a glade surrounded by slightly rising ground, with a rivulet in the bottom, and when I returned at evening there stood my hut neatly built, with pegs on the door-posts for hanging up the guns or cloaks, and inside a famous bed of leaves and fir-twigs. All around were smaller ones, which the men had built for themselves, and everywhere—some on the slopes, others among the rocks or beside the water—fires were blazing cheerfully, with

chatting groups sitting or lying before them. For half the night the sky was ruddy with the glare. The horses were grazing at liberty, the waggon was brought near the hut, but I had the barrel of schnapps placed in my hut, for it was not advisable to leave it all night unguarded.* We were out a couple of days, but saw nothing, except recent traces of the animals we were seeking. There is a great charm in such a bivouac, and I always left the spot with regret which had been to me, though but for a single night, a comfortable home.

On returning to Sz. Miklós, I started for Borszék, one of the most celebrated bathing-places in Transylvania. To reach it, a steep, long, high hill, branching off from the main road, has to be passed. At the top a wide extent of lowland and valley stretch away to an immense distance, and you overlook, immediately below you, what seems a portion of the Black Forest. At the foot of this steep declivity lies Borszék, and beyond, on the hillside, are the springs that make it so deservedly famous. The water is still more exhilarating and refreshing than that of Selters, and throughout the country it is found on every table beside the bottle of wine.† This custom of mixing the two is, I imagine, the reason why so few persons in the country care about drinking a superior vintage. Wherever a really good and an inferior one were on the table, it was I only who drank the better wine; the others invariably preferred the weaker sort. On all

* I always like to watch the ready expedients adopted by people living either temporarily, or always, face to face with nature. Our cask sprang a leak—a serious affair. Had I been asked to stop it, I should not have known how. But a Wallack took up a piece of resinous wood, lighted it, and letting the resin drop along the seam between the staves, soldered it up in a moment.

† A peasant comes into a wine-house and calls for "A pair!" meaning a pair of bottles—one of wine and one of Borszék water.

occasions the same reason was given: "The other is so strong." This, probably, is why no good wine is to be had at the inns, for, as it is mostly drunk with this excellent mineral water, the quality is really unimportant.

On a piece of ground which may be a little more than a mile in circumference, rise eleven springs, some of which, though flowing but a few paces apart, vary considerably in quality, quantity, and temperature. They surpass all similar waters in Europe in the quantity of carbonic acid which they contain, and in the lowness of their temperature. They taste agreeably acidulous, and leave a prickling on the tongue; the rising gas tickles the nose like champagne when drunk quickly. Formerly, it is said, the water was stronger even than now.

The wells, so the story goes, were discovered by a shepherd in the recesses of what then were untrodden woods; and he, having benefited by their power, spread their fame among his acquaintance. But they would have remained long hidden from the world, had not an officer at the court of Joseph II. been restored to health by their use. The efficacy of the baths became known, and the water was brought to Vienna as a most delicious article of luxury for the table. Since then, Germans, Hungarians, Moldavians, Wallachians, and Turks come hither in large numbers annually. New houses have been built, landlords and restaurateurs provide for the wants of guests, and, as it is the most important bath as regards sanitary effect, so it is the first in Transylvania with respect to accommodation. At first it was a dangerous undertaking to attempt to reach the spot in the pathless forest; now an excellent highway leads thither. The bottles of water, which soon found their way over the whole country, were borne on pack-horses; now small carts, like a square trough on wheels, in which the clear

glass bottles stand upright, go backwards and forwards in one continuous line to fetch them and carry them abroad. Night and day, without intermission, the bottles, or "cylinders," as they are always called, are filled at the spring. There is never even a momentary cessation. Two millions are thus stored away or disposed of annually; and as each costs on the spot 12*kr.*, the receipts from the traffic are considerable. Immediately on being filled, they are corked, then taken to be examined, and covered with a capsule of tinfoil and sealing-wax. About 5000 bottles are calculated to burst annually, so great is the quantity of gas contained in the water. In 1lb. are 52 cubic inches of free carbonic acid.* This water will keep for years without losing its good qualities; it is the only mineral water of the sort that may cross the equator without deterioration. A case of it was sent out with the 'Novara,' and, on the ship's return, the beverage was as fresh and gaseous as when first bottled. The temperature of the spring is +7·5° R., while that of Selters is +13·5° R. In dry weather the water is stronger, as the carbonic acid is developed more freely. The cold baths are acknowledged by all to be the most efficacious of any known, owing to the low temperature of the water, and the quantity of carbonic acid which it contains. Its healthfully-exciting power on the nerves and muscles is unparalleled; and though, at first, it is difficult to bear the coldness of the water, it soon causes a pleasurable and exciting warmth. Were this spot nearer the great capitals of the West, it would be far too small to hold the thousands who would flock here to restore their debilitated systems and weakened organization after a life of dissipation. There is, perhaps, no known spring existing which, for such purpose, could com-

* Analysis of the medicinal Faculty of Vienna.

pete with Borszék. This is not the place to allude to the various disorders for which it is recommended; I refer the reader to a little book of Dr. Ignaz Meyr, 'Die Heilquellen von Borszék in Siebenbürgen,' Kronstadt, 1863.* A bath costs 10*kr.*; living and lodging are equally reasonable; the post arrives twice a week during the season; and there is always good society to be found here,—Hungarian noblemen and their families, and Boyars from neighbouring Moldavia. In 1823 the spring was struck by lightning, and disappeared, and great was the fear that it was lost for ever. On digging, however, it was found again.

This place, in the hands of a man of capital and enterprise, would soon rival the most frequented watering-places in Europe; but he must make it as agreeable a sojourn as Baden, Homburg, Ems, or Töplitz, and spread its fame as it deserves. The rise of Borszék is hindered by the foolishness of the community to whom it belongs. For the first lease of, I believe, five years, 40 zwanzigers, or £1. 1*s.*, was paid; for the second, 200 zwanzigers was demanded; and the present lessee pays 32,000 florins for

* I give an analysis of the "Principal Spring" used for drinking, and the one for bathing, taken from the above work:—

10,000 cubic centimetres = 10 litres, contain in grammes—	Temperature. 7·3° R.	7·5° R.
Carbonate of Soda	7·780	5·783
„ Lime	15·070	10·250
„ Magnesia	7·070	5·592
Protoxide of Iron	0·150	0·201
Chloride of Potassium	0·250	0·107
Chloride of Sodium	0·790	0·568
Alumina	0·050	0·210
Silica	0·760	0·540
Solid elements	31·920	23·251
Carbonic Acid in the form of bi-carbonates		9·870
Carbonic Acid in a free state	17·920	21·192
Total of all the elements	49·840	54·313

The spring called "Wald Quelle" contains 25·640 carbonic acid in a free state, and has a temperature of 5·5° R.

his five years' holding. Were Borszék more widely known, foreigners without end would throng there, and the whole neighbourhood would profit by the imported wealth. But the village to whom the property belongs cannot be prevailed on to let it for a longer term than five years; the more they are pressed to do so, the more suspicious they become. No lessee, therefore, can embark his capital in an undertaking which may be taken from him just as he is about to reap the benefit of his outlay.

Sandstone of dazzling whiteness is found here in plenty, admirably fitted for making the finest glass. The best mirrors might be manufactured from it; but it is only used for making bottles for the mineral water, and these are as ill adapted for their purpose as can well be conceived. Not only is the glass unusually thin, but the necks are of the utmost possible shortness; the corks, therefore, are hardly as long as one's nail, while in order to prevent the escape of the gas, they should fit firmly in a *long* surface of neck. As a proof more of the deficient state of all that relates to production and trade, I may mention that the tinfoil capsules for the bottles come ready-made from Hamburg and Nuremberg. Not one is made in the country, or even in the monarchy.

Beside a brook running near the road is an embankment, seven feet thick, of tufaceous limestone, in which are beautifully-preserved impressions and petrifactions of the leaves and stems of maple and beech-trees; indeed, the whole bank is formed of these remains. Every delicate form and ramification is preserved with exquisite sharpness. Close by, among the torn lime rocks, is a grotto, where, in the hottest summer, ice is to be found. The entry to Moldavia is by the Tölgyes Pass, near at hand, where thirty-five years ago the potato was unknown, and its culture obliged to be introduced by force.

As I was going to Szász Régen—or, as the Germans call it, Sächsisch Reen—I drove to Toplitza, situated on the Maros, intending to pass along its banks. There is another route, more direct, perhaps, practicable but on horseback, by Remete across the mountains. This last-named village was the only place where I heard of violence to travellers having been committed. The way is lonely, and favourable for robbery. My companion had passed there some years ago with horses for the market, and on coming to a certain spot found several merchants who had been robbed, sitting on the rocks lamenting the loss of their goods. He did not turn back, but went on, and was not molested. The village of Remete has a bad name in the neighbourhood.

The Csik is the land of truffles: they are so abundant here, that at Csik Czereda 32 lbs. may be had for two florins. At this last place is a small fort, with moat and redoubts, built in 1620 by the Csik Captain Franz Millo, and destroyed in 1661 by the Turks. It was rebuilt later by the Government, and contains now a small garrison. We passed a mound near which the last battle had been fought with the invading Tartars, and where arrow-heads are still frequently found. I saw how testimony relating to the invaders had been preserved. "They were," so mine host said, "*as I have heard,* an ugly race, with small heads and very little eyes." The Tartars were beaten, and had to deliver hostages. The horses of the Csik are diminutive animals, and are the descendants of those brought and left here by the Tartars in their invasions.

The fields are regularly manured by sheep, enclosed by hurdles on the fallow land.

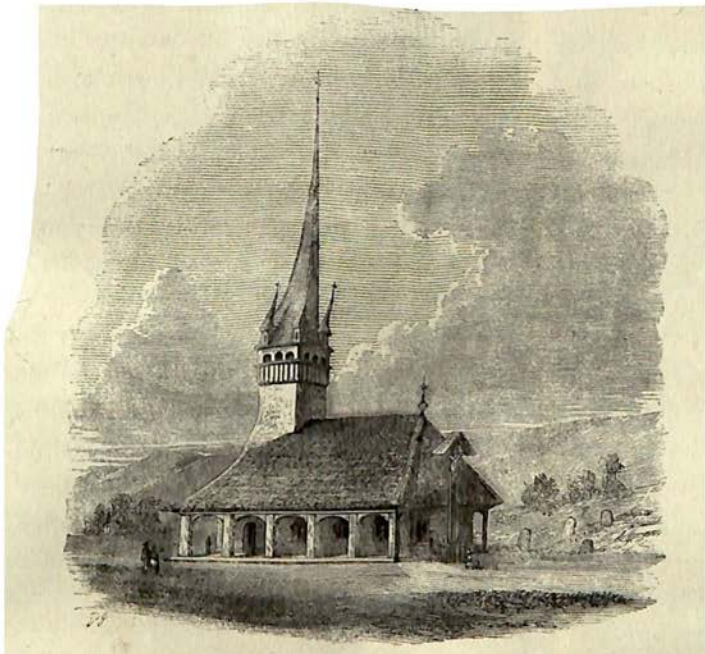
At Toplitza a considerable business in timber is carried on. It is floated down the Maros, when that stream,

which here is in its infancy, is not too shallow. The undertaking, a very large one, is in the hands of a Hungarian nobleman, who, with that spirit of enterprise which distinguishes the Hungarian gentry of Transylvania at the present time, has built sluices, excellently carried out, for bringing the wood down to the river. It was at the house of the director of the works that I stopped, and was most hospitably entertained. Very many Italians are employed, brought hither from Vienna. They are more skilful than the Roumain population, and work quicker.

I was surprised to find in the court a fine English pig. The breed thrives here, which is not the case everywhere on the Continent; but it is not very much liked, on account of the immense accumulation of fat on the animal. Throughout the country, Cochin China fowls are to be seen; yet not long ago, a crusade was begun against the whole race, and in every village they fell a sacrifice to popular superstition. The cause was laughable enough. At fixed periods, pedlars were accustomed to go their rounds and collect the tail-feathers of the common cock, which are used in the army as plumes for certain regiments. These they bought for a trifle, or exchanged for their wares. But as the tailless Cochin Chinas grew the fashion, these men, go where they might, could get no feathers. The traffic was suddenly at an end. One man, angry, it seems, at being always disappointed, and yet half in joke, said—"Well, you'll see that a judgment will come upon you for keeping those tailless brutes." Some time after, the harvest failed, or there was a drought —I forget exactly what; and the people thought the threatened judgment had really come. So, as atonement, war was declared against the Chinese, and a hecatomb of the long-legged birds were sacrificed, and lost their heads.

The way to Sz. Reen beside the Maros is most pic-

turesque. Any traveller will be delighted with it. The road then making was not yet finished, and formerly it was not possible to get along there, except on foot or horseback. Sometimes we drove in the broad bed of the river, which we were obliged to cross eight times. The horses, clambering up and down, felt their way in a surprising manner. For a great part of the road, the valley is just broad enough to let the river pass; occasionally it



WALLACK CHURCH.

widens, and then on the upland are Wallack villages, with the painted wooden church on a little eminence; for the Greek churches are always placed, if possible, on a mound or hilltop. They are built of logs, like a log-house, the ends projecting, where they meet, across each other. There is frequently an arched peristyle running

round the building, and that, as well as the porch and walls are decorated with coloured arabesque ornaments and figures of saints. All this is certainly the very rudest art, but still it looks pretty. In Norway, also, wooden churches are to be found, but of ancient date (eleventh or twelfth century). They are covered with Runic carving, and this adornment, at a distance, looks much the same as the painted tracery in these Roumain constructions. Over some graves was a cross, at the end of which, as at the end of a yard-arm, a smaller one was fixed. This denoted that, beside the parent, a child was also interred. There are places where the rocks, covered with forest to their very summits, rise perpendicularly from the water, which foams through the narrowed channel, leaving hardly a foot of ground for a pathway at their base. Large naked boulders of jagged limestone, rent and blasted, seem to shut out all further progress. Crags that have fallen lie about, and large trees, bleached by the elements, overhang the caldron below. You are locked in by rocks, and it is only on winding round them that you discover where egress is possible. Now on one side, among the beeches on the slope, large pinnacles of rock rise up from time to time, like half-ruined castles. On our way we met Wallack women astride on horseback; they came riding along, with their long white head-gear hanging low behind, or, as the breeze caught it, floating in the air. Their faces were nearly covered by the veil wound round the chin and forehead. It looked like an oriental cavalcade; and men were with them,—Hungarians in bright blue, and their own husbands in short sheepskin jackets and high fur caps, and with sandals round their feet. We stopped to bait at a halfway house, inhabited by a Saxon family. It was neat, and I could not help thinking that the prosy un-

adorned head was, after all, better than the half-savage though picturesque adorning of the women I had met. It was pleasant to hear again "Guten Tag" uttered by a woman with feet not swathed with rags and thongs, but in a Christian dress of gown and petticoats. She found it a hard life, she said, among so rude and uncivilized a population; her husband, too, being at work all day, left her much alone.

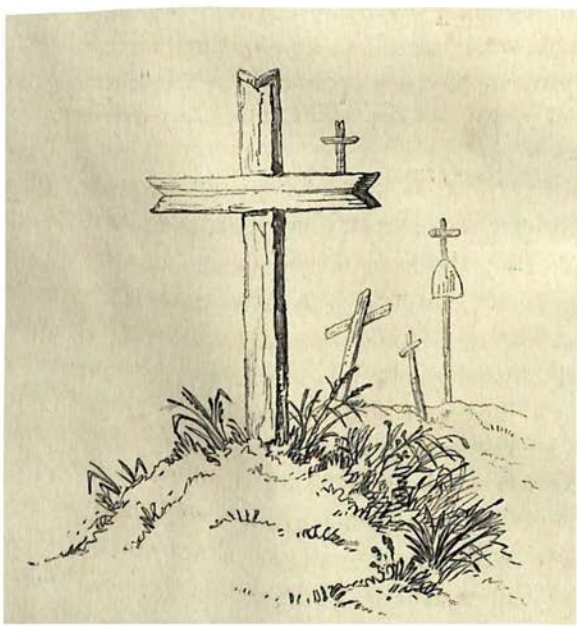
By the time I reached Sz. Reen it was dark, and I was undecided if I should take my chance at the inn, or, as I had done before, go to the Protestant clergyman's. I had no letter to him, and felt embarrassed to ask his hospitality where, this being a town, there was no absolute necessity for doing so. However, the remembrance of the comfortable quarters I had always had in parsonage-houses, the pleasant conversation and the kindly welcome determined me, and I ordered the man to drive "zum Herrn Pfarrer."

It was rather unusual for a total stranger to make his appearance with bag and baggage, and ask to be received; but directly the kind clergyman understood the matter, he and his household were busy to make the new guest feel at his ease. And I soon did so. Every attention that could be thought of was shown me, and each act of the family told, better than words, how pleased they were to have me under their roof.

The town lies on the right bank of the Maros, on a slight eminence, which gives it a very pretty appearance when viewed from the plain below. It was destroyed by the Hungarians in 1848; hence the new look which the buildings have. The principal trade is in wood, all which floats down the river to Czegedin, and thence on the Danube to Vienna, Pesth, etc. The inhabitants (4771) are well off, which is shown by the mode of life

and the interiors of the houses. Indeed, Sz. Reen is considered to be one of the most prosperous of the Saxon towns.* Everywhere around, traces of the Romans are to be found,—instruments in bronze, coins, urns, monuments, and roads, one of which is still known as "The Road of Trajan."

* It is characteristic that in so small a town as this, the following branches of knowledge should be taught in the public school. According to a School Report of 1762, lectures were given on—"1. Grammatica Lat. Græca et Hebraica. 2. Syntaxis. 3. Poesis. 4. Rhetorica. 5. Historia. 6. Geographia. 7. Mathesis. 8. Logica et Philosophia, Theoretica et Practica. 9. Metaphysis; Jus Nat.; Philosophia Morum. 10. Theologia, Theologica et Moralis."



CHAPTER XXII.

A CIRCUIT.

For some time I had the privilege of being the guest of different Hungarian families, and enjoying the pleasant family life their homes afforded. In some were evidences of the fearful storm which for awhile had raged throughout the land, and the wrecks caused by it were still visible. Each one had suffered; but a few, from having property elsewhere, had been better able to retrieve their fallen fortunes. In all of them I found the same delightful ease which everywhere, under all circumstances, characterized my intercourse with Hungarians. The way in which the master or mistress met me on arriving at the mansion had a positive charm in it, and made me rejoice to have come so far to feel its influence. But this natural ease, the perfectly self-possessed air, combined with a most obliging manner, which, among other people, only perfect breeding and the very best society impart, seems inherent in the Hungarians. I remember an occasion of my coming quite unexpectedly to the house of one belonging to what we should call the middle class. After a cordial reception from the husband, his wife soon appeared. How admirably she did the honours of her

house, and with what grace! In her whole bearing was a befitting dignity; and when, later, several high dignitaries made their appearance, she received them, and presided at her table, in a way that the first lady of any land might have been proud to have equalled. This peculiar something in the Hungarian was the more observable when it was contrasted with the manner of some non-Hungarian ladies who were present. How much they lost by the comparison! They seemed uncouth, compared to my graceful hostess.

Throughout the province are scattered very handsome residences, where, formerly, the Hungarian nobles lived in splendid state. In one was the remains of a turtle pond, where these animals were kept to supply the kitchen, —a luxury I do not remember to have heard of elsewhere. One such stately mansion the traveller sees in passing Gernyeszeg, on the roadside between Sz. Reen and Maros Vásárhely. The place suffered terribly during the revolution: the pictures were destroyed, the floors torn up, the silk furniture carried away, the leather bindings of the valuable works in the library stripped off to mend belts or saddles. Not a window was left,—nothing, in short, that could be destroyed. It has been restored with simplicity; and such order, and neatness, and comfort reign there now, that it seems hardly credible the place could have been so lately the scene of ruthless devastation. The Maros flows along the broad vale here, which is very fruitful. The estate of Gernyeszeg is admirably farmed; and good ploughs, harrows, chaff-cutting and other machines, as well as arrangements for steaming food for cattle, may be seen in the outbuildings. The whole, too, has been brought into a compact form, by exchanging or purchasing intermediate strips of land belonging to others. The rotation adopted is rape, wheat,

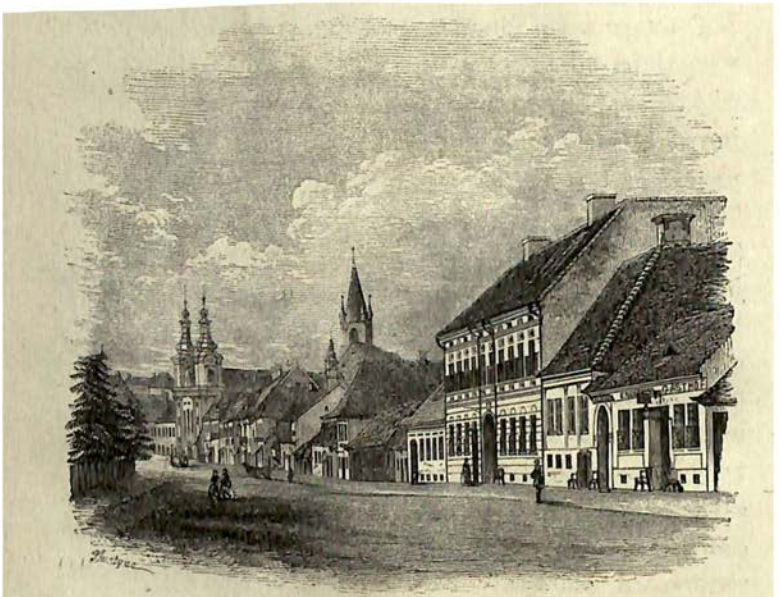
clover, two years; rye, maize; then one year fallow, and again rape. In 1863 rape-seed was here 14*fl.* per kübel, wheat 4*fl.*, rye 2*fl.* 40*kr.* On the 1st of December rye was as low as 1*fl.* 20*kr.* A man who has land is *forced* to farm it well; he must do so in self-preservation; so heavy are the taxes, and so many are the disadvantages he has to contend with.* Lucerne thrives eight or ten years; it is then ploughed up, and maize sown. Melons grow here in abundance: whole fields are planted with them, like those round London with strawberries.

At Gernyeszeg is an exceedingly well-bred stud belonging to Count Dominik Teleki. His horses have a good name; and from the specimens I saw, they deserve it. They are the produce of thorough-bred English sires and Transylvanian mares, are hardy, and bear, without injury, an immense deal of hard work. They are good-looking animals, and fit for any gentleman to ride or drive. Carriage-horses are to be had from 600 to 800*fl.* and from 800 to 1000*fl.* the pair. Excellent saddle-horses for 500, 600, 700*fl.* apiece. The distances people travel here with the same horses for days together would surprise our English coachmen; and they neither break down nor refuse their food. The foals stroll about the straw-yard the whole day, exposed to the severe cold of winter, with coats as shaggy as bears, and with little or no corn. Count Lazar has also, near Maros Vásárhely, a considerable stud. He has spent large sums for the best English blood, and the horses he has bred are particularly showy animals,—rather long-legged, but with good points about them. They are, I should think, less well fitted to stand much wear and tear than those of Count Teleki. During the revolution, the different noblemen lost, in addition to other valuable property, their

* Before 1848 the taxes amounted to two millions; they are now eleven.

well-furnished studs, brood-mares, and stallions, which had been brought from England at a great expense.

Maros Vásárhely is the largest of the Szekler towns, and the centre of Szekler political life, just as Klausenburg has become the metropolis of the Hungarian population. The town has broad streets and well-built houses. There are excellent public schools, Catholic and Protestant,—the



STREET IN MAROS-VÁSÁRHELY.

latter richly endowed. But the pride of the town is the choice library of the late Chancellor, Count Teleki. He left it to his family, on condition that it should be always open to the public. The library itself is handsome, and the collection, especially rich in Greek and Latin classics, gives ample proof of the taste of the noble founder. There is, among other curiosities, a manuscript Tacitus from the library of King Mathew Corvinus. If proof were needed

of the blessed results of easy communication between one part of a land with the other, it is to be found here. Since the existence of a new road, the Gyergyó district, which has little corn, has been enabled to obtain its supplies from the fruitful plains bordering the Maros, instead of importing it, as formerly, from distant Moldavia. What an anomaly, for example, was it that, while in this vale maize was only two florins per kübel, the wretched population of Hungary was dying of hunger! and all because there were no adequate means of getting the fruit out of the country, and bringing it to a spot where, by help of rapid transport, it could be made available. The highways, even in spring-time, after heavy snow, when all was beginning to break up, which is the most trying season for roads, I found excellent. They go in every direction through the country. Indeed, "more has been done in this respect in the last few years, by Government," so said my informant, "than in the hundred years preceding." Before 1848 a stage came to Hermannstadt with letters only once a fortnight; now, of course, several arrive daily.

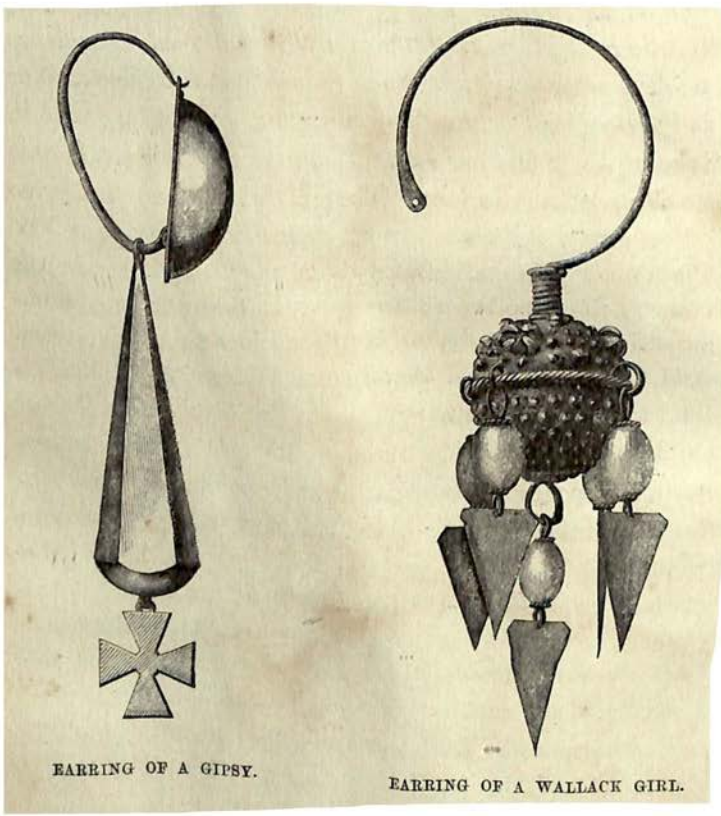
There is a tract of country lying between Maros Vásárhely and Klausenburg, and bounded by the three rivers, the Maros, Aranyos, and Samosch, which, from its bare and forlorn appearance, forms a great contrast to the rest of the province. It is called Mezöség—meaning, I believe, "moor," or "land without wood." It has all the character of downs, and not even a bush is anywhere to be seen. I went there. Far and wide, ridge rose behind ridge, looking bleak and desolate. The villages and the people partook of the character of the country, and seemed as cheerless as the landscape. A Roman road passed through the Mezöség from Hatzeg, and went probably to Rodna. The low hilly country is cut up in all direc-

tions by not very broad, and nearly horizontal valleys, so that the water finds no outlet; and hence the ground in the vales is either marshy and covered with reeds and bulrushes, or long narrow lakes form there, abounding in waterfowl. The ridges of the hills, and the sides, when not too steep, form excellent arable land; and the harvests yielded here are most plentiful. The soil is the soft tertiary formation. The whole district is entirely without trees. The inhabitants burn straw, and dung, and maize-stalks, instead of wood; and, cold as it was when I was there, I saw many a thatched roof half pulled off to supply fuel. The pleasure felt at seeing again a tree after leaving this dreary country was really intense. The first I caught sight of, even at a distance, was hailed with delight, and pointed out to my companion as a subject for rejoicing. The gipsy settlements struck me as particularly wretched. My presence, as usual, caused great excitement; and soon, before every dwelling the inhabitants were assembled, debating among themselves what the visit might betide, or repeating to each other what I said, and the questions I had asked. Though cold and frosty, children of ten or twelve years of age stood outside the huts without a particle of clothing. In that state they will often sit on a piece of ice, and with feet drawn together, slide thus down a frozen slope. Many die, however, from exposure and privation; but the first years once over, their hardened frames bear every inclemency. These people can support heat and cold; everything, in short, except wind. Of that the gipsy has a thorough horror; it completely incapacitates him for anything; he shrinks before it helpless. Hence they invariably locate themselves on the sunny side of a slope.

All that relates to this race has for me an especial interest, and many a peculiarity of their habits and their

nature, that I learned at different times, is well worth recording. The gipsy is altogether a better labourer than the Wallack; he is much quicker, and more expert; but he requires looking after, or he will idle away his time if he can, as well as the other. It is curious that certain work all of them do well, while another sort of employment all do badly. They thresh well, for example; for which they are not paid in money, but receive, instead, a part of the grain. The gipsy also reaps and hoes well; but he cannot mow. This the Wallack does. For hemp work a gipsy woman is much better than a Wallack. Nor is haymaking the gipsy's occupation. What he excels in is earthwork, making embankments or trenches. In this no one can surpass him. There is everywhere a degree of prejudice against gipsies, they being, as it were, the Pariahs of Europe. But this is much stronger in the country than the town; the peasant being far more conservative and aristocratic in his notions than the citizen. And thus it happens, that in the villages no gipsies attend the schools, as the peasants do not like to see their children sitting beside them. It is the same sort of feeling as exists in America towards the black population. Yet in the Saxon town of Bistritz, several gipsy children frequented the public school: their parents lived in a good house at the end of the town, and I found the boys could read, and write, and cipher well, though neither father nor mother could do so; he was Protestant, she Catholic. At first the townspeople wished to have their children separated from those of gipsy parents; but the rector refused, saying if they came to school cleanly and neat, there was no reason why all should not sit together; and they came in as orderly a condition as the others. Those gipsies living on the estate of a noble, as a sort of appendage not to be got rid of, are generally of the

religion of the lord of the manor, whatever that may be; a clan-like feeling prevailing among them. But should the nobleman in question do something that greatly offends them, they most likely will at once change their religion out of spite, and in order to have nothing in common with him. They speak the language of the community among whom they live. If the village consist of Hungarians, their language is Hungarian; if of Wallacks,



EARRING OF A GIPSY.

EARRING OF A WALLACK GIRL.

Wallachian. Sometimes they marry, that is to say, they have the wedding ceremony gone through; but often they do not go to church, and merely choose a wife and

live with her afterwards. But though the gipsy is looked on by others as the lowest in the social scale, he also looks on some of his class as beneath him, and unfitting for him to associate with. A gipsy of the village Csávás, for example, would not drink out of a glass from which a gipsy of Bonyha had drunk; and when working together in the fields, two pitchers of water must always be brought, in order that both may be able to quench their thirst. They consequently do not intermarry, as one says the other is unclean. Their payment, for labour at least, is always in kind,—corn, maize, brandy, etc. The sort of earrings a gipsy girl wears, a Wallack woman would not use on any account. The whole pattern of the ornament is different.

The gipsy that has left his rude uncivilized nomade life and is settled in a decent house in town, shows a taste for a certain elegance in his dress as well as the interior of his dwelling.* He also likes fine linen, and to have it scrupulously clean; he cares much for his clothes being of good stuff and well made, and were there a West End where he lived, he would most certainly go there for every article of his wardrobe. The wives of some of the richer musicians wear the finest lawn. The gipsy-soldier, as I have been told by officers who had these men in their regiments, is clean in his person, and vain; and, if of dark complexion, his shirt-collar and his gloves too are always the most resplendently white of any in the battalion.

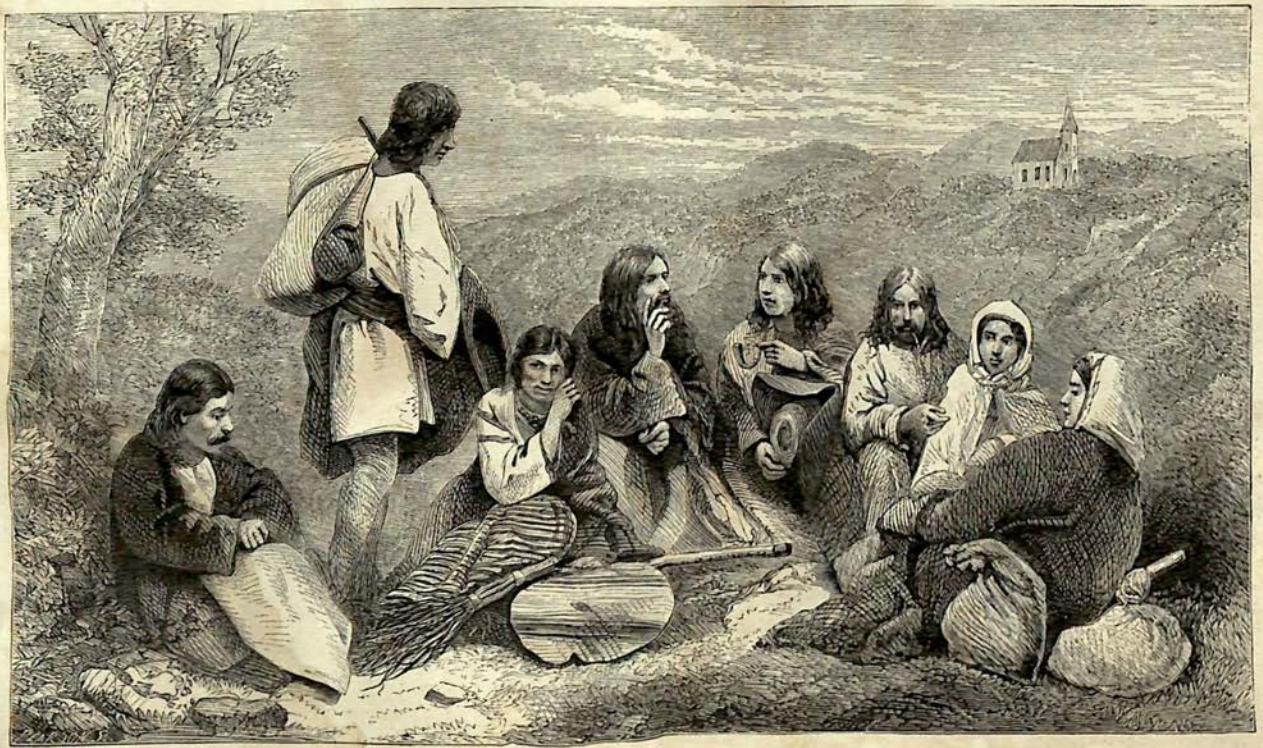
Those gipsies that are located—that are stationary—

* The two rooms of a gipsy's house at Bistritz which I visited, were not only very neat but even handsome. There was a pianoforte in one, besides pictures and other adornings. I should not have desired a better for myself. The man paid eight florins taxes, and instead of ground-rent—the house was his own—he was bound to help to sweep the market-place, and, when called upon, to act as messenger to the municipal authorities. He had, he said, saved some money.

are generally honest, and may be trusted; the others, not. Those who are the dependants of a nobleman, living on his estate, would not rob him, the feeling of clanship before alluded to preventing this. All agree that they are cowardly; officers say so who have commanded them, as well as clergymen and landed proprietors who daily come in contact with them and can observe their nature. The whole race is musical. There may be some of the better instructed who can read the notes; others play only by ear. For song they have no talent.

Like any child of nature, a gipsy is mistrustful of him who lives in a different world from himself, with wants and contrivances and tastes of which he has no idea, and which are to him unintelligible. Like the Red Indians, whose portrait Catlin painted, so the gipsy is at first afraid when you take his likeness. To him it is "medicine," which he cannot understand. He fancies, too, he loses somewhat of himself or his identity by the process. A lady artist, struck by the beauty of some children, had them fetched that they might sit to her; but they got in a great fright, and it was only by degrees they were brought to endure the penance. They never liked it, and even the money they got would hardly induce them to come. From the same cause a gipsy will sometimes cover his face, when you look at him, for fear of being laid under a charm.

In the neighbourhood of the Kokel, I found that the gipsies intermarry with the Wallacks and Hungarians. Whether this is general I cannot say, but I rather think not. Several of them possessed oxen, and were therefore comfortably off. Just as the Wallack is fond of cattle, the gipsy has an especial taste for horses; perhaps this may in some measure account for his skill in shoeing. Gipsies are everywhere the best farriers, and as blacksmiths, generally, they excel. All the ironwork of a vil-



GIPSY GROUP, TRANSYLVANIA.

lage is done by them. They may almost be said to have a genius for that and for music.

From Bonyha I drove, one morning, to Sáros, where there is a very curious phenomenon. The following account of it, by Ritter von Hauer, in his 'Geologie Siebenbürgens,' I give in preference to my own :—

"Inflammable gas streams out of the earth, at a place near Kis-Sáros, one-and-a-half hour's distance north-east of Baassen, at a somewhat wet spot on the north side of a hill, between grass and maize fields. The spot itself is named 'Zugo,' by the natives; and it is about 1½ fathom in diameter, and sparingly covered with reed-grass. Within this were several holes of 6–12 inches in breadth and depth, some dry, others full of water. In the former a hissing noise was heard, in the others a ferment (*aufbrausen*), accompanied by a not inconsiderable rumbling. On straw being ignited here, the gas burned till it was extinguished artificially. The water in the holes contained few foreign particles; it was somewhat impregnated with common salt only. On digging down, to discover the cause of the gaseous vapour, the following took place :— The whole spot was dug out to a depth of more than five fathoms, like a well. Under the mould, yellow clay was first seen, which afterwards changed into blue clay, and deeper still into aluminous earth, and occasionally into a black clay, mixed up with bitumen. This dark-coloured stratum could not be made to ignite. Lower down came a thin spongy stratum of marl, and below this, at the depth of five fathoms, hard rocky ground, requiring good implements to break through it. Large blocks were lifted out, but when it was seen that all below was solid rock, and that miners would be required for sinking a shaft, the further prosecution of the work was given up. This hard stone was found to be identical with that of the rocks of

Baassen, formed of freshwater limestone, abounding in flint, and containing many organic remains, shells and plants.

"It was here found that the gas itself was less spread, as to space, below than on the surface. The quantity and nature of the gas was the same, and there was no change, only that the lower it was in the shaft the higher the flame flickered up, and was the more difficult to extinguish. At the bottom of the shaft the ground was pierced with innumerable holes like a sieve, of the size of an earthworm or a straw, and through these pipe-like orifices the gas streamed, and with such force that it was felt like a wind on the bare hand, and bent back a piece of paper or blew it away.

"On the fields, in the neighbourhood of the Zugo, the same freshwater limestone is found lying about in lumps. The hills—for a considerable distance—consist principally of clay, in horizontal strata, changing below into soft slate, in which is found 'imperfect coal,' in pieces half an inch thick. The oldest inhabitants say that since the memory of man this phenomenon presented the same appearances as at present.

"This outstreaming of carburetted hydrogen gas at Kis-Sáros and Baassen, is clearly analogous with that which appears on a much grander scale at Pietra Mala, in Upper Italy,—in the neighbourhood of Baku on the Caspian Sea, in China, in North America, etc.,—and is closely connected here, as in all other places, with the presence of salt deposits. In most places where carbonic springs are known to exist, they do not depend solely on the presence of rock-salt, but principally on the co-presence of naphtha or bitumen. The circumstance that bitumen was found in the clay where the shaft was sunk at the Zugo, seems to speak for the above assertion. On the road from Mediasch to Baassen are also several."

In the next village are salt springs, from which, on Fridays, the inhabitants are allowed to fetch water for cooking. All around here, the hills are full of salt.* On one slope is an excellent vineyard.

On a hillside, close by, may still be seen large pits, six feet in diameter and twenty feet deep, excavated by the inhabitants of a village that once stood here, to hide their corn in, during a Tartar invasion. Of the village itself not a trace remains.

On returning, we passed one of the battle-fields of 1848. The Austrians had been driven back, and a body of them had retreated into the house, now an inn, on the roadside, where they were all killed. "Would they not surrender?" I asked. "Yes, but too late," was the reply. My cicerone, a Hungarian, had been present, and received a bullet, which entered below the ear and came out under the eye. His father had been murdered by the Wallacks. It always surprised me to meet constantly with men who had lost their nearest and dearest relations in this way, living in peace and harmony with those who had so grievously injured them. I could not have believed it possible that such wrongs could ever have been pardoned, and the fearful wounds inflicted have so soon scarred over. It is a peculiar feeling with which we, who have been spared for so many generations the horrors of civil war, move in a land among those who have bled in one themselves, and have been witnesses, and partaken in scenes, of hideous massacre. Each spot, each person, has some fearful tale to tell.

At Bonyha is the mansion of the gentleman, before mentioned as having done so much for the culture of the vine, Count Wolfgang Bethlen. His farm, too, is in ex-

* In some places, as at Sz. Pál, near Sz. Udvarhely, and at Bilak, near Bistritz, in building a house you will find salt in the cellar.

cellent order, with roomy stabling for the cows and oxen, and improved implements. I was surprised one morning by seeing on the lawn before my windows, placed there for my inspection, a collection of ploughs used on the estate. A new one, for hillside work, was a most clever contrivance. Here is the largest apiary I had ever seen. It is a field boarded in, with beehives all round, and at one end a cottage where the bee-master lived. The vineyards, which I went to see, have an excellent site, and produce some of the best wine. They are on a clay soil, with slate below it.

On the roofs of the pavilions storks have built their nests, and a most interesting anecdote was related to me of these birds. When an outhouse took fire some years ago, the storks had a nest on the top; the flames were rising around the thatch, and as the young birds were too weak to fly, the old ones fetched water in their bills and wetted them with it. The occurrence was seen by the land-steward, as well as by one of the house servants. The valley of the Little Kokel is very pretty, and the more you advance eastward the more attractive it becomes. I spent a pleasant afternoon at the house of a Hungarian gentleman, whither I went to taste his wines, and found there most agreeable society. The tables were strewed with English books, and at our cheerful dinner English was frequently spoken. A day's drive further on is Parajd, where a very remarkable mountain of salt is to be seen. An elongated barren hill rises near the place, and here, above ground, the mining is carried on. The whole mass is pure salt. To the north-east is another salt-hill, Szováta, which may be walked round in two hours. A brook ripples against its sides, and another enters the mound and issues again impregnated with the mineral; occasionally it forms a lake within. Great crags of salt, several fathoms

high, rear themselves in the air. There are clefts in the sides of the mound, and, when undermined by the water, vast fragments are detached and roll below. In 1858, at Parajd, an overhanging mass, of at least 50,000 cwt., of pure salt, thus came toppling down into the stream, stopping its course and covering the fields on the opposite bank.

The road from Bonyha to Elizabethstadt is extremely pretty, and full of variety. You pass through valleys with wooded hills, and villages ensconced at their foot. Now you come to a Saxon settlement, and the large strong stone houses, and the air of order and neatness, tell at once the nationality of the inhabitants, even did you not see the simple rhymes on the house-fronts, and the names of the possessors, and the date of their building. The Saxons are fond of this sort of decoration, and from the Book of Proverbs many a verse is taken and inscribed on the white walls. From Elizabethstadt to Malmkrog, one valley leads into another. Slopes, pastures, with peeps up to amphitheatres of wood and into other vales, succeed each other. Malmkrog (Hungarian Almakerek) was a family estate of the princely house of Apaffi, and on a hilltop above the village is a monument of George Apaffi, father of Prince Michael I. It was executed by a self-taught Hermannstadt artist, Elias Nicolai, and is quite in the style of the time when it was made, the first half of the seventeenth century. The prince is represented at full length, reclining somewhat on one side, his hand beneath his head upon the cushion. The cushion is richly embroidered and embossed, and it is the exactness with which all the minute ornaments are represented, and the exactness of their imitation, which has caused this piece of sculpture to be looked on with such admiration by the inhabitants. I have already said that a proper

understanding of art is not to be found here.* An uneducated taste always sets an inordinate value on servile imitation; and the fold in the stocking of Roubiliac's Shakespeare never fails to attract the wondering admiration of the crowd. And it is the joints in the gauntlets, the graving on the armour, the lace of the pillow, the leaves and fruit that border the whole, which here are looked upon as miracles of art, and caused every one to speak to me of this monument as a work that had no fellow.

The legs of the figure are crossed. At the foot a vine branches forth on both sides, and its stem and tendrils and bunches of grapes form a trellis-work of foliage, among which a child is introduced holding a scroll; there is, too, a Turkish helm and like devices, as well as armorial bearings held by an angel. On one side, with these words on a scroll, "What you are, I was; what I am, you will be," is a skeleton; really wonderfully executed, every rib and joint being given with the closest accuracy; and as the vine twines partly round it, there was a great deal of difficult chiselling to do, so as to leave all beneath hollow and as "natural as life." It is all this part which is looked upon as "a triumph of art." At the four corners of the monument are figures of Faith, Hope, Justice, and Charity. The expression of the prince's countenance is very placid; he seems in a tranquil sleep. At the top of the head is a thick wave of hair, but all the rest is shaven—in accordance, perhaps, with Turkish usage, he, Apaffi, being a vassal of the Porte.

The nose and beard of the principal figure and the heads of two others are broken off, besides other wanton mutilations. During the revolution the Wallacks took

* It is undecided, I believe, whether photography is "an art" or not. Whatever it be, it is in a very advanced state in Transylvania. At Klausenburg, Herrmannstadt, and Bistritz, I obtained photographs which received in western Europe unqualified admiration.

down the bell which was in the belfry of the chapel, immediately over the monument, and in doing so caused the injuries.

There are Saxons here who, with the rest of the mixed population, were once serfs. It is surprising to see the change that has taken place in these men since they have become free. Their houses, which formerly were little better than those of their neighbours, have been pulled down and rebuilt of stone, and have now the same air of solid well-to-do life which distinguishes all the German settlements in the province. At Csikmántor it is the same. You find good stone houses, with the dates 1850, 1851, 1860, etc., all of which were before as miserable as the rest. Such is the blessed, vivifying and invigorating effect of freedom, awakening energies which a state of servitude prevented from being born.

I went to the school here during school hours. Both the rooms, for girls and boys, were full. It amused me to see the pleasure of the children when I examined them in ciphering and geography, and the ambition of those who knew the answer to say it, when the individual questioned hesitated with his reply. They read well, the writing of many was very good; some of the bigger lads were cleverer at head-reckoning than I was. They knew all the capitals of Europe, and could tell me a little about each. Then came a puzzler for them: "Where did they suppose I came from?" I asked. All sorts of guesses were made, to their great amusement, as they looked at the map before them and sought out some place that they fancied likely to be right. And as they never thought of England, I put my finger on it, and pointed to Bath, and told them that was the place. Their astonishment was boundless, when they saw the distance it was from Transylvania. Then they followed very sensibly the whole route;

their schoolmaster told them about England having endless ships, of her power, etc., which still increased their wonder; and I think they will not soon forget the circumstance of a real live Englishman having visited them in school. I am fond of talking with children, and in another village, Klein Bistritz, I frequently did so as I walked about. They liked it rather, and thought it good fun; and when they saw me coming, used to laugh and wait. It was surprising how well informed—up to a certain point—the little rascals were; and when I asked where a considerable European town was, they seldom were unable to tell me.

I found everywhere that even the peasantry were well up in Saxon history, I often sat down in a simple cottage, and the owner would relate, with dates, all about the exodus of his nation. I account for this in two ways. Being immigrants, and being, too, always on the defence of life, property, and rights, all that occurred to them was intensely interesting, and consequently well remembered. The history of the people among whom they lived was not theirs, nor had anything to do with them. Events on which their existence as free men depended were dates in their individual lives, and in their life as a people,—eras by which they marked the course of time. And these, mixed up as they were with others of daily life, with certain liberties, rights, and special privileges, became familiar to most of them, like so many popular traditions.

Another reason for this knowledge is that the Saxons possess a history of their nation (by Dr. Teutsch), in a concise form, and written in so attractive a manner that it has become, and very naturally so, a people's book. They read and study it as they would a calendar.

There are the gutted remains of the mansion of the Hungarian lady of the manor above the village,—a large

handsome building once, of which only the walls are left. Wherever a piece of iron was to be got, the walls were knocked down to obtain it. There was a grove of large box-trees round the house, which the Wallacks, with their wonted antipathy to such products, cut down. In the cellar, which during the revolution was full of wine, the casks were staved, and the ground inundated with the costly wine. It had been partly stored again, and I drank of the excellent vintages it contained.

There is a church here going fast to ruin, which, were it anywhere else than where it is, would be carefully preserved from dilapidation. I asked how it was that neither roof nor walls were repaired. "Since the revolution," was the answer, "people will do nothing they are told. No one obeys. The civil authorities do not help us; there is no subordination." Over the altar are two good oil-pictures on panel, of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth century. They have been sadly treated; and the most curious fresco paintings, representing the Passion, on the vaulted ceiling and walls of the church, have been whitewashed over. But this has proved a protection, and if carefully removed, which would be an easy matter, a great part of the quaint old decoration might be preserved.

Prince Michael Apaffi, the son of him whose monument stands on the hill, was a simple gentleman of Malmkrog. In the numerous struggles with the invading Tartars, he was once made prisoner and carried away by them. His wife meanwhile span and wove, or ordered her farms, and did all she could to raise money for the ransom of her lord; and when she had got a sufficient sum, sent it off by a trusty friend to purchase with it her husband's liberty. And so he returned to his home. Now it happened that after the usurpation of Zápoyla the disorder in the land was great. The Szekler rose against his son,

and were defeated; and then, after George Rakotzy's election, there came again a time when there was no ruler; the Turkish Sultan wrote that, come what may, a Prince of Transylvania *must* be elected. Ali Pasha was then at Maros Vásárhely, and, as he stood at the window, thinking over his sovereign's commands, not knowing what to do, and fearing that, were he to delay, the bowstring might soon tighten round his neck, he sees a tall strong man just crossing the market-place, and, sending after him, tells him "You must be Prince of Transylvania." Strange as the proceeding may at first seem, it was not so in reality, when we consider the time, the land, and the man who made the choice. At that period a strong arm was the best patent of nobility; in that country, too, strength alone gave right. Ali Pasha had seen at home how the lowest slaves had risen to posts of trust, and he therefore seized at random on the first who seemed to give promise of nerve and sinew. "I!" replied the astonished prince elect; "I know nothing of governing! I can't read or write! I am a butcher!"—"No matter," said Ali Pasha; "a man may be an excellent regent though he cannot read." But the butcher was unambitious, and still resisted. "If you want a man as Prince of Transylvania, I can tell of one who has no equal; and if you will, let us go and seek him out. I will lead you." And with five hundred Turkish horsemen they rode to Malmkrog, and surrounded the castle. Michael Apaffi, he who had been captive among the Tartars, was its owner. His wife, who soon after gave birth to a son, was in great fear that new sorrows were to come upon him. At once he was saluted as prince, carried to Maros Vásárhely, and proclaimed regent. At Abosfalva (Dogs' Village) the prince had his kennel, for at that time there were boars and buffaloes in the land.

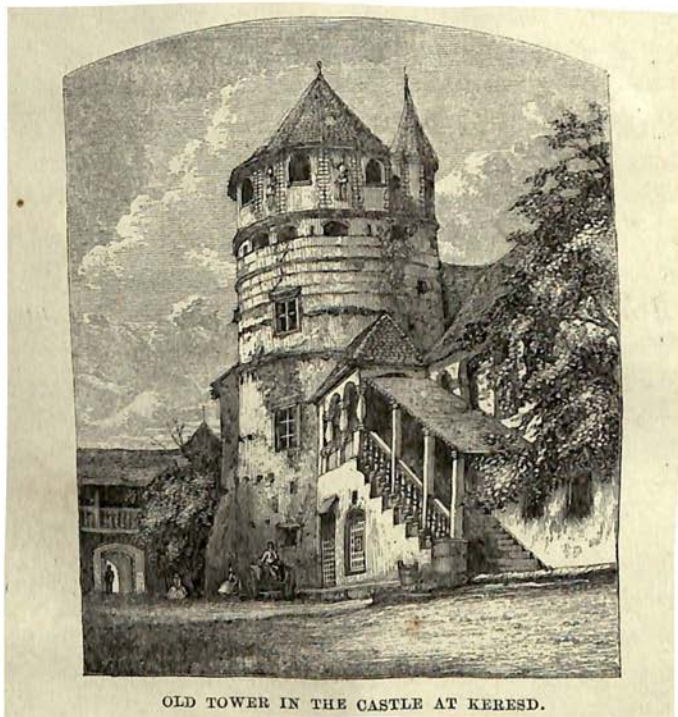
A small Catholic church is here. It is simply a peasant's cottage, and outside on a framework of wood—a sort of scaffolding—hang the church bells. This was only about eight feet high, but in other places which I passed on my journey there were some like good-sized towers standing beside the church. They were the rudest, simplest form of the Italian campanile. The whole was well constructed, and firmly braced together by cross and transverse beams, with supports on both sides to resist the effect of the heavy bells' oscillation. One saw how the use of large bells had originally necessitated and led to the erection of stone towers, in order to obtain greater firmness; and they, at the same time, served as "towers of strength" when the little community was exposed to a sudden inroad of the foe. Their erection in Transylvania was of early date,* for in an old chronicle it is recorded that when, after the Mongol invasion of 1241, Rogerius passed through the wasted land, the church towers were the only way-marks to guide him from place to place.†

Hence I crossed the hills to the castle of a Hungarian nobleman at Kreisch (Keresd). None but horses of the country would have dragged a waggon up such steeps, and through hollow ways so narrow that our vehicle was always tilted on one side. My first exclamation on seeing this fine baronial residence was, "Would that this castle were in England!" for then the ruin which is impending over it would be averted. You enter by a broad stone archway into a large court, where all that

* Friedrich Müller, 'Die Kirchliche Baukunst des Romanischen Styls in Siebenbürgen.' Wien, 1859, p. 19.

† See in that most interesting work, "Lives of the Engineers," vol. i. p. 233, 1861, an account of a curious memorial of the past, in the shape of Dunstan Pillar, "a column seventy feet high, erected about the middle of last century, in the midst of the then dreary, barren waste, *for the purpose of serving as a mark to wayfarers by day and a beacon to them by night.*"

meets the eye tells of ancient time. At the end is a massy tower, to which a covered flight of steps leads, as well as to an open gallery that runs along one side of the court. There is another smaller court or garden, where formerly were handsome halls, as the remains of frescoes and the slender shafts of columns plainly show. Everywhere are interesting traces of antiquity. It is a de-



OLD TOWER IN THE CASTLE AT KERESD.

light to wander round the place, and, discovering here and there fragments of what once was, to rebuild in imagination the old stair or the noble hall, or the archway that is now half fallen. The old kitchen, with its massy stonework and the well close by; the cellar, to which you descend by a few steps, with its groined arches ornamented with tracery and the stone pulpit on one side,

showing that the place was once used as a chapel; the coats-of-arms and letters, with ancient dates, still legible in the walls,—all give a charm to the spot, and tell you of a time long since past. One inscription says, "This *old* castle was repaired A.D. 1557." Thus three hundred years ago it was thought ancient. The oldest date to be found is 1340, with the initials M. B(ethlen). An old-fashioned bedstead has the name Clara Karoli, 1578; it is little better than a trough, but must then have been looked upon as something out of the common way, for the circumstance "this bedstead renovated, 1678," is recorded on the side.

It was at Gross Alisch, near Elizabethstadt, that Johann Kemény fell in battle against the Turks. He was cut to pieces, and his body could not be found. His sister, Christina,—married to a Franz Bethlen, the noble family to whom this castle still belongs,—went to seek the body, like Alditha, Harold's wife, after the disaster at Hastings. The eyes of love found what others could not see; and the body is said to have been brought hither for interment. A stone with his arms is also *said* to be his monument.

The castle stands on a green slope, overlooking a garden, where carefully tended and rare flowers give evidence that fair hands and womanly taste have been at work. Before the revolution, preparations were being made to restore this fine monument of ancient power and glory. But when the storm had passed, the ruin left behind was such, that there could be no thought of providing for more than the mere necessities of life. And so this old place, so historically interesting, so picturesquely beautiful, moulders year by year into decay. Thus here in a once handsome room, the blue sky looks in through the broken roof. It was sad to see, and it was impossible not to

feel this the more, when you entered the inhabited apartments and enjoyed the warmth, the comfort, the cordial welcome and moved amid the lovable feminine arrangements of modern life, elegant in their very simplicity; when, too, you saw the noble bearing of him who, amid the wreck, had not lost his former dignity or forgotten his grace of manner or old generous hospitality: when, I say, you contrasted all this, as you involuntarily did, with the ruin around you, a pang was felt in the heart, and it was some time before even the gladdening presence of sweet and gentle looks could dispel the gloom or charm the sadness away.

At a Saxon village in the neighbourhood I expressed a wish to pay a visit to the priest of the Greek Church; and the Protestant clergyman took me to him. On our way, he said, "But how shall I make him understand that you are an Englishman? for you must not suppose he knows much about geography."—"No matter," I said; "besides, if you want to tell him, at all events he has heard of England, and if so, he can understand that I come from there."

The pope's house was like that of any peasant, but neat and clean, with the barest possible furniture. His daughter brought bread and cream and wine, and he pressed us in a friendly manner to partake. He was a handsome man, and his brother, who was there on a visit from a neighbouring village, where he also was pope, still more so. Both had dark complexions, with full, jet black, long beards, of which a grand vizier might have been proud. This brother, who had an eye of fire and an intelligent look, was, as I learned afterwards, a great agitator.

My host asked me about the state of England, and the war that was then raging. He thought it quite natural I should have left it, to escape the bloodshed and horrors

going on there. I assured him all was quiet, and that there was no war; but I do not think he believed me. Then he inquired if it were true that there was war in Poland; for, somehow or other, he fancied that I must have been there, and that Poland and England were not far apart. My companion told him, in order to give him a notion of distance, that I had come across the sea—had been *obliged* to do so to get from England to Transylvania. "It is possible," he said, shrugging his shoulders; evidently meaning that, though he would not deny it, quite as much might be said against as in favour of the assertion. He inquired, too, if Wallacks were in England, or Hungarians; and on hearing that there were not any, he was very much surprised.*

I was pleased to see the friendly footing on which the priests of the two creeds lived together. The pope occasionally paid the Protestant pastor a visit, but such companionship offered him very little resource.

When the clergy are so illiterate, what can be expected of those who look to them for enlightenment? The priests of the "Unirte Kirche"—the United or Latin Church acknowledging the Pope of Rome as supreme head—are not quite so uneducated as those of the "Nicht Unirte Kirche"—Greek Oriental Church, of which the Patriarch at Constantinople is the chief head. These latter learn just enough to get through the prescribed ritual, but as to studying theology or any other department of knowledge, such a thing is not thought of. At one place where I staid, the priest of the Greek Church worked daily with the other peasantry, from whom he was not to be distinguished by dress or aught else, for twenty-four kreut-

* It occurred to me afterwards, that his strange notions about a war in England arose from his confounding England with America, where English is also spoken.

zers a day, as Flossknecht,—that is, a labourer who drags the felled trees into the river, fastens them together, and makes them into rafts. He was in every way well fitted for his employment. In another village, the people told me they had turned their pope away; for he was such an incorrigible drunkard, they could not have him any longer. An acquaintance related how, once seeing a number of men laying hold of a person who struggled to get free, he asked what was the matter, and received for answer, "This is the priest, and as to-day is Saturday, we are going to lock him up till to-morrow, so that he may keep sober; for if we do not, he will be so tipsy in the morning as to be unable to read the service. When church is over, we shall let him go again." I know one place where the Greek priest asserted that the bad harvest was owing to the number of witches in the land, and that it would not be better till they were exterminated. Reputed witches who have died are disinterred, and turned round in the grave, to destroy their spells.*

In a village where I was staying, a Wallack farm-labourer asked the Protestant clergyman what he thought about his pope's last Sunday's sermon, in which he told his hearers that a stone had fallen from heaven, and in it was a letter to Bishop Schaguna, in which God ordered him to tell the people, that if they did not fast and pray more regularly, and lead a better life, He would send an army of grasshoppers into the land,—not common ones, however, but animals with beaks and claws of iron,—and

* It must be acknowledged, however, that a belief in witchcraft was prevalent in Transylvania until very lately. "The lower class among the Hungarians will not give it up easily. Not long ago, a Szekler woman in Ungrisch Kreutz wanted to proceed against another woman for having bewitched her. Among the Saxons also, old Wallack women are sometimes accused of witchcraft." (Friedrich Müller, 'Beiträge zur Geschichte des Hexenglaubens und des Hexenprocesses in Siebenbürgen.')

they would destroy their harvests, and would afterwards attack them, and the people would not be able to shake them off. The pastor met the pope soon after, and said, laughing, "Well, friend and colleague, what strange things you have been announcing!"—"It is all very well for you to laugh," said the other, "but your people are more sensible; mine are stupid; and when I set to work with them, I am forced to give hard blows,"—(literally "to go to work with a sledge-hammer"). I must startle and frighten them. Were I to talk as you do, it would have no effect whatever." But as the same threat was read in several churches in the neighbourhood at the same time, it is evident that the tale of the revelation from Heaven emanated from a higher quarter, and was promulgated "by authority." The popes, grossly ignorant as they are, become the ready instruments of those placed above them, and, in their turn, exercise great influence on all the followers of their creed. In political matters, they are powerful allies; so implicit is the obedience exacted and rendered. Like the village priest in Ireland, the popes here determine the attitude a community is to take, or on what side votes are to be given; they are the leaders for evil as well as for good. And here, too, as in the Sister Island, where blind obedience is not yielded, the offender is denounced, and he and his children are threatened with a curse.* These men, therefore, if they understood their duties better, might do much to prevent incendiarism and the wanton destruction of the forests. Cattle-stealing, too, would be less frequent than it is.† It is the true

* "Not only you, but your children will be cursed, if you vote for the Count;"—words of the pope at B——, to those who voted at the elections for a well-known Hungarian nobleman, a man of great ability. Those who did so were interdicted from entering the church.

† I once asked a Saxon clergyman, who knew thoroughly both the people of his own and the Wallack nations, if the stolen cattle "were taken

interest of any government that its subjects should be enlightened; and that the darkness of those who have so much influence should receive some illumination, is specially important; for the power of the popes to raise their co-religionists to a higher state is far from insignificant, and the Government would do well to use its influence in having fitter men appointed as spiritual teachers. A few thousand florins annually set aside as a dotation for the Greek Church, would be well employed, and would bear good interest.* If decently paid, a better class of men could justly be claimed for the priestly office; and there would be an end of such sights as a pope toiling for fivepence a day, with other labourers, as a navvy.

The priests of the Greek Church are chosen by the parishioners, and presented to the bishop to be ordained. As it is rare that a commune has glebe-land belonging to it, or a fund out of which the pope is paid, his salary consists of burial, christening, and other fees, and the free gifts of the parishioners. Being so small, it is therefore often necessary to choose for ordination some individual of the parish who has land or income of his own, in order to be able to live. The bishop, who resides at Hermannstadt, is named by the Emperor, and receives, besides 4000 florins a year, the ordination fees for the whole land. The archpriests are very superior to the ordinary priests; they are men of a certain education. The "Unirte" Latin Church is richly endowed by the State; and the popes or priests are supported by the proceeds of the land belonging to each living, by church fees, and gifts in labour and produce on the part of the parishioners.

generally by Wallacks?"—"Not generally," was the answer; "always, I may say."

* Lately, I believe, a small sum has been devoted to this purpose, but it is too little to be of any utility.

The archbishop, whose jurisdiction extends over a part of Hungary and the Banat, has his seat at Blasendorf. I have been told that, in some places, the priests do not well know if they are "Unirt" or not.

From all you hear of these churches, especially of the Oriental one, and at every step throughout the land, you may add to your stock of unfavourable experience; it is clear that the degeneracy is as great as it is possible to be: open corruption and bribery* in high places; ignorance, superstition, licentiousness, insubordination in the lower ones. At a place where I was, the discharged priest had still continued to marry couples, and, as church or altar, selected a tree,—I passed the thick pollard on my road,—which thus obtained the name of the "marrying tree." The same man once came to the Protestant clergyman to ask him for "paper that was written on;" and, accordingly, the pastor gave him some of his daughter's old copy-books. Not long after, strips cut out of these books were shown him, as being "marriage certificates," which the pope, not being able to write himself, had given to the happy couples he had joined in matrimony.

On one occasion, the pope of the village came to ask if he might vote for the whole of the constituency,—the people being busy, and it having been decided how they all were to vote.

An excellent feature in the Wallack character is, that several families live in perfect harmony together under one roof; there is no wrangling or jealousy. Among the Saxons the contrary is the case.

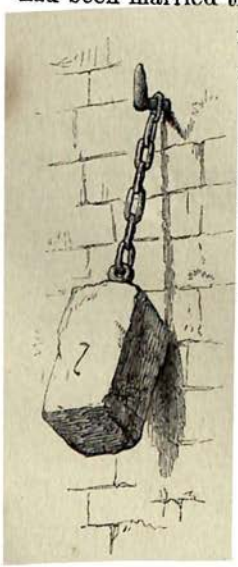
In the village where I was, one-third of the population (1140 souls) was Wallack. Formerly there were but five

* As it is notorious that the Church dignitaries give and accept bribes, there is no indelicacy in stating it here. Every one knows it, and it is spoken of openly.

Wallack hovels, on the outskirts of the commune, where only they were allowed to settle.*

Friday is everywhere regarded with disfavour, but in Transylvania Tuesday also is looked upon by the Wallacks as unpropitious for certain employments; they would not, for example, begin to spin on either of these days, or bake bread or steep in lye the linen to be washed. In Neudorf, near Schässburg, there is a prevalent superstition that on New Year's night—at midnight—the cattle speak, but in a language which man may not hear; if he do, he dies.

On paying a visit to a Saxon household, I saw again one of the many child-brides. She was just fifteen, and had been married the day before; at the friendly clergyman's request, she had donned for me all her bridal finery.



Passing a house in the village, I observed a number of pieces of wood, two or three feet long, leaning against the wall, and all numbered. These, as I learned, were the contributions—payment in kind—of the village children for the schoolmaster. Every child was bound to bring, towards his supply of fuel, so many pieces at stated times; and, in order to control the delivery, the house-number of the giver was put upon each. The master did not trouble himself with the matter; two of the bigger boys saw if all was right, wrote the numbers in a

* Their original *status* among the other inhabitants is shown by the communal laws existing in certain Saxon villages,—in Scharosch, for instance,—forbidding the people to go to Wallack weddings, or to dance at such with any of the Wallack population, under penalty of one pound of beeswax.

book, and the children, after school, then carried the wood they had brought their teacher into his woodshed or storehouse.

In the Protestant church-porch, was hung up by an iron chain, a round stone, as large as a cannon ball. Formerly, a girl who had lost her innocence was obliged to sit at the church door for a certain number of Sundays, with this stone round her neck; and, only after having thus expiated her fault, was she allowed again to enter the sacred edifice.*

* This reminds of the arrangement in the ancient basilicas. In the *narthex* or colonnade next to the church, which took the place of the original *atrium*, those persons stood who were penitents, or who were not yet permitted to enter the church itself. See Fergusson, 'Handbook of Architecture.'

MANSION AT GERNYESZEG.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TO BISTRITZ.

IMMEDIATELY around Saasz Régen, are slopes covered with oak and vines, and from the hilltop a view is afforded of the pleasing Vale of the Maros or Mieresch, as well as of the Görgény valley. In the distance, as usual, appear mountain summits; but, before long, the landscape grows bare, and instead of woods, ploughed fields alone are seen.

Some miles further on, a spot is reached where the road descends precipitously, and you look down on a large market-town with broad streets, trim houses, and a handsome fortified church. It is Teckendorf;* and, as you take a bird's-eye view of the place, you for the hundredth time wonder anew at what the diligence, thrift, and order of these German colonists have enabled them to accomplish. It is not their towns which so much astonish

* Teckendorf, like Saasz Régen, Klausenburg, and some other Saxon places, was prevented from joining and forming a part of the Saxon nation. This was in the fifteenth century. They fell under the authority of the nobles, and, serfs as the inhabitants became, it is quite astonishing to observe how their old rights as free men still seemed to hang about them, and, like a leaven, to penetrate their whole being, preserving them from utter degradation.

At that period the market-town was, during the season of the great fairs, declared by the noble to whom it belonged a free sanctuary for all criminals.

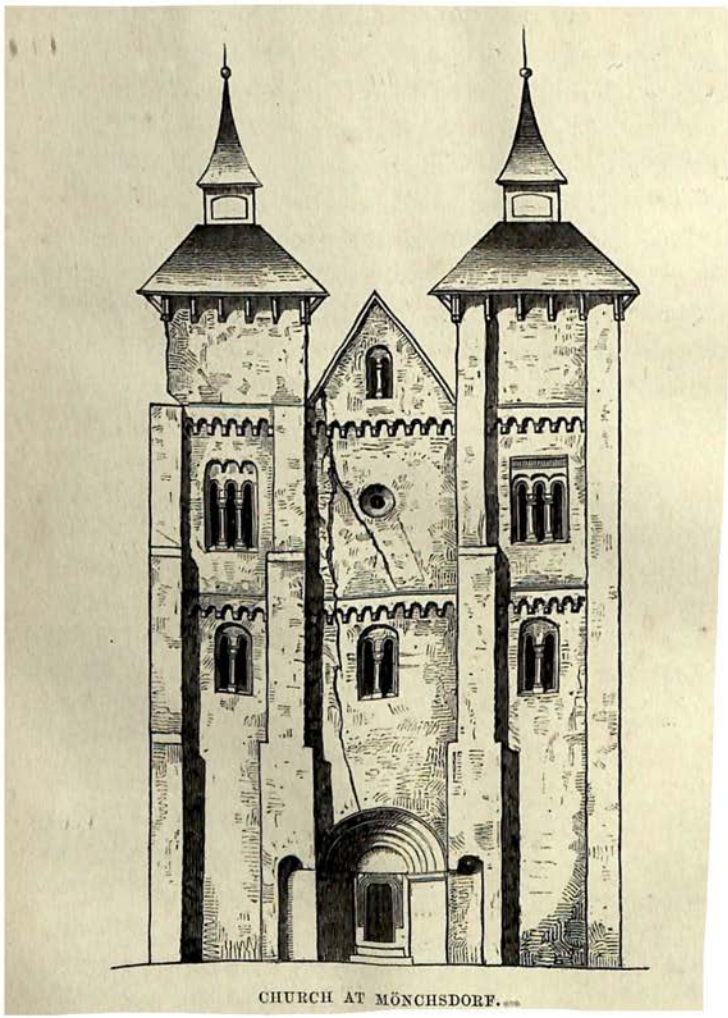
you; it is the large flourishing town-like villages that take you by surprise. The people here speak a dialect varying from that of the so-called Saxon land: also in the Burzenland, the district around Kronstadt. This proves the different origin of the various settlers, who, long as it is since they left their former home, still retain in their speech the peculiarities which distinguished it on their arrival here, several hundred years ago.

And now comes Dürrbach (Saxon), with its verandahs before the houses, where the villagers sit of an afternoon on holidays; and Galacz (Wallack), with its ruined Gothic church, where, originally, a congregation that has now entirely disappeared, prayed in their Saxon tongue; and further on is another church, Mönchsdorf or Harina, one of the most interesting in the whole country on account of its architecture. It is, in its way, a unique specimen of the Romanesque style in Transylvania. The *façade* is a gable, as high as the two square towers which stand on either side. Nearly everywhere else the attempt to complete both towers has failed, but here the handsome edifice (it is sixty feet long and forty feet broad) stands in the perfected state in which the architect designed it. It dates from the thirteenth century.*

Five steps led formerly to the portal, but two only remain. The decorative parts of the portal have disappeared, for, being of alabaster, the people scraped them away as a remedy for ague. The interior is a three-aisled basilica, divided by pillars with carved capitals. The middle aisle

* The cathedral of Novara (eleventh century) has also two very similar towers in front, but much further apart than in the church of Harina. The *façade* is, as here, nearly as high as the towers themselves, but in design shows a change towards a new style. The towers in each contain the germ of one of the peculiar features in the church architecture of the time, —the open gallery immediately under the roof.

ends in a semicircular vaulted apse; that at the termination of each side-aisle is a mere niche.



CHURCH AT MÖNCHSDORF.

Near Bistritz, I passed a large Saxon village, Heidendorf, nearly the whole of which was in ruins, having been burnt down just before. The fire had begun at one end, when the wind was blowing from that quarter, and had it

not soon after suddenly veered, not a house would have been left standing. It is here the excellent wine, before spoken of, grows.

The whole district is full of salt and salt springs; not a village but has one of the latter, and the mineral extends eastwards till the hard Jura limestone and trachyte set a limit to its appearance.

Bistritz is prettily situated on the plain, just where a range of hills, covered with orchards and beech-groves, rise beside it. It has nothing of that medieval look which distinguishes Hermannstadt or Schässburg; the streets are straight and broad, and nearly every building is of modern date, the place having suffered repeatedly by fire. From 1836 to 1850, there were five conflagrations, by which three hundred and twenty-five houses were destroyed. But in former days Bistritz suffered other fearful calamities,—sieges, oppression, hunger, and pestilence. Its neighbourhood to the frontier exposed it to the devastations of the Mongols and Tartars: the foe before the walls, and famine and disease within, carried off, in 1602, in the twenty days' siege, 13,000 of the inhabitants. The town was also heavily taxed by friends and allies. Some of the detail gives a picture of the time. In the war of 1564, between Transylvania and the Austrian crown, the Bistritzer had to furnish a contingent of 3000 men, armed with arquebuses. The war contribution for that year was 30,000 florins, besides 200 horses, though shortly before, 200 horses had been sent with wine to the camp. Hardly had they arrived, when an order came for 20,000 horseshoes—"Mit Negel, mit all," to quote the words of the old chronicle (with nails and all). The Saxons were, too, obliged to furnish powder, which they disliked most of all, as they wanted it themselves to defend their own homes; but, still they sent 400 cwt.,

and meal and wine. One of the authorities is afraid of greater calamities, and would fain avert them, for he begs the chief magistrate to provide "the 100 Kufen (=5000 Eimer) of wine, by next Monday, to send them to Klausenburg, in order not again to get into a difficulty." The clergy were, besides, obliged to maintain four waggons, horsed, in the field, and provide for them and the drivers as long as they were on duty. The supplies were also to be carried to the camp; and when the citizens arrived there, they and their cattle were often detained for months; their fields meanwhile lying untilled. And all this, beside the usual taxes, which were inexorably levied. But they were a money-making people, those Saxons, and more enterprising and daring than they are now. So some went out with full waggons, notwithstanding the peril, and sold their wine and wares to the camp folk; and got home safely with their money. And just as we did in the war with Russia, so some Bistritzer found it a good speculation to sell necessaries to the enemy; they furnished the Austrians with food, at which, the King's representative, Michael Csaky, complained loudly. It seems, however, the venture was not made only for gain, but from sympathy with Austria and the Christian cause; for there is a letter, still extant, of Daum, to the town-councillors of Bistritz, expressing the wish that God "den Sieg den Cristen verlayen woll" (may give the Christians the victory). He forgot that on the side of the Turks 3000 Saxons were also fighting. But they feared and hated their Turkish allies.

Every event connected with the town shows how thriving it must have been. It was a great mart for Eastern traffic; handicraft flourished, and the schools, as at this day, repaid, by their excellence, the fostering care bestowed upon them. Though one-third of the inhabitants

was carried off by the plague in 1554, yet in 1560 they set about building their large church, and soon after ordered an instrument for it, of the Polish organ-builder, Jacob Leidens. There was no lack of energy or money then. Then, too, there must have been good order and discipline, or those burghers could never have weathered so many storms. The law was upheld and implicitly obeyed. Had it not been, there would have been an end of communal existence. Unfortunately the state of things throughout the country is changed now, and, though the law commands, there is no enforcing of the law. Thus in Bistritz, in order to prevent all being destroyed, as hitherto, when a fire broke out, it was enacted that every new house, outbuildings excepted, should be of stone. The expediency of the law was obvious; but it was sometimes evaded. A Wallack builds a house of wood. This being forbidden on account of the common danger it involved, the magistrates determines to pull it down. The offender goes to the Gubernium, and here, the majority being of his own nation, the order for demolition is cancelled, and the house remains. After much difficulty, judgment is at last obtained, from a higher tribunal, to have it pulled down.

There is one feature peculiar to their mother-country, which the Saxons have not yet lost, notwithstanding their separation from it. It is an inclination for "den alten Zopf," as the Germans call it,—an innate love for antiquated formalities: while pertinaciously adhering to the letter of "a right," they are unmindful of more important matters. On Saxon ground, for example, the mills belong to the town; and, as in all cases of monopoly, they are good for nothing. It was proposed that the town should let them for a term of years; the competition of the lessees, each of whom would change the worn-out

stones, that the work might be done better, ensuring good flour to the citizens; but, jealous of the right that was exclusively theirs, the authorities would not cede it, even for a time. "Our forefathers always held it directly, and we dare not give it up." And the same with the inns.

It is quite inconceivable how abuses will creep in, where, from the general conduct of the individuals, we should not believe them to be possible. In a Saxon village, to the west of Bistritz, the custom prevails, that the peasants—from the chief authority down to the lowest in the parish—drive their cattle out at night to pasture, and, as may be supposed, on their neighbours' fields. It seems to be considered no disgrace to be caught in this act of delinquency, the practice being general. At the end of the year, a calculation is made of the number of cows, etc., found on certain persons' fields, and of the quantity of corn, maize, grass, etc., to be restored. But as each has a claim on the others, what is due to one generally balances what he would have to pay the other. The adjudication is made by the village chief officer, but as he does not enforce his judgment, nothing comes of it usually, even when a fine has to be paid.

Any animal found grazing *alone* is subject to penalty, as there exists a law forbidding this. And the reason is, that if it were permitted for cattle to graze separately, there must be some one on the different fields to prevent their encroachments, whilst, if together, they are under the care of the herdsman, who is answerable for where they go, and prevents a trespass on seed-fields or growing crops.

The confusion with regard to laws and rights, found in different parts of the province, is something quite appalling. Some Saxon villages have their own "politische Verwaltung," being in a "Comitat" or county, and the

management of their finances is also according to the Hungarian system; while the common law is that of the Saxon nation. Others, again, "unterthänige Gemeinden," or subject to a feudal lord, had county (Hungarian) law. There were some Saxon villages where the succession of property was regulated by Hungarian law, others again where it was mixed, that is, partly Hungarian and partly Saxon. Many of the Hungarian towns have their own distinct laws; for every "freie Gemeinde"—free community—had the right to make laws for itself, and if not cancelled by being in opposition to the law of the land, these were acknowledged as statutes. It was thus in Thorda, Klausenburg, Dées, Maros-Vásárhely, Kézdi-Vásárhely,—all had and have their separate laws. These divergencies are very troublesome in carrying on a law-suit; sometimes, too, the laws of the town are withheld from the opposite party, as in a case I know of. The counsel for a client tried in vain, for six months, to get sight of a copy of the Dées laws, being always put off on one plea or another. He lost his suit. Later he obtained them, instituted a new suit, and won it.

Neither the Hungarian nor the Saxon could, by the law of the land, receive new regulations "by patent." When, therefore, in the great county assemblies, a Government authority promulgated an order, it was laid aside as rejected, and simply not acted upon.

Among the Saxons, when the village clergyman dies, his successor is elected, by the village, from among the curates doing duty in the neighbouring town. He is generally known to them from having preached in their church, on various occasions, when their own clergyman was ill, or when, perhaps, he was called upon to do so for some other reason. The names of seven candidates for the vacant living are distributed on a printed paper, and

those men, forming what we should call the vestry, set their mark against that curate's name whom they have decided to elect. The paper is then sent to the new vicar, with the keys of the church. On a certain day, some short time after this, he proceeds to the village to inspect his new living, to come to an understanding with his parishioners on various matters, and fix definitely how and when certain services, which he requires of them, are to be rendered. Before proceeding to his new living, he gives a dinner to his friends, the neighbouring clergy, and to the elders and vestry of his new parish, on which occasion the arrangement entered into between the two parties receives a final solemn ratification.

Such a festival took place while I was in Bistritz, and the same desire, which was everywhere shown, to make me thoroughly acquainted with the institutions, manners and customs of the country, was also manifested on this occasion; I was invited to be present at the dinner, which was to be given on the following day.

The guests, consisting of clergymen, professors, and members of the municipality, had all arrived, when the deputation from the village made its appearance. At their head was a tall man, dressed, like the rest, in the coarse white serge jacket and the white sheepskin waistcoat of the Saxon peasantry. His hair, not too long, fell back to the nape; his countenance was grave, there was a seriousness, I may almost say a solemnity in his expression, as he advanced towards his pastor and began his speech in the dialect of his mother-country. He related how, having to choose a new pastoral guide, they had looked about, and after mature reflection their choice had fallen on him; that they rejoiced to have found one so worthy of their confidence, and the whole parish anticipated his coming among them with gladness, in the

certainty that in him they would find a wise teacher and a safe guide. He hoped that the new clergyman would feel happy among them, and promised that nothing should be wanting on the part of the parishioners to strengthen the bonds of unity, which he trusted would always exist between the two.

The man spoke with a calm dignity, which was quite imposing. His delivery was good, nor did he once hesitate or have to seek for a word. He was not flurried at appearing before so large an assembly, and was as self-possessed as the most practised speaker could have been. One of the clergymen replied, and very courteously remarked, that as a foreign guest was present, the deputation must allow him to waive the custom of addressing them in their dialect. They all understood High German, and he would answer them in that language. In his reply, he compared the present contract to a marriage, and therefore, that there might be no misunderstanding, he once more, before the final word was spoken, called on the parties—whom he addressed as bridegroom and bride—to say if they were heartily willing to be united. Then, after receiving from each one his assent, he required them to seal, as it were, their affirmation, by giving each other the hand. The newly-elected clergyman, still holding in his the hand of the elder of the village, addressed to him a few words, and welcomed him and his fellows as his honoured guests. A glass of wine was then poured for each—the Viss-Trank,* as it is called—and the official part of the proceedings was, with this act, considered as finished.

* Viss-Trank, an abbreviation of Gewiss-Trank—the act which made the bargain "gewiss" or certain. Among the ancient Germans, this act of pledging each other in wine was customary when a contract was entered into. It sealed the bargain, and gave the mere verbal promise the value of a bond.

During the dinner, which lasted an immense time, toasts were drunk and numerous speeches made. What struck me particularly was the ease and fluency exhibited by all the speakers. I doubt very much, if in a small town in Germany, among a like number of similar individuals, the same skill and, in many instances, even eloquence would have been shown. This facility had, doubtless, its origin in the system of local self-government, which was one of the rights of the Saxons during seven hundred years. At their corporation meetings, there was as much discussion as at an assembly of the same kind in England, and hence, to speak in public was for centuries more familiar to the Saxon of Transylvania than it is to most private citizens, in the land of his ancestors, even at the present day. Yet still more striking to the stranger was the readiness and skill displayed by two of the peasant deputation, where, from the nature of the case, it was quite impossible there could have been any preparation. In a speech made by the clergyman at the head of the table, my presence there was alluded to so flatteringly and with such kindness and goodwill, that it was not well possible for me to remain silent. In my reply, among other things, I alluded to what I had observed in Transylvania, and hinted at the backward state of agriculture in the country, expressing, at the same time, a hope that when improvements were suggested by experienced men, prejudice and antiquated views might not withhold the peasant from listening to then, and introducing a more advantageous system. Hardly had I sat down when he who had just greeted the clergyman rose, and referring to my observations, began to speak of seed-time and harvest in a clear, succinct style. Though I understood all he said, his aim was, I confess, not clear to me, until my neighbour remarked, "Oh, it's a parable!" And in truth it was one. I, who had ex-

pected only a plain, practical answer, had taken his words literally. He spoke of the seed which had been sown in good soil in January of that year, (I afterwards learned that the newly-elected clergyman had preached in the village in that month,) how it had sprung up, and eventually of the good harvest it had brought them in their present choice. *That* husbandry had, after all, brought no such very bad result. The whole was most skilfully adjusted, and was to the point throughout. He concluded by drinking his new pastor's health, and wishing him content and happiness among his parishioners.

This man had once accompanied to Vienna a deputation from his native village, in order to lay before the Emperor a matter they all had at heart. He was chosen spokesman, and clearly and distinctly, without flurry or embarrassment, gave his Majesty an account of the point at issue. He is a simple peasant, and, he himself told me, was twenty-five years old when he learned to read and write.

And later, another peasant rose to reply to some rather sharp observations on the state of the village school. With great good humour he defended his little parish on the point at issue, and turned the matter so skilfully, that he undoubtedly obtained something very like a victory.

That festive company was a sight which would surely not be met with elsewhere. At one table was the peasant deputation, with their new pastor, and at the others the clergy and the authorities of the town and schools,—all in good fellowship, and without a single circumstance that might indicate a difference in social rank. Towards the end, one of the younger clergymen, remembering the pleasant days of his student life, struck up a well-known song. At his elbow was a rector, and in a mo-

ment the tones of his musical voice were heard joining in the chorus that was now formed by the reverend and lay company.

How that one Herr Pfarrer—young still in years as feeling—seemed to enjoy his leadership in that outburst of song!

In England this would, no doubt, be considered as a want of the decorum befitting a dignitary of the church; yet I must say that it did not for a moment strike me as such; nor did it seem so to the village guests either, and they for certain would be critical. They listened to the fine old song with evident pleasure, and were far from being shocked because a pastor's voice was heard with a fuller volume than the rest. We are so accustomed in all we do to conventional form, that we can hardly disassociate its observance from our minds, whether with reference to ourselves or others. The more natural, therefore, the direction which an impulse is allowed to take, untrammeled by prescribed mode, the less it will accord with our notions on such matters.

Some days after the above festival, the newly elected clergyman, accompanied by the dean and several of his friends, proceeded to his parish. At the boundary he was met by the churchwardens, the married women, the youths and maidens in holiday attire, as well as the school-children, who all came to welcome him. The village band played its best tunes, and thus the procession entered the village. There was afterwards service in the church, when the oath of fealty to the Emperor was administered to the pastor, and then the dean presented him to his congregation. He addressed them in a fitting speech, and, when all was over, talked with the school-children, to whom he gave a present of money, that they might have a holiday and festival according to their taste. The whole company

adjourned to the parish school, where the rooms were arranged and four tables laid out for dinner.

In some Saxon villages, the Protestant clergyman assembles his parishioners on certain evenings in winter, and gives them a lecture on, or rather explanation of, a subject generally interesting or specially so for them. The effect and the charm naturally depend on the individuality of the speaker, but, if done well, such mode of instruction cannot fail to be useful.

The towers on the town walls here were named after the guilds, whose business it was to defend them; and it was in remembrance of the old warlike times that the corporations, on days of great ceremony, had always a man or two in armour, as we still have in the procession on Lord Mayor's Day, and probably for the same reason. The Cutlers' guild was formerly very large,—sixty members,—while now there are but two. The whole of Moldavia was furnished by them with cutlery, and they were sufficiently important to have their own polishing mill. Nowhere in Transylvania do the tradesmen like the removal of the old corporation restrictions on trade. They oppose it with passive resistance in every way; and the Government, having no wish to raise up enemies, does not interfere; but the evil effects of the old system are apparent in many handicrafts, in shoemaking especially. At Saasz Régen, shoes are so bad and dear that cheaper and better ones can be obtained by sending for them to Vienna.*

Now, with regard to leather, the system adopted would hardly be found out of Transylvania. Throughout the

* I have seen a pair of boots taken to the blacksmith's forge "to be shod," that is, to have the tips put on the heels, as the shoemaker either could not do this, or, what is more probable, was prohibited from doing it, in order not to infringe on the handicraft of another.

province leather is bad, but no one thinks of making it better. The raw hides, of which there are abundance in the land, as well as close by in Wallachia, salt, bark, and the gall-nuts required in tanning, are all sent out of the province, and the manufactured article is then brought back again to make the boots and shoes of the inhabitants. With wool it is the same. Vast quantities are produced in the country, yet all the finer cloths manufactured from Transylvanian wool are made elsewhere.

A leather factory is one of the speculations about the success of which there can be no doubt. It is an article in general demand, and a market could therefore be found for the produce, and not only in Transylvania, but in the adjoining lands.

Paper factories, if properly conducted, would pay well. Rags are to be had in plenty, and at the lowest price,—dirty rags, 3 florins per cwt.; while the finer white ones cost from 5 to 7 florins per cwt. Resin, 2½ florins per cwt., and potash may be got for almost nothing. There is, at Borgó-Prund, to the north-east of Bistritz, such a factory, of which, with a small amount of capital, a most lucrative business might be made. Wallachia and Moldavia import a considerable quantity of the finer sort of paper; were such produced here—and there is no reason why it should not be—the stock required might all be furnished by Transylvania.*

In the Czamos Valley, near Rodna, north-east of Bistritz, a fine quartz is found in abundance, as well as an earth, well-fitted for porcelain. Close to Bistritz are also

* Formerly paper was exported hence to Moldavia, as long as the seat of government was at Jassy, but since its removal to Bucharest the importation has ceased. All this proves the fact on which I wish to lay particular stress: that, with more activity, good markets might be found in the neighbouring countries for many things which Transylvania could produce.

good potters' clay and wood for fuel. At Thorda, too, is excellent earth for porcelain. In all Transylvania there are but two factories for earthenware, and in both it is very inferior. From Thorda, not only the whole province might be supplied, but Moldavia and the Levant.

The iron trade presents an excellent opportunity for the advantageous employment of capital. Close by, in Moldavia, there is no iron, and all that is used there comes from England. In Bucharest, the price is 7 florins per cwt. for cast iron, and from 10 to 12 florins per cwt. for forged iron. These figures show that business could be done here by a man with money and activity.*

There are large ironworks in the Valley of Hátzeg, where their magnitude and the facility for obtaining good coal make them of importance. However, none of these undertakings are developed as they might be. In many there is a want of skill; in all, want of capital. Any one coming here, possessing both these, may command success.

Men expatriate themselves, and emigrate to America, or some take a sheep-farm at the Cape, or lead the life of a savage in Australia, separated from friends and even from humanity, in the hope and for the sake of realizing a fortune in a certain number of years; but here are opportunities without the many drawbacks attendant on the others; without leaving Europe and enduring every possible privation. An enterprising man would here find a virgin soil; and, like every virgin soil, it would yield him abundantly for his labour. There is as wide a field and as little competition as in the interior of Africa, where men find it worth their while to go and create a trade and a market for themselves. Were Transylvania further off, it would probably not have been so long overlooked

* See also on this subject Chapter XXXV., "Toroszko."

by our daring merchant pioneers; or it may be that a greater charm is found in trafficking with a black king, seated under a red cotton umbrella as dais, than in building up one's fortune in a land where there is quite as much of novelty, but which is nearer home.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NASZÓD.—LAW AND LAWLESSNESS.—A FESTIVAL.

WHILE at Bistritz, I made an excursion northwards to Naszód. Twenty years ago it took one whole day to get there; now it is a drive of two hours. The country was covered with deep snow; so that for sleighing nothing could be better, and, with four light Hungarian horses, we rushed on at full speed across the smooth ground. The road leads over hills, whence, in a more genial season, the view must be delightful.

Naszód is a Roumain village, and you are therefore surprised, on entering it, to see well-built and even handsome houses, some as pretty and substantial as any gentleman's residence. The reason is, that this place was formerly the seat of the staff of the second Wallack border regiment of infantry, and in these dwellings the different officers lived. But indeed, the whole village wears a totally different impress from any other Wallack place I had seen. The houses are all larger and better constructed, and the people too of a higher grade. A great many of them speak excellent German, and the bearing of the population shows what education might accomplish. For here, being on the "Border," or Grenze, all was under military

discipline. There were good government schools, which the children were obliged to attend.* The result was shown in all you saw. Many of the inhabitants were dressed in less uncivilized fashion, wearing boots instead of the usual swathings round their feet and legs; and with several I had as pleasant a conversation as with a Saxon or Szekler peasant. The large school-house was burned in 1848, and still remains in its charred state. The border regiment has been dissolved; and out of the money which, according to some arrangement, was to be given to Naszód, a gymnasium has been founded, one class of which was open when I visited the place. A second would soon follow. Several Roumains were then studying at Vienna, mostly at the expense of Government, to qualify themselves as teachers in the new establishment. A favourite plan of the Naszód people is to build a church and have a bishop here; so that, in time, Naszód may become the principal seat of the Wallack or Roumain nation, and be for them what Hermannstadt is to the Saxons, and Klausenburg to the Hungarians. There are different government offices here, filled by Roumains. I conversed with them as well as with the arch-priest of the Greek Church. These conversations interested me greatly; for they gave me an opportunity of seeing how intense the desire is, on the part of the nation, to acquire strength, power, and position, so as to take equal place with the other dwellers in the land. Against such striving nothing can be said; only, with them, the *amor habendi* is so great, that they are not very scrupulous as to their means of getting. The Government, too, probably in order to conciliate them, has granted request after request. Now the Emperor was petitioned for this, now for

* The schools on the "Military Frontier" were established by the Emperor Joseph II. in 1751, twelve years after the "Grenze" system had been adopted.

that; and the more that was given, the greater became the wish for more. First they claimed the houses where the officers had resided, then large tracts of forest, then certain moneys, and so on. For every claim they have "indisputable proofs of their right." One of their arguments is, that they were the original possessors of the land, with the same rights as the Saxons had. Of every gain, therefore, arising from industry or progress during six hundred years, they now claim a share. The Wallack considers the well-being of the Saxon, of whom he is jealous, a wrong inflicted on himself. Elsewhere, a class or a race works its own way upward, and acquires property by degrees, by dint of perseverance. Not so the Roumains of Transylvania: they boldly assert that, six hundred years ago, their ancestors had possession of certain forests of endless extent, and *therefore* they claim them now. Thus, in Peschendorf, the wood, which, since time immemorial, has exclusively belonged to the Saxons, is now claimed in part by the pope of the Greek Church. In Laszlen too, the pope, in 1862, demanded that the Saxon commune should apportion him some land, the Church having none belonging to it. The fields were given; but they were not accepted, as the community, he said, ought first to make the ground arable, and then give it. During the revolution, they were inflamed by the notion that, serfdom being at an end, they too would have castles and lands; and this whetted their appetite for possession. It was also a reason of their persecution of the nobles. Here we see clearly how dangerous it is to confer liberties, when the moral sense, which prevents men from misusing them, is wanting. When these are not co-existent, political emancipation has its perils. And they could not be so here; for these men passed at once from bondage to independence.

Till now, the Roumains holding office were quite uneducated. At this moment, there is one who is president of a supreme court of law who never studied jurisprudence: he was once village schoolmaster, then officer, and was elected by his countrymen to his judicial post. But there are many such; and no Roumain thinks himself unfitted for a similar place on account of inadequate knowledge; or, indeed, of any post, however high, that is offered him. The educated men among this nation may literally be numbered, so few are they.* Yet many of them are in authority; and what is so fatal is, that their own disregard of justice induces also among the people a want of respect for the law. Law has no authority anywhere, and people know it. It was an error, I think, to yield to the Roumains' demands. It has given them an undue sense of importance; and the favour they have received has led them to fancy themselves "a chosen people." They have a leader who is sagacious as he is cunning; and it is certain that there will be no rest to their exertions till they have obtained both property and power. Austria is wrong to rely on their fidelity, for there is no one bond that unites them to her. Though under her rule, they all, to a man, look towards Russia, whose Sovereign is the head of their Church. They have nothing to do with the West; it is in the East their hopes lie; and in their minds is always a latent expectation that one day, by union, a numerous and mighty Roumain nation will be formed.

As no Hungarian will accept office, and as there are too few Saxons for the law-courts and other Government offices, Roumains are appointed to them. Of their partiality, insufficiency of knowledge, and illegal proceedings,

* "Of the 900,000 Wallacks in Transylvania, I can count on my fingers the men of education—about 120 in all." Words of my informant; who, from his intercourse with the people, was qualified to judge correctly.

there is hardly any one who, in these matters, has not his tale to tell. For this reason, people put up with an injury from the certainty that they will find no redress. Indeed, if I were to enter on the matter more fully, I might fill my volume with instances. The most direct evidence is insufficient to convict. I know a case of a Wallack having been observed in a courtyard at dusk, lurking about the barn. He was seen to go into the hayloft, and afterwards, on being perceived and followed, he took to flight, but was caught. Directly after, fire broke out on the very spot where he, and where he only, had or could have been. Yet the man was acquitted, his judge being of his own nation. The wood of a Hungarian nobleman was devastated by the Wallacks. He complained of it to his lawyer, who was instructed to get an order of prohibition. In May, the order came; but no notice being taken of it, in December the last tree was cut down. In the April following nothing had yet been done; but as the wood was gone, the delay mattered little. Among sixty cases of complaint for stealing wood from the forest, there was not one conviction. If, however, the complaint be against the gentleman, then the verdict, which may be known beforehand, is carried out at once.

But thus it is always. On the part of these officers there is nothing but chicanery in one form or another. To speak plainly, there is perfect lawlessness in the land;* for whether there are no laws, or laws exist which are not carried out, the difference is not very great. It is only astonishing that there should be such personal safety everywhere, and so little violence committed.

* In this expression of my opinion, Saxon professors and clergymen agreed. "It was perfectly true," they said, and gave me instances enough to prove it. Horse-stealers are offered money to restore the stolen animals, rather than prosecute; so little chance is there of getting back the property, even when found in the thief's possession.

I insert here a delectable history, by a Saxon pastor, every word of which being true, will serve as a picture of this state of things better than any description.

GEORGE MAFTÉ.

Who, it will be asked, is George Mafté? Is he a philosopher, an inventor, an artist, or a hero?

He is none of these; and yet, if you will, he is all four; but with especial reference to an art much cultivated in this country,—that of horse-stealing. A biography of the man would fill a volume; and, after all, a far more fitting memorial would be a cross-beam with a pendent hoose. But a few sketches taken from every-day life will give a notion of his spirit, and of our want of it. Mafté's cradle was rocked in Palos, a place noted throughout the land. Romances and ballads formed his lullaby; and in them the deeds of his prototypes were chanted, which seem to have awakened in the child's mind an undefined longing for possessing, cost-free, the best horses in the neighbourhood. His youth was passed in Meeburg, and as there was no public school, friends and relations took care of his education, and gave him private instruction. His favourite study, pursued diligently day and night, was conveyancing; that is to say, conveying the studs of others into his own possession. It is not too much to assert, that the number of horses thus appropriated amounts to at least one hundred. A few more or less mattered little to him; we therefore will not be scrupulously particular. He was, in reality, head thief of the Schüssburg district: this was his domain. However, occasionally, when impelled by necessity, he extended his activity beyond the border, and encroached on the territory of his colleagues. If he were caught, he would get away again

without asking leave of his gaolers; and was the terror of thousands, rich and poor, for miles around. They all longed to see him with a rope about his neck; but they all loaded him with attentions, and rendered him every possible service. Thus after his escape from the Schässburg House of Correction, he lived two whole years among us, though the police came to the village regularly every week to seek for him; for the herdsmen, who look after the horses, took him in winter into their cottages, and collected bread and corn for him among the villagers, and whatever else he wanted; and every demand was complied with, because it was for Mafté, for who would refuse *him?* In summer, he lived day and night on the hills with the flocks, and had meat and drink, and tobacco, gratis, to his heart's content; and at night when, as is the custom, six of the villagers went out, so that the herdsmen might slumber as peacefully by night as they did by day, the opportunity was excellent for a chat with Mafté. Sometimes he disappeared for a week, just to keep his hand in, and for fear of forgetting his art; and then he came back again in good-humour to his friendly protectors, among whom, to judge by his looks, he felt comfortable and at his ease. He strolled up and down the streets, a tall strong figure, nodding a friendly good-day to the gendarmes, who were out looking for him, but did not know him.

And as he acted like the wolf who commits no ravages in the neighbourhood of the place where he has his lair, and did none of us any harm (three times only last summer he forgot himself), we, on our side, left him unmolested. Another reason was, that we had all possible respect for his art; and when the gendarmes asked us, "Have you not seen Mafté?" we answered, "No; how should we have seen Mafté? Is he, then, here?"

His faithful spouse helped to solace him, and came daily to visit him. As from us he always got cold food, she generally cooked for him a warm meal; but to do that, wood is necessary; and the people of Meeburg, which was where Mafté's wife lived, had none. At such times he would come to us in the village, and with a friendly salute would say, "Uncle George, lend me your cart; I will bring it back again right honestly; my poor wife has no wood." And so, one neighbour lent him a cart, another his horses and a whip, and a third the harness. And, thus furnished, off he drove into our woods,—into our own woods, for which we have so many taxes to pay,—and, filling the cart, carried off the load to his cottage at Meeburg. It is true, he returned the borrowed horse and cart in the most honourable manner; and when he thanked us for them, we said, "Oh, don't talk of thanks, Mafté; we were most happy to oblige you." There is no denying that while we said so, we clenched our fist unseen, and inwardly wished him hanged. But, of course, this did no good; moreover it was not chivalrous. But why, it will be said, did nobody arrest him? The truth was, no one liked to be the first, or to risk, in case of a failure, having all his horses stolen. Well, then, some may answer, you might have betrayed him to the gendarmes. It is all very well to say that, but walls have ears; and woe to the informer, if Mafté or his band should find him out. Or, it may be argued, the clergyman or the Hann (the head man in the village) might surely have had the courage to do so; but if he had, the parishioners would have said, "Have we a parson or a Hann to bring sorrow on our heads?" And if the gaolers in Schässburg or Szamos-Ujvár had not held him fast, great would be the damage he would do the parish; and parson and Hann would have had a far worse life of it than Mafté. It is true, if the whole village

had gone forth to arrest him, there would have been an end of the matter; and he would neither have stolen our horses, nor burnt down half the village.

But it was not with us only that Mafté was so well off; elsewhere also he met with a friendly reception. Once, in winter, after he had stolen five horses,—it was difficult to say which was the handsomest of the lot,—he passed through Radeln, and stopping before the window of my cousin called out, "Make haste, uncle, and bring a florin's worth of tobacco; I can't get off." And my cousin answered, "Of course, Mafté, right willingly; in the twinkling of an eye you shall have it." And when my cousin, out of pure fear of the rascal, said, "Won't you come in and rest a little?" Mafté answered, "Not now; another time; before dawn I must be in Esik. I've not a moment to lose; for there are people on my track."

However, it is a long lane that has no turning; and Mafté, the dread of the whole country round, has been taken at last. He had stolen six horses from a man at Kaisd, and, soon after, two gendarmes laid hold of him, and delivered him to the prison authorities.

The greater number of crimes come under the head of theft, and were, in one year, 55 per cent. of the whole number. Those committed against the person ("grievous bodily harm") were 491 in a population of 2,074,202; and if there were besides, 253 murders, these were, in most cases, to be attributed to private hatred, revenge, and sudden passion, called forth by the effect of intoxicating drink. What I mean to say is, that *public safety* is great; and that the traveller or peaceable dweller in the land need nowhere be in fear of violence.* The lawless-

* On entering the country, I carried a revolver under my coat; but after a time, there seemed to me something so ridiculous in doing so, that

ness of which I speak regards observance of the rights of others, especially as they relate to landed property; observance, too, of a judgment pronounced by a court of law. No Wallack troubles his head about it if contrary to his interest to do so; and, somehow or other, there is no one to compel him. Under the much-decried system of Bach, justice, so every one, without exception, told me, was surer and more speedy. While it existed, all abused it. Now I everywhere heard the wish expressed, that it might be introduced again, being far preferable to the present state of things. The great complaint at that time was, that men ignorant of the country were sent as civil officers: Italians, Bohemians,* Tyrolese, etc. But, at all events, law was administered, and speedily. This, even the Hungarians acknowledge. But at present, as the Saxons confess, the very appellation "a court of *justice*" is a mockery. "Law," so Lord Chief Justice Wilde has admirably defined it, "is justice administered with method." But here, there is not even method in the disregard of its behests.

The first thing for Government to do is, with a firm hand to carry out the law. There is no hope for the people until this is done. I know that the present is a transition state, and every step is beset with difficulties; as soon as a change takes place they start up on all sides, the very ground even seeming to bring them forth. All parties then come forward to demand that their special rights shall be recognized: antiquated privileges are claimed, local laws put forth as paramount, distinctions founded on mutual jealousy upheld, and all is insisted on

I put it in my trunk. Throughout the province there is *perfect* safety. There is not more in Germany, France, or England.

* Of only one among these nationalities—of the Gallicians—did I hear a decided complaint: it was, that they stole.

with the same uncompromising resolve, as though on each petty circumstance depended the welfare of the realm. And should a single one be disregarded, should the special be merged in the general, and the interests of a part be made subservient to the good of the whole, an implacable enemy is at once made, and a cry raised Government treachery, its tyranny and oppression.* Unfortunately this cry is echoed in other lands, giving rise to misconceptions and false estimates,—a result from which the misled suffer quite as much as the misjudged. For it cannot be indifferent whether or not we judge fairly the acts, and character, and political development of an ally, or a people who may become so,—the difficulties which may retard progress, and the spirit of progress, which is its strength. Indeed, unless we thoroughly understand the difference of race, and all its thousand bearings and manifold influences, it is utterly impossible to appreciate the difficulty of Austria.

But even good laws are of little avail among men to whom law, in itself, is unintelligible. The man of honour is bound by the law of honour; but he in whom the feeling is wanting would laugh, and naturally so, at the notion of your binding him by an impalpable thing. There is something, therefore, which must precede, and is even more necessary than, a just law, viz. that the population be educated up to it.

Till this be the case,—till a man have a correct idea of right, of *meum* and *tuum* for example,—it is of little good talking to him of what is lawless or illegal. You must

* Kossuth at once perceived that if he began by considering separate interests he would never get on. He saw that there must be a central point, and general, not special laws. And therefore, in 1848, he declared that the special views and wishes of Transylvania could not possibly be taken account of; they must be subordinate to the interests of Hungary.

modify your acts like your code, according to those who are to be dealt with.

And it was a clear view of the anarchy that reigned with regard to right, and law, and justice, that made one of the most distinguished Hungarian noblemen say to me, "Nothing is to be done here—positively nothing—unless for a time we have an *absolute* government for all: for all ranks, for all the nations. Then, afterwards, a constitution is possible; but at present there is such a confusion of ideas as to rights, and property, and justice, that anything like order is impossible."

The Wallack of to-day requires firm and strict rule. Officers who have had them in their regiments told me that in the Italian campaign of 1858 and 1859 they behaved well. The regiment Kulatz drove back the Zouaves: they flung stones at them, and then charged. "*But as soon as the discipline is lax, they commit excesses, and are good for nothing.*" A lesson, this, for those in authority. The Wallack must be *forced* to succumb to law,—to learn that law is his master; then he would do well. He is also improvident, being too indolent, to think beyond the hour. For "wise economy is not a natural instinct, but the growth of reflection. Prodigality is much more natural to man. Thus the savage is the greatest spendthrift, for he has no forethought, no to-morrow, and lives only for the day or the hour."*

"In brisk times they enjoy a sort of riotous profusion, but after a few weeks they are found plunged in misery. Intemperance prevails to a large extent, good wages are squandered, there is little care for the morrow. Their very creed—and after their sort they are a curiously devotional people—often degenerates into fanatical fatalism."† This is the picture given of the English working-

* 'Quarterly Review,' vol. cviii. p. 98. † Ibid.

classes by the 'Quarterly Review' and Mr. Chambers, and it accords exactly with my experience of the Wallack. But these people may be changed. If we read the reports of those labouring in London and the provinces in the noble work of raising the working-classes, and in reforming the non-workers, there is no need to despair of anything; for more uncultivated than those men are, or more sunk in mere animal existence, no human creatures can possibly be.

By the introduction of village banks for the smallest savings, by incitement to obtain instruction, by making them feel the advantage of a less indolent life,—the Wallacks might be raised out of their present state. There would be every chance of success; for the nation has grown ambitious, and the people are not intractable, —on the contrary. The only difficulty might perhaps be the opposition of the Church. That the Roumains are sensible of the value of education, and distinguish between imperfect and better teaching, is proved by sending their children, though it costs them more, to the Saxon schools in preference to their own.

The sudden enfranchisement of the serfs was certainly anything but a blessing.* These were not in a fit state

* Be it observed, I say the *sudden* enfranchisement. And if in a former Chapter (p. 284) the continued state of serfdom in the land is spoken of as one reason of the backwardness of agriculture, this has nothing to do with the personal treatment of such dwellers on an estate. Here there was in reality something patriarchal in the relative position of these and the lord of the manor,—a position not at all unnatural in an early state of society. That the Saxons who were not free should emancipate themselves, was desirable, as they were, by their origin, unfitted for, being beyond, such state. *They had been thrown back into it* by a concatenation of circumstances, and it was natural that they who had once been free men, as soon as they stripped off imposed duties and feudal service (see p. 359), should expand like a flower in the fresh air of liberty.

What is good for one may not be good for another. The grown-up man is invigorated by a draught of wine; to the infant it is poison.

for self-guidance, and when they had full l
know what to do with it. Here it came on them like a blow. In Hungary the people were better prepared for it. We in England are far too much accustomed to judge other countries and their institutions by an English standard, and to condemn arrangements unlike our own, without considering their origin or fittingness for certain conditions of a land and people. "Leibeigenschaft," or vassalage, was here *a mode of payment not in money.* Certain service was done in return for certain benefits conferred. Such a state of things has always existed, and still exists, where primitive habits and modes of life are found.* It would startle the reader perhaps to be told that serfdom still existed in Great Britain; yet what we read of in the Rev. Dr. Gilly's work greatly resembles it. The border peasantry, he tells us, are very different from those in the south. The hind is hired by the year, and his hut is found him by the employer. He is paid in kind; his cow is kept (fed) by the master; carriage for his coals is provided; wool, too, for the women to spin, is supplied. In sickness, his allowance continues. *Each hind is bound to find the master the labour of a woman or a boy.* There is independence and plenty in their coarse, rough, primitive life.†

And what Laurence Oliphant tells us about the Circassian girls sent to Constantinople, shows us how unlike the truth certain matters often really are when viewed from a distance.‡

* It was so in England in the reign of Mary, and later. "The peasant was bound by the tenure of his holding, to aid in cutting, carting, and housing his lord's hay and corn, to repair his bridges, and to mend his roads." ('Old Roads and New Roads.')

† 'Quarterly Review.'

‡ "A Circassian young lady anticipates with as much relish the time when she shall arrive at a marketable age, as an English young lady does

Throughout Transylvania every one spoke of Bem with respect; Saxons,* Hungarians, nobles, and peasants; there was but one opinion about the man. Till he came, the war was but one of pillage and extermination. He introduced order and maintained authority. At Hermannstadt he had thirteen Szeklers—his own men—shot on the spot, for having dared to plunder. All the Saxons say how much they owe him.

It was by Naszód that a Russian *corps d'armée* entered Transylvania. On the plain just outside the village the troops encamped, and not a man was allowed to come in. The inhabitants still spoke of the discipline that was maintained; and in other parts of the province I heard the same. The Hungarians even, whom the Russians came to oppose, praised the urbane manner in which they carried out their orders. Up the steep wooded hillsides,—so the people told me,—the Cossacks rode, or rather flew, on their little horses of the Steppe. They said it was marvellous to see them scouring over the ridge, looking out, lest the foe might be near and make a sudden attack.

The price of wood here, even now, is something fabulous. An acquaintance at Naszód bought two pine-trees, between thirty and forty feet long, for eighty kreutzers. At Dées two such pines, each thirty-six feet long, and brought from Rodna, which is more than two days'

the prospect of her first London season. But we have prevented the possibility of their forming any more brilliant alliances, which made the young ladies of Circassia the envy of Turkeydom. The effect is, in fact, very much the same as that which an Act of Parliament would have in this country, forbidding any squire's daughter to marry out of her own parish,—thus limiting her choice to the curate, the doctor, and the attorney; and the result will be, in all probability, anything but beneficial to the morality of the community." Very different this from our notions of the slavery from which we wanted to rescue them!

* "Ein prächtiger Kerl!" said a Saxon (opponent) when speaking of him to me.

journey, often fetched two florins; or a man fells a klafter of wood, for which he pays twenty-eight kreutzers, and takes it to Dées, where he sells it for seventy kreutzers.* The want of ready money is so great in Transylvania, that I was often told, people would before long introduce a system of exchange. At Naszód this has already come to pass. There is the Jew walking about on market-day, with fox and marten skins on his arm; he has just given so much cloth for them; and he will presently dispose of something that tempts a villager for a fowl or two, and a certain quantity of maize. And yonder is a pig for sale, and corn, and carpenter's work, and jackets of fur, and lambskin caps. The vendors, however, will not carry even paper-notes home with them, but their sledges will be filled with household stock, and wearing-apparel, etc., taken in exchange.

At an inn of Bistritz I had once to wait so long for change out of a florin that I went away without it; such was the difficulty to get together a few ten-kreutzer notes.

But though there might be little money in the village, there was mirth enough, and cheerfulness,—and perhaps, after all, these are the more desirable. It was the time of a church festival, and the faces of all the lads and lasses wore a holiday look. The girls were dressed in their best, and the youths went round to the different houses to fetch them to the dance. Those who came to invite carried a white wand in their hand; this was the rule. The dancing went on in the street of the village, in the open air, and though the cold was intense, they

* It was, I think, at Sz. Reen that a gentleman told me he had bought an oak trunk 5 fathoms long and 20 inches square, for £2. 10*s.*; and one 15 feet long and 2½ feet square at each end, for £2. Another said he could remember having purchased oaks 5 feet in diameter for 3 *fl.* schein, or 1 *fl.* 12 *kr.*

kept it up for hours by moonlight, on the hard snow; and the girls had nothing on but the shift and the bright-coloured kratinsa; for when the dance began they took off their thick frieze or sheepskin jacket, putting it on again till the next dance recommenced. The youths, too, were in their shirt-sleeves. Nor had the girls anything on their heads but flowers; and the dance was not of that animated description to warm those who shared in it. How they bore the cold—for the temperature was arctic—I cannot understand. The first part of the dance was little more than a step forwards and then a step backwards; but the second division of it had more life; the lads then took their partners and twirled them round, as in the Czardas. They went on thus till five in the morning; for it was light as day. The next morning they danced before the dwellings of the chief authorities, having in the midst a miniature fir-tree with decorated branches and large cake in the middle, which they raised on high, from time to time, during certain figures of the dance. Later, they all assembled in different houses. The girls poured in, and seated themselves at table; each brought something—bread, or a pile of cakes, etc., and those who were in service came with a present from their mistress. The youths stood in attendance, and as each gift was handed to them, and put aside for the supper later, one of them cried out, "Rejoice, here is this or that (naming the contribution), which So-and-so has brought!"

It was really a pretty scene, wild as some of the accessories were; but the faces, and the colour, and the background made it very picturesque. Round the walls of the room were hung rows of pictures, and behind each, draping it, a snow-white towel or napkin tastefully festooned, with a bright red border of needlework. There

again were the piles of white pillows, and beds embroidered in crimson or blue, and with every diversity of arabesque pattern; and woollen home-woven carpets of brown and yellow or red and brown hung up, with a strip of white linen between them. In one house was the gipsy band, standing on a bench or table; and seated beneath the cornice of pitchers, and those bright hangings, were the dark Italian-looking girls, with braided hair hanging down behind, and a bright ribbon at the end. Some had on a wreath of flowers, others only a single gay one stuck into the tress. They wore rows of coral round their neck, or artificial pearls, or coloured beads. Many had large black ones twined about the neck, and hanging low down over the white shift that covered the full bosom. Most of them had only this covering of white linen from the shoulders to the waist, but some wore a red embroidered bodice, or a sheepskin jacket with tufts of silk and work in colours that rivalled a rainbow. A few had a kerchief on their head knotted carelessly,—purple, or yellow, or brown. Then round the waist came the red sash, and the kratinsa with its lively crimson resting on the snowy folds of the chemise, the sleeves of which were always large and with embroidered border, and tied up above the elbow with a black ribbon.

The youths poured out glasses of brandy, and presented them to the girls. They merely put it to their lips, and she to whom the glass was offered then rose, and swinging round the glass, and rocking her body to and fro, began to chant a couplet; and so it went on from one to the other. Many sang a verse they knew by heart, but others improvised something for the occasion, as was evident from the shouts of laughter and the hearty applause which followed a well-adapted joke.

There was one girl especially, who was quite a genius in her way. She was not exactly pretty, but she had sparkling eyes and a clever mouth, and her whole expression told of intelligence. She was called on repeatedly, and verse after verse was improvised by her, now containing some lover's conceit, and very frequently a sly allusion to a person present. As often as appeal was made to her, a sly smile played round her mouth; with one arm akimbo she swayed backwards and forwards for awhile, as if thinking what to say, and the bright arch look told at once when it was found. Then she burst forth in a rather harsh key, but with a wild poetic fire. The verses were in rhyme, for, as in Italian, the predominance of the vowel terminations made it no very difficult matter to compose a couplet. There is a certain formula to be observed; every such impromptu must begin with the words "Green leaf of a flower," and then comes the story.* The following are verses sung by this village Sappho:—

"Green leaf of a flower.

"My love has eyes like blackberries, and eyebrows like the wing of a raven, and teeth like jewels. His face is like a rose that has been dipped in milk, and his figure is as if it had been turned by a turner [being so symmetrical], and drawn through a ring. His moustache is like ears of barley."

"Green leaf of a flower.

"I passed by a hill, where the house of my lover stood, and I heard how his mother scolded him for his love to

* This is like the so-called "Leberreime" in German, which must always begin with "Die Leber ist vom Hecht," etc. It would not be uninteresting to compare this custom of couplet-singing among the Roumains with what is said about "Schnadahüpfln" in my 'Chamois Hunting in the Mountains of Bavaria,' p. 435, second edition.

me. In that house nothing can prosper, in a house where such a mother is. I would not enter such a house, for though the outside is white, within is nothing but heart-burning and discord. Nothing succeeds there: the bread is not good; not even the salt is as it should be. Bring therefore no more flowers to lay before my door,—I don't want them; for I never would enter such a house."

"Green leaf," etc.

"I have a pretty mouth, a charming mouth; but what good does that do me, if the mouth may not name him whom I love? My mother guards me carefully, and hides me away; but what good is that? I shall still see him who loves me and have him at last."

"Some one has told my mother of him whom I love, and betrayed me. Whoever it be, then may the Virgin not be propitious to his or her supplication. If a man, may he have no house, and no farm, and no flocks! If a woman, may she be like corn that is not reaped, like a meadow that is not mown! May she live alone, like a pearl that is unthreaded!" [not strung, and consequently not seen].

"My mother locked me up in a chest, and locked it with a strong key, and piled on it a block of stone. But I broke through the lock and hurled away the stone, and my lover came to me and married me, and we went to my mother and begged her for her pardon. She gave us her pardon, and we now are happy."

"I go to sleep at night and dream, but my thoughts, even in my dreams, are of my beloved."

The following elicited shouts of laughter, for it evidently alluded to a clerk, whose passion for some bright-eyed girl was well known :—

"Green leaf," etc.

"My lover sits in the chancery, and with one eye he looks on his papers, and with the other he is looking out for me. With one hand he is writing protocols, and with the other he beckons to me; but what he is scribbling is not good for much, for his thoughts are all with me. Let him come to me, and his sad thoughts will soon be put to flight."

The girls sitting round the table, took their places, each according to her social position. In the corner sat the daughters of the house, next them, on either side, those highest in rank, and so on, with as much observance of etiquette as though they had been, not in a cottage, but at court. Later, the young people went away and made room for the elders—their parents,—each of whom also brought, picnic fashion, a contribution for the supper.

At Christmas, the waits go round here and sing before the windows. On Christmas Eve, there is a representation of the events antecedent to the birth. A shepherd boy is seen on the ground asleep, when an angel comes, and, waking him, asks if he does not know who is born. Then Herod is seen in a red mantle, with his secretary, and he sends out to look for the babe, but the messenger will not go. Herod threatens to murder him. "You may murder *me*," is the answer, "but Christ,—you miserable wretch!—you will not be able to get hold of." Later, the three wise men appear, and offer presents to the Child.

This is a sort of miracle play, and is quite like those

extraordinary Scriptural representations, still given, every ten years, at Ober Ammergau, in Bavaria. The whole dialogue is in verse.

I met a boy, in the street, bare-headed, and, on inquiring the reason, was told that some one of his family must be dead. It is a mourning custom, and the relations go thus uncovered till after the funeral.

The fields about Naszód were formerly never manured; now the people begin to do so a little, it being found necessary for obtaining crops.

Not far from Naszód is a village, where all the inhabitants are "ennobled." And it happened thus:—Two hundred years ago, when the Tartar irruptions were so frequent, these villagers got tidings of the approach of the foe, and prepared to meet them. In a narrow pass, through which they would have to come, they had stones and trees ready to hurl down; and, when the narrow defile was reached, the missiles came crashing down upon the barbarians. They were routed, and it was for this service that the whole village was made "adelig," which, of course, while it enfranchised the inhabitants, gave them rights and privileges which they had not before; and, in consequence, you may see some barefooted girl coming along with a load of wood on her back, who is "Fräulein von" So-and-so, and has, moreover, undeniable claim to the distinction.

CHAPTER XXV.

CIRCUMLOCUTION OFFICES.

To the north-east of Naszód, towards Hungary and the Bukovina, lies Rodna—"Dives Rodna," as it was named. A German town stood here formerly, but the Mongols destroyed it. The silver and lead mines which were worked by the Romans are still in operation, and vestiges of the labours of those ancient explorers are everywhere to be found.

There is a tradition that at one time three hundred mines were in full work. The frequent invasions of the Mongols—1150—half destroyed the Saxon population, and caused those remaining in Rodna to leave the dangerous neighbourhood and go further into the interior: they withdrew therefore to Bistritz.

Those northern people on the other side of the Carpathians, still rolling on eastwards, caused the nomade population to flee before them; and these sought safety by crossing the mountain-ridges, and descending into the Transylvanian valleys. They were, so to say, thrown here by the mighty barbarian stream which poured down from the north and east. The lands in which they settled were, however, Saxon property; and there were remonstrances

and continual feuds between the original possessors and the new-comers, until at last a territory was marked out which was to be ceded to the latter. But though all this happened centuries ago, the old enmity still continues, and the same attempts are made as formerly to invade the Saxon rights. But it is thus throughout the province: go where you will, you find conflicting feelings or conflicting interests,—some old right possessed by a handful of people which trenches on the interests of another handful close by, no iota of which one will cede to the other. One village has annulled its feudal service; in another it exists, but in another form, as at Bükszád. Or, where tithes were abolished, and the clergy paid in kind, some claim was left unsettled, and indemnities are still asked for from this and not from that, etc. Thus in no one instance do you find an arrangement finished or complete,—no compact which, on account of collateral rights, is not open to dispute; no state of things which, owing to antecedents of (may be) three centuries ago, but conceals a germ of jealousy or feud. A brisk trade in cloth and cattle and spices was carried on here formerly, between Transylvania and Poland and Moldavia; but this has long since had an end. The Protestant clergyman wandered away from the deserted spot, and in the once Lutheran church the ritual of the Greek Catholics is now chanted. About 1500 or 1600 cwt. of pure lead are produced here annually. At 10 florins per cwt. this would give 16,000 florins, and at 12 florins, 19,200 florins; but as the working expenses amount to 20,000 florins, there is always a deficit.

This is almost always the case in such undertakings in Austria. The expense of forest and mine superintendence is so great that the profits are never what they ought to be. It is the red-tapery which here, as in Eng-

land, complicates and throws obstacles in the way of the most simple operations. The unfortunate result is, that the Government, rather than continue so losing a game, has disposed of many of its most valuable possessions. This was done, in 1821, with the copper mine at St. Domokos; it was sold for a trifle, because the income did not cover the outlay; and yet the undertaking, even if but tolerably well conducted, would prove to any one literally a mine of wealth. The truth is, there are so many officers, one to overlook another, that it is impossible anything so carried on can pay.

Not far from Abrudbanya are magnificent forests (Topánfalva) belonging to the Crown. Every year the accounts showed a deficit in the balance-sheet. The whole tract is to be sold, * because to keep it induces a loss.

I saw one gold-mine which had been bought for 300 ducats, with all the buildings belonging to it, stamping-mills, dwelling-houses, etc. etc. The man who told me chuckled, as he spoke of his excellent bargain. The stone walls of the tenements, he said, were alone worth more.

Beside such mistakes, we find continually, as controlling authority, the wrong man in the wrong place. People who know nothing about what they come to direct are sent round to inspect what the well-informed, hard-working, practical under-officers have been about. Civil engineers who have never even seen a mine have the pro-

* "A brilliant speculation for him who purchases it!" said those who knew the forest, and what might be done with it. It would seem that the department of Woods and Forests is everywhere the least well administered, although, if properly cared for, it would prove one of the most productive sources of revenue. "In France," says About, "the forests of the State are badly managed; those to whom they are entrusted are incompetent and dishonest."

positions of experienced miners laid before them, to accept or reject them as they like. Whatever relates to mining matters is brought before the Handels Ministerium —the Board of Trade,—which has to decide on mining questions often purely technical. Thus, permission was for years refused to have a steam-engine in one of the most important mines of the province; when it was at last erected, in two years it paid itself. Then, again, the subdivision into various departments—red-tapery—leads to endless blunders. The one department orders a magazine for the salt to be built here; another department —a tramroad being wanted from the mine—orders the laying down of the tramway yonder; and when the work of each is nearly done, it is found that one stands exactly in the way of the other. But each department takes its stand on its special jurisdiction and authority, and will not budge an inch, or condescend to consult with another.

I have seen the house of an officer of the mines. It wanted repair; the expense would have been 100 florins. Permission is asked at head-quarters to have the repairs done. An architect is sent down to see if repairs are necessary. He stays some days, "to inspect;" his allowed expenses amount to much more than the repairs would have cost. He returns, and reports in favour of repair; but for a long time nothing is done. At last, workmen are sent; and meanwhile the walls, owing to the delay, are in so much worse a state, that the work done costs now considerably more than the original estimate.*

* I saw a drain for which 175 florins had been allowed and paid by Government; the real price of work done was 30 florins. The reason is this:— When any building is to be done, the estimates are made according to tables of prices of masonry, lime, etc. Thus Government allows 75 florins per cubic fathom of masonry; the real cost is 20 florins. Where the drain was built, materials and work were cheaper than where those estimates

Is it any wonder, then, that these Government establishments frequently do not pay? All the mines of Transylvania are in the fifth section of the Ministry of Finance, and here, not only financial, but technical matters are decided on by men who do not even know what a mine is like. Formerly all mining business belonged to the fourth department, which was a purely technical administration.

These facts, which came under my own observation, are mentioned here rather for the information of the Austrian authorities—in case this book should ever reach them—than for English readers. A Circumlocution Office in England, bad as the thing is, will not ruin us: Austria, however, in her peculiar position, *will be ruined* if such a state of things be allowed to go on much longer.

The subordinate Government officers are paid badly, so that, to use the words of my informant, himself holding office, "they *must* steal." Another allowed that "they *must* defraud in order to live." A third said, "We lose annually very considerably by theft." An overseer (*Aufseher*) at a mine gets six florins a month. Some men on the smallest salary live well and handsomely. How do they manage it? Near one salt-mine in full work is another now deserted. Here, organized bands of fifty or sixty men, with outposts as sentinels, regularly steal salt; and the badly-paid overseers connive at the depredation.

The weather was beautiful, and I hardly think a Canadian winter could be more bright. To the east of Bistritz lies Borgó Prund, and thither I drove to see and to pur-

were made, but, notwithstanding, the work was reckoned according to prices some hundred miles off. Another building for which Government gave, in this manner, 3087 florins, cost in reality only 1000 florins. These facts I had from a Government inspecting-officer.

chase some of the manufactures of the Roumain women. The country hereabouts reminded me at once of the scenery in the Valley of the Inn. Here, too, is the so-called "Mittel Land," a ridge of low hills rising in the vale between the higher mountains. Even now their bold forms and gentle slopes were most attractive; and in summer, when the woods on the upland are in full leaf, and the pastures green and enlivened with flocks and herds, the scene must be most lovely.

The wife of the arch-priest very obligingly showed me her handiwork,—rugs, carpets, table-covers, and a woven sash or girdle for the waist. I drove on to another village, and the young Roumain school-teacher took me to his parents' house. Presently a girl of seventeen came in, and I do not think I ever saw a more beautiful face. Her blue eyes and exquisite complexion were as bright as those we often read of, but so seldom see. Indeed, she was a rare apparition; all her features were finely moulded, and her whole air was unlike that of a peasant girl. Then came another daughter, to take out of the painted locker her store of kratinsas, and coverlets, and embroidery. She was a brunette, and, though a beauty, she had not the sunny radiance of her sweet young sister. There was no end to the stores their diligent fingers had woven! They could not possibly want them all, yet they were very unwilling to part with two deftly-wrought kratinsas, on which my heart was set. At last they let me purchase them, and a large carpet also, which now makes a handsome covering for my bed. And then I went to see their loom, in which these webs had been produced. What a barbarous contrivance! It was exactly like the frame now used for the same purpose in the interior of Africa, which, again, is like that seen on the monuments of the ancient Egyptians. At Prund, I

found a German who was well acquainted with all Liebig's works on agriculture, and spoke of him with enthusiasm.*

The Roumain dwelling that I entered was strikingly neat. The houses were not thatched, but tiled, the palings before the house were painted, and the whole place looked tidy. The fact was, this was on "the Border," and had been under military rule; hence the inhabitants had good schools, and learned order. Here, too, I heard regrets that the Bach system was no more. "Then we had justice, speedy justice, and were sure of getting it." These expressions greatly amused me, for till now all that belonged to that time and that system had been spoken of as being the very perfection of what was objectionable and bad. It only shows that the arrangements were, after all, not so wholly bad as was asserted. At all events, they worked well; on that head there is *now* only one opinion.†

Still further on, towards the pass into Moldavia, the scenery increases in picturesqueness, and nothing can be better than the road thither.

In the neighbourhood of Prund lies a territory, the possession of which has led to the most flagrant outrages. Commission after commission has been appointed to decide peremptorily on the line of demarcation, and although the existing documents and the boundary marks all prove where it is—indeed there was never any doubt about it—the Wallacks will not give way, but come

* Liebig is popular here, and his works form the groundwork of all the later writings on agriculture.

† For the system in question, I have nothing to say either *pro* or *con*. But all the world over, opposition is surely made to new arrangements. I can remember quite well hearing, when a boy, the crowd hooting and shouting, "Peel's gang!" after our present police, on their first appearance, when they arrested some offender in the street.

on their neighbour's land, plough it for their own purposes, or destroy the harvests which the Saxons have raised. Should they be opposed, they maim or slay whoever resists. This state of things has been going on for years, and Imperial authority, and proclamations, and decisions of the highest courts of law are unavailing to enforce obedience. As I have observed, it is useless to talk of law to a people in a semi-barbarous state; and till they have some comprehension of justice and reciprocal rights, force alone can make them yield. It is a sorry part the Government thus plays, allowing itself to be bearded by a few Roumain villages, and the judgments disregarded which its own highest officers have pronounced. For the people of Ilva Mika, Földra, Nepos, and Rebrischora no more heed the commands of the authorities in this matter, than they do the cawing of a crow.*

For things to continue so is utterly impossible. The Government will be obliged before long to do what it ought to have done already—to enforce respect for its commands. If only just, and I have seen nothing to make me believe it would not be so, it has nought to fear from resolute decision.

Indeed, the Austrian Government must be just in self-defence, for justice is the only sure breastplate with which to meet the attacks of its opponents. But these would fail, in presence of righteous laws unflinchingly carried out. Such policy is Austria's only safety. Excess of arbitrary power would merely weaken her position, and she has therefore renounced its exercise to give the

* Some years ago, a wood belonging to Hermannstadt was cut down and devastated by the Wallacks. Though only a mile or so from the seat of government, there was no redress to be had. Instead of the Government being tyrannical, it is far too tolerant.

people a share in the government. That the new system is carried out free from flaw or imperfection, no one will assert; it would be a wonder if it were so. The fault is now on one side, now on the other, for neither party can learn, overnight as it were, what we all find so difficult, even after years of teaching,—moderation of enjoyment, whether of liberty or power.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DÉÉS.—SZAMOS UJVÁR TO KLAUSENBURG.

A PROOF of the infrequency of travellers in Transylvania was afforded me by the fact that the presence of a simple tourist like myself was everywhere a subject for speculation. On arriving at Dées (Hungarian town), I found that people knew beforehand I was coming, even more surely than I did myself. "I have heard of him," said one, to the obliging Hungarian whose guest I was; "he is, I know, travelling for the 'Times.'" I thought it a duty I owed that power, to deny that it had so unworthy a servant.

There is a good-sized and well-arranged Klein Kinder Bewahr Anstalt* here, built entirely out of funds raised

* This is an establishment where very little children, too young as yet for school, are sent to be taken care of, during the absence of their parents from home. In summer, they play in a garden adjoining the building, under the care of the matron. In the rooms are large coloured pictures, and various alphabets on the walls, so that some of the bigger ones among the children learn their letters, and to spell, and to name different objects and animals. Thus they acquire some knowledge while they are amused. They learn, too, obedience, and to behave properly. In the morning they come to the house, and go home to dinner, and come again afterwards. For those parents whose employment takes them from home, such institutions are real blessings. It would be an admirable thing to introduce them to England, as companion establishments to the ragged schools.

by the Hungarian population; partly by amateur concerts, fancy fairs, and voluntary contributions. The activity of the Hungarian, when the interest of his own nation is concerned, is most praiseworthy. He bestirs himself, and is ready to make any sacrifice. The inhabitants of Dées are anxious to have a "Real Schule,"* and, with some assistance from Government, would be able to carry out their plan. A town that has already done so much for itself, with regard to the elementary schools, merits to have its wishes heard. There are but three Real Schulen in the province, at Hermannstadt, Kronstadt, and Schässburg. Klausenburg has also, a long time, petitioned for such a school, but in vain. Not only a town of so much importance as Klausenburg has a right to such institution, but, for the province generally, its establishment would be beneficial. The knowledge taught at the Real Schule is just what is wanting in Transylvania, and which would conduce more than anything else to the welfare of the land.

The town-hall is a handsome modern building. There is a Franciscan convent here, and I was rather surprised to find in it women-cooks. On the hill above the town is a tower, where it is said the seven first comers from Scythia opened their veins, and swore, in blood, mutual fidelity. The men, of course, were heathens; and, fainting as they were for want of water, they said, "If there be really a God, water must come from the ground to save us." The tradition is, that a rill gushed forth, and the seven chiefs became Christians. In the town is still to be seen the kitchen of an old building, where, in the

* The Gymnasium prepares for the university, and gives general knowledge. The Real Schulen are preparatory for technical employments and mercantile life. They are a union of the commercial and the polytechnic school.

middle of the seventeenth century, a feast was cooked for Prince George Rákotzi. He announced his coming to the authorities, and sent them 5 florins schein = 2 florins, with orders to prepare "a princely meal," and "to be thrifty of the money."

Szamos Ujvár, which was my next station, is an Armenian town, built in 1700. The streets are regular and broad, and the houses stand separate, with a large court before them. A verandah generally runs round the windows of the ground-floor, which is always raised from the ground five or six steps. The church is a handsome building, and here the "Titian" is, to which I have already alluded.

The Armenians came from Moldavia to Transylvania in 1672, and settled at the foot of the mountains in the Szekler land and in Gyergyo. To Moldavia they came from the Crimea, where they had been one hundred years. They left their country during the Crusades. They are all under the Roman Catholic bishop in Karlsburg. The priests are allowed to marry, but do not; in the East they do. They have two languages,—the popular (Volks) idiom, and the Schrift Sprache, or written tongue. The sermons are preached in the former, but the ritual is always in the language of the scribes. Hospitality, I was told, is a characteristic of the Armenians, and a love of card-playing too. The women have the reputation of being very beautiful; but I am sorry to say I had no opportunity of judging if they are so or not.

In Szamos Ujvár is a very large prison, where those condemned for a longer term than one year are confined. There is room in it for 740 individuals. The dormitories are large and well ventilated. A row of beds, on camp bedsteads, was in the middle and on the sides of each. The chief malefactors are on the third floor. All the

rooms were open, with the men standing in them dawdling about, going up and down stairs, or at work in the court. The whole place did not give you the impression of a prison,—so much personal liberty did all the individuals seem to enjoy; they were cheerful, too, and in good condition. A great number—perhaps the greater—had irons on their legs, and this was the sole sight that indicated coercion. Indeed, of all the prisons I have seen—and I have visited many—none has so little of that monotonous melancholy, that dreary cheerlessness, that depressing air, which makes you always feel "I can't get out," as this one at Szamos Ujvár. For every creed there was a church and religious instructor. The hospital was the only part of the establishment to be found fault with: this, which should be the best, is the worst ventilated. There are, too, iron stoves in the rooms, which are decidedly objectionable.

One man I spoke to, who was there for forgery, acknowledged his guilt, and seemed most contrite. The greater number of malefactors always maintain they are innocent, and that the crime they are punished for, if brought home to them, was accidental. One, who had killed his mother, said to me, "I only pushed her, and she unfortunately fell into the water-butt, and was drowned." A man in the hospital, in a helpless state, was there for having murdered his stepmother, sister, and her baby.

In December, 1864, there were 619 prisoners here; of these 194 were Hungarians or Szeklers, 349 Roumains, 22 Saxons, 40 gipsies, and 14 of other nationalities.

The following table, showing the nationality in juxtaposition, may be not without interest:—

	Assassination.	Murder with intent to rob.	Murder.	Homicide.	Grievous bodily injury.	Robbery.	Theft.	Breach of faith.	Swindling.	Forgery of Bank-notes.	Offences agst. public peace.	Incendiarism.
Hungarians and Szeklers	5	...	39	6	7	10	98	2	3	8	1	9
Roumains	3	3	48	14	36	41	175	...	...	...	8	18
Saxons		2	2	1	...	...	10	...	1	3	...	2
Gipsies	2	2	2	2	1	6	27	...	...	...	...	...

The greater number of offenders (187) belonged to the Oriental Greek Church, being that whose priesthood is the least educated. Of the Greek Church were 177.* I was told there was nothing distinctive in the behaviour of the inmates, except that the Hungarians and Szeklers yielded obedience only when forced. They were the most difficult to manage, and, as might be expected, the Germans were the most tractable. Of these, only 3 per cent. were locked up in the black hole for an hour or two as punishment; while of the Hungarians and Szeklers 10 per cent. found their way thither. I spoke to a gipsy who had escaped, but had been brought back. He did not intend to go away, he said, he only wanted to go and see his friends, and, had they given him time, he would have returned. Of all the 600, it was to these wild children of nature alone that imprisonment seemed to be irksome. To the Wallack it is hardly a punish-

* It would be interesting to know the seasons when the greater number of acts of violence were committed by the Roumains. The author of 'Eöthen' observes, "The fasts of the Greek Church produce an ill effect on the character of the people, for they are not a mere farce, but are carried to such an extent as to bring about a real mortification of the flesh. . . . The number of murders committed during Lent is greater, I am told, than at any other time of the year." The number of fast-days is very great; certainly more than half the three hundred and sixty-five. The weakening diet they necessitate may also have something to do with the indolence of the people.

ment: he is accustomed to a bed far worse than he gets here, and to eat badly; and if he can only lie still, it is indifferent to him where he is. Some of the men were following their trades, and I saw a watchmaker busy in a comfortable room, and as well off as if he had been at home.

The men rise at five in summer, and six in winter; then go to prayers, and afterwards clean the rooms, fetch water, etc. Their rations of bread for the whole day are then distributed; after which they work till half-past eleven. Those who have learned a handicraft, work at it; the others are taught one by appointed masters; but if found incapable, they are employed in household duties. At one they re-commence work, which continues till five or half-past five o'clock in winter, and till half-past six or seven o'clock in summer. All have one hour's walk daily.

Each man has 1¼ lb. of good bread a day, with soup and vegetables for dinner. Three times a week, 8 ounces of beef are given with the vegetables, instead of soup; and the sick are treated as the physician prescribes.

One-third of what a man gains by his work is put aside in a savings-bank for him till his term has expired, when it is handed to him, with the interest. The other two-thirds are retained, to help to pay the expenses of the establishment. Each prisoner costs the State about 37½ kreutzers (=ninepence) per day. The regulations as to seeing friends and receiving or sending letters are most humane. Great criminals are permitted to receive visits only once or twice a year; others, however, once or twice a month; and in the last month of incarceration, every man, without exception, may see his friends once each week. In case of important family matters, meetings are allowed oftener.

At any time, when there is a reason for it, a prisoner is allowed to write to his friends, and, if unable to write himself, an officer is appointed to do so for him. All letters received are opened by the inspector, and their contents imparted to the individual for whom they are intended. The letter, however, is not given him, but is deposited with his money till he leaves the gaol. Money, too, which may be sent him, is paid into the savings-bank in his name.

The establishment was shown me with the most obliging readiness, and every information asked for furnished at once. I was allowed to converse with the prisoners, and question them as much as I chose.

In the neighbourhood of Szamos Ujvár, I found that executions on the inhabitants for arrear of taxes were very frequent. I met the officers performing their unpleasant duties. From them I learned that, formerly in the counties (Comitaten) were many not free peasants. When, in 1848, these suddenly obtained their enfranchisement, they were unable to comprehend or make proper use of their freedom, and grew lazy. They fancied, moreover, the time was coming when they would have no taxes to pay; and consequently became improvident. Count Széchenyi, who was as great a man as he was a good patriot, wished their enfranchisement to be gradual; for he knew the people, their wants, their character, and, above all, their imperfect mental culture. He wanted them to enfranchise themselves, but the noisier liberals carried the day.

Indeed, from all I heard in different parts of the province, it seemed evident that the ultra measures taken in the Hungarian revolution were contrary to the advice and the wishes of the better part of the nation. Kossuth, by the power of his oratory, collected round him a band of enthusiastic followers, and these bore all before them.

As to himself, he was vain, and sought popularity; and, before his authority was established, he was obliged to veer and tack on his course, in order to catch each propitious breath. A distinguished man of the Hungarian party told me that, when the Austrian Government asked for money and men for the war in Italy, the Diet decided to give both, and to act with Austria. Kossuth was appointed mouthpiece to express this intention. He began to speak, and, after a while, some one on the left hissed. Kossuth, fearful of compromising himself, immediately modified his speech, and ended by refusing the help which was to have been proffered,—refused that which his party had deputed him to concede.

Another Hungarian nobleman whom I met, had served under Kossuth as postmaster-general; but he never saw him. Kossuth ordered that all letters, public or private, containing money, should be sent to Debreczin. This the officer refused to do, saying it was robbery. Russian moneys he agreed to forward, but private correspondence he would not touch.

At one time Kossuth wanted to offer the crown of Hungary to a Russian archduke, but was prevented.

Over and over again, I heard from the most opposite parties the same opinion about him,—"He was an orator, but no politician."

CHAPTER XXVII.

KLAUSENBURG.

When you leave Szamos Ujvár, the road passes straight over a plain, with little or nothing to relieve the monotony. A Hungarian village or two, a nobleman's mansion with the surrounding farm-buildings,—that is all, until the tall spire and the various towers of Klausenburg rise before you. The town takes you by surprise, entering it from the north; the main street is broad, with many stately buildings in it, and the square with the Catholic church in the centre, seems to belong to a larger town than Klausenburg really is. Though it has but 25,000 inhabitants, which is less than the population of Kronstadt, its general appearance makes it seem the more considerable town of the two. The capital of the Burzenland is neat and compact, the houses are none of them high; and owing to its position among the hills, which gives it such enviable beauty, there is no possibility of broad streets and an open square in the centre of the town, as is the case in Klausenburg. Here there is plenty of room and to spare, and it would seem as if the Saxon founders—liking spacious dwellings, and needing them probably for their families and servants—had determined to make use of it.

All the old buildings are essentially German in their architecture and arrangements. The ironwork before the windows, the balconies, railings, the spouts for the water running from the gutters of the roof,—each bears its own unmistakable impress; the hand and skill of the German handicraftsman is everywhere to be recognized. Those first settlers were evidently well to do in the world,—comfortable citizens, who, if they did not care for luxury, valued at its full a good substantial dwelling, giving evidence that its possessor was also a man of substance.

And that this was the case the old chronicles prove. But the Klausenburgers were therefore exposed all the more to the invasions of the enemy, who, though the town was surrounded by a strong wall, with massy gates and watch-towers, still continually broke in, to pillage, and lead the inhabitants into captivity. The Turks well knew that they would here find booty enough to repay them for their foray.

And though, from the year 1526, Transylvania was separated from Hungary, and paid tribute to the Porte for its protection, yet whenever a Turkish army passed through the country on its way to Hungary, or on returning thence, the opportunity for enriching themselves was irresistible, and the Infidels went home laden with the spoils of Klausenburg.*

In those unquiet times, when danger threatened, the Wallack population—a nomade race—took refuge in the mountains, driving with them, at a moment's notice, their herds, which constituted all their wealth; as to their dwellings, they were rude huts, and in quitting these, nothing was left behind of any value. But with the Saxon

* In old songs, Klausenburg is mentioned as "Kincses Kolasvár"—"the rich Klausenburg." In the sixteenth century, the trade for the Levant passed through Transylvania to Dantzig; merchants not liking to send their merchandise up the Danube, for fear of the Turks.

it was otherwise; his possessions were manifold, and not so easily transportable. He therefore remained to face the danger, and defend, if possible, his house and goods. In this way many fell by the sword, and many alive into the hands of the invader, who was off again as soon as the plunder had been collected; and so it came that at last the German element gradually disappeared, making way for another, which has maintained itself ever since.

The Hungarian inhabitants, not concentrated like the Saxons on one spot, were less exposed to these predatory attacks; many, too, sought refuge in the hill-country. The nobles, moreover, had their castles, to which they could retreat for safety; and the others, it may be supposed, in presence of the richer German artisan townspeople, would suffer little molestation for the sake of booty. But later, the departure of the Saxons on religious grounds, tended greatly to diminish the German population. The new anti-Trinitarian doctrines were to them as great an abomination as High Mass was to the Puritans. So, selling their land and possessions, and turning their backs on Klausenburg, they left it for ever (1540-60). A few remained, but these soon amalgamated with the surrounding mass, and in language, customs, and mode of thought, became to all intents and purposes thoroughly Hungarian. The change may be said to have been completed about 1680-90.* And yet it was not the town alone which, in this part of the province, had a German population: the neighbouring villages were all Saxon,—Thorda also, and so on, along the road to Hermannstadt.

* Till 1848, however, certain handicrafts were followed exclusively by Germans, and the soapboilers, bakers, and coppersmiths of the town were all Saxons.

The town lies in a valley on the banks of the Szamos, and accordingly stretches itself from east to west in the direction of the vale. During the winter, it is the resort of all the Hungarian nobility of the country, Klausenburg being to Transylvania what Pesth is to Hungary. It is rather strange that in a land where the Hungarian element is so dominant as here, there should be no town of any size originally built by Hungarians; but that the one which they look upon as their capital should be in reality a Saxon city. Something similar is characteristic of Pesth, which is the pride of Hungary. Here, by far the greater portion of the population is German; and, as you walk about, it is that language which you hear at every step; indeed Pesth is essentially a German town.

The inn at which I stayed is well kept, but, as usual, there were all sorts of anomalies. The furniture of my room, for example, was of silk, but there was not a key to a single door or closet. "We have no keys." No jug was to be had for warm water. "We have no jug for warm water," was the answer to my request.

The casino is extremely handsome in its arrangements. The rooms are spacious, and everything is in good style and has a gentlemanly air; but in all such matters the Hungarian is different from his German neighbour. That same trim neatness and "style," which is found in his person, he imparts to what surrounds him. He cares for appearance, which the German does not.

An interesting part of the town is the old Burg. On this same spot, a stronghold stood in the time of the Dacians; one of their kings, Decebold, was killed by the Romans (some say destroyed himself) close to the gate that guards the passage over the river. But Klausenburg has a greater name to boast of—it is the birthplace of

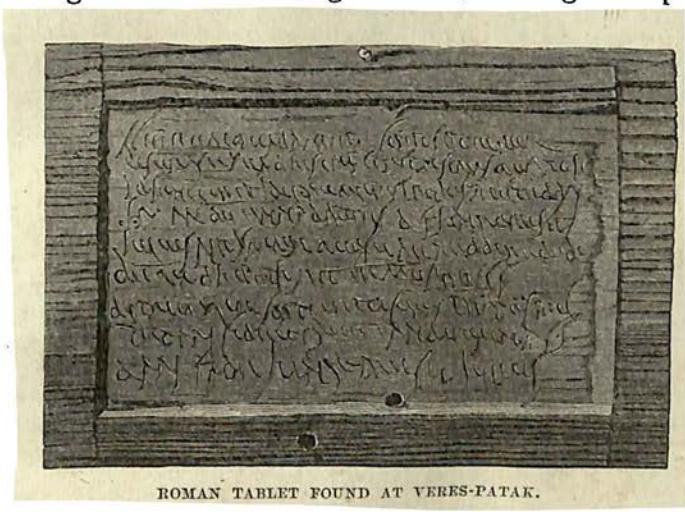
King Matthew of Hungary. He was a Hunyadi, and one of the greatest men of his day in all Christendom.

The library contains a valuable collection of manuscripts relating to Transylvania,—original documents, private and public letters, decrees, etc. etc., collected by Count Joseph Kémeny.

In the museum* is a fine collection of coins given by Count Ladislaus Esterhazy, and Celtic bronze arms found in the country in a wonderful state of preservation. The most curious thing, to my mind, was a relic of the Roman inhabitants of the land. In 1855, while working the mine at Kirnyik, near Veres-patak, the men came upon an old shaft, which for hundreds of years had been filled up and left as exhausted. The last living soul that had stood there was a Roman miner. From that day to the moment when the shaft was broken in upon anew, all had lain as that lonely worker had left it. On entering the spot and groping about with his lamp, the new explorer saw on the ground small tablets of wood. They formed the pocket-book of a Roman overseer, probably, who had dropped it there, or put it aside and forgot to fetch it again. These triptycha—tablets or note-book, consisting of three pieces—may be thus described. The three parts were formed by splitting a piece of pine-wood of about two inches thick, and the surface of each was not smooth, in order that when put together again they might fit the more exactly. Each piece was then slightly hollowed out, having, however, a margin all round, exactly like the frame of a common school slate. This margin protected the writing inside, for the deeper part was covered with

* This building stands on an eminence just outside the town, and from the balcony the best view of the town and neighbourhood is obtained. It is a pretty villa in the midst of large pleasure-grounds, and the whole was presented by its possessor, Count Emerich Miko, to the town, in order to form a museum.

a thin layer of wax and pitch, on which, with a style, the memoranda were written. The three tablets or leaves of the book were tied together by a string or thong, passed through a hole in the margin of each, making a compact



ROMAN TABLET FOUND AT VERES-PATAK.

little book. The exterior, on both sides, was smooth, like a bound volume of the present day. I will now suppose such a triptychum to be still in use, and describe the other leaves, the first or outer one being loosened and removed. The second and third are face to face, bound together by a woollen thread passed three times round them, through two holes on the edges of the raised margin. This thread is not in the middle, but nearer the end of the tablet. On the outer surface of leaf No. 2 is a groove (the woollen thread lies in this), filled with yellow wax. As long as the triptychum was unopened, the seals impressed on this wax were unbroken. Seven seals generally were used, and beside each, on the smaller division of the cover, was the name of him to whom the seal belonged. These individuals were the witnesses to the transaction recorded, the sureties or vouchers, and one

of the contracting parties, generally the debtor. On the other larger side of the thread, which divides the tablet into two unequal parts, is the text of the document. It begins at top, and as there is not room for the whole, the remaining part is inscribed on the inside of that leaf which we have already loosened and taken off. But suppose we break the seals, and see what is in the two parts so closely fitted and tied together. Here is the document of which the other writing was a copy. In this way, a falsification of the contract was impossible. Should it have been attempted, it would be discovered as soon as, in presence of the authorities, the seals were broken and the text inside compared with that on the cover.

The following are the only specimens known to exist:—

1. The copy of a protocol relating to the dissolution of a burial club in the year of the City 919, A.D. 167. Preserved in the National Museum at Pesth.

2. An agreement about the sale of a boy, A.D. 142. At Blasendorf, in Transylvania.

3. An agreement about the sale of a girl six years of age, A.D. 139. At Pesth.

4. A bond for 60 denarii, A.D. 162. At Pesth.*

5. An agreement about the sale of a share in a house, A.D. 159. At Pesth.

6. A bond written in Greek, but in exact accordance with Roman law. In the Bathyány Library at Karlsburg.

7. A bond for 140 denarii, A.D. 162.

8. An agreement about work, A.D. 164.

9. An agreement nearly illegible, A.D. 131. These

* A facsimile of this was published and edited by Professor Finály, of Klausenburg, to whom I am greatly indebted for his excellent explanation of these triptycha, of their inscriptions, and all relating to the forms observed in the contracts of the period. To him also I owe the facsimile I am able to give here.

three are at Klausenburg, and have been edited by Professor Finály.

10. Not yet edited, in possession of a professor at Blasendorf.

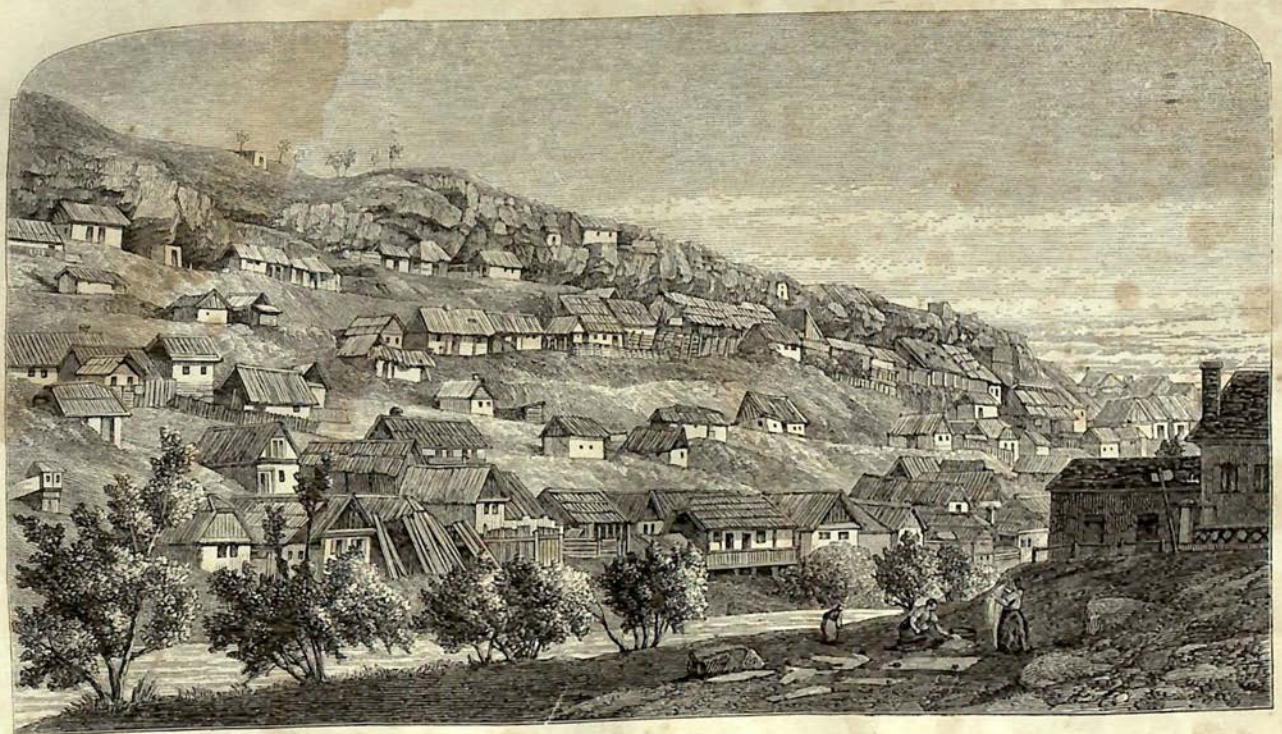
Guarded from the atmosphere, and locked up as they were in the very heart of the mountain, the wood of these tablets has been preserved from decay.

When discovered, they were obtained possession of by a Jew dealer, who imitated them with wonderful accuracy, and then offered a genuine and a false one to the British Museum for sale. The tablets being unique, they excited great interest, and were minutely examined by competent persons. The result was that one tablet was discovered to be counterfeit; and certainty having been arrived at on this point, a degree of distrust was naturally felt as to the other, though the proofs of forgery were not discernible. They were refused. Afterwards, their possessor sent them to the most celebrated archæologists, who recognized their great value, at the same time that they discarded the imitation. The tablets were accordingly purchased, and are the only specimens of a similar object in existence.. The price asked of the British Museum was £100, which would have been willingly given, but for the suspicion raised by the detection of the counterfeit.

I had the pleasure of meeting here some Hungarian Professors, men of great attainments and erudition, and I owe to them much valuable information; their calm and enlightened views giving their opinions a decided value. The theatre is pretty, and the acting and the opera good. The gaieties of Klausenburg now are nothing to what they used to be, when the nobles had wealth and spent it in profusion; but at parties you still see an elegance of toilette and arrangement which shows how splendid such festivals must formerly have been.

A few days after my arrival at Klausenburg, I received an invitation to a party, and thus had an opportunity of meeting many of the Hungarians residing in the town. I knew few persons, and it was not without a certain misgiving, on account of my isolated position, that I drove to the house. But how unnecessary were such presentiments! Not for a moment did I feel a stranger among strangers; for those with whom I had the slightest acquaintance came to welcome me, and there was always found some circumstance or other as connecting link between us. Now room was made that I might join the conversation of this group, and now a new-comer could discover that an acquaintance of his abroad was also a friend of mine. With the most delicate tact it was managed I should never be alone, but this was done so gracefully that one less keenly alive than myself to such acts, would not have observed the intention. To me this seemed hospitality in the most delicate form.

I may allude here to the national costume which some ladies wore. The headdress of a married woman consists of an elongated cap of gold-stuff or of silver, fastened at the back of the head and enclosing the hair. It is, in its construction, not unlike a Glengarry cap; the sides standing upright, while the intermediate part forms a broad flat surface; round the top, and coming forward over the crown and towards the forehead, is a rich entanglement of network of gold, and gold thread, sometimes formed into flowers. It is fastened with large pins, the heads of which, as broad as a shilling, rise conically with two or three tiers of pearls, garnets, and emeralds set in enamel. Sometimes from under it a gauzy veil hangs low down behind; but this, I believe, belongs rather to the full dress. When seen in profile, this head-gear looks particularly handsome; the broad sides of the cap giving a commanding air.



GIPSY DWELLINGS NEAR KLAUSENBURG.

The velvet or silk bodice, like the Bavarian "Mieder," is laced crosswise in front; the sleeves are short and puffed at the shoulder, trimmed according to taste with lace, or lappets—I think that is the "artistic" term,—and an apron of delicately embroidered muslin, or rare black or white lace.

Every one knows that the Hungarian women are beautiful, but what struck me was, that among those I saw here, there was no marked type which gave a countenance its distinguishing nationality. There were many with dark hair, and eyes nearly as dark; but there were others fair as a young English girl, and with features, too, characteristic of England.

Julius Weber says, "You may distinguish a Hungarian from a German by the way in which he carries his head, and looks about him like his horse." Of the former it has been justly remarked, that he is the transition between the inhabitant of the West and the Oriental, but without Oriental indolence. He is brave, patriotic, chivalrous, and fond of pomp. The Hungarian is clean-limbed, and his marked features are a small foot and well-shaped leg.

Immediately outside the town rises a little hill, which, viewed from the end of the street, presents the very strangest appearance.* It is full of dwellings partly burrowed in the earth, with a door-post in front and a lintel, and a small window at the side; or on a bit of rocky ground, like a shelf, a hut is raised, and, as you come downwards from above, it is well to take care you do not step on the roof or enter the dwelling by the chimney. The drawing, though taken from a photograph made on purpose, does not give the strange fantastic air of the reality. As I wandered about on the slippery paths, the whole place grew alive with human beings emerging from scarce-seen doors, like rabbits from their burrows.*

* In Granada, the gipsy quarter, Montagna San Miguel, resembles exactly this mound at Klausenburg.

This was a favourite resort of Borrow, when in Klausenburg. He used daily to pay his friends the gipsies a visit, for which attention they, as it would seem, mulcted him regularly of his silk pocket-handkerchiefs. "This is my last," he said one day to an acquaintance of mine, on starting for his accustomed walk, "they have had all the rest."

As I drove along the road, one of the children followed me a great distance, keeping up with my waggon, and performing all sorts of evolutions.

ROAD SCENE, TRANSYLVANIA.

Borrow has a crotchet in his head about the continence of gipsy women. This notion seems to be a hobby of his, and he therefore maintains it, though notoriously incorrect.

The generous readiness with which the Hungarians always come forward to aid their countrymen, or to contribute to any national undertaking, is really exemplary. The sums collected by them in aid of the starv-

ing people in Hungary were astonishing; and while I was in Transylvania many landed proprietors agreed to take a certain number of the emigrant families and lodge and feed them through the winter. Everywhere a helping hand was extended towards them. And with what sympathy assistance was rendered! There is, too, in Klausenburg, a society of ladies for visiting needy families in their homes, and bringing them the help required. It is excellently managed, under the presidency of a lady, whose talent for organization and bringing a plan into good working order is something rare. She has her staff of lady-visitors, who regularly report what they have done and seen, and receive from her fresh instructions. I should not think it was easy to keep such a corps in order and up to the mark, but my Lady President does so, and does it well.

It more than once occurred to me that the account Thackeray has given of country life in Virginia ('The Virginians,' chapters iii. and iv.) resembles exactly that which formerly existed here among the great Hungarian landowners.

"The gentry of Virginia dwelt on their great lands after a fashion almost patriarchal. For its rough cultivation, each estate had a multitude of servants, who were subject to the command of the master. The land yielded them food,—live-stock and game .... Their hospitality was boundless. No stranger was ever sent away from their gates. The gentry received one another, and travelled to each other's houses, in a state almost feudal." "The establishments of the gentry were little villages, in which they and their vassals dwelt. .... Many of these (the neighbours) were rather needy potentates, living plentifully but in the roughest fashion, having numerous domestics, whose liveries were often ragged; keeping

open houses, and turning away no stranger from their gates; proud, idle, fond of all sorts of field sports, as became gentlemen of good lineage."

But all is changed now. In town, the decline in the fortunes of the nobility is less perceptible; it is, however, often strikingly visible in their country-houses and households. That which it is not absolutely necessary to repair is left in its damaged and decaying state; and often what is mended is done so ill that it shows poverty of means even more plainly than the previous broken condition intended to be repaired. It is the discrepancy between the planning of the whole and the execution and detail which makes you most sensible of a deficiency. The house is large and of handsome proportions, and in it are out-buildings which tell of goodly possessions and numerous dependants. Before the mansion are the arrangements of a fair garden, but weeds cover the flower-beds, the walks are broken up, shrubs straggle in all directions, the pipes of the fountain are stopped up, and you think of the precincts of the Haunted House which Hood has so minutely described. There is disorder everywhere, and signs of poverty,—of poverty, at least, for an establishment so planned. The windows and doors of the out-houses are damaged; the mason and plasterer are sadly wanted. You enter the dwelling-house, and at each step the same is visible. In the rooms are some of the elegancies of life, and beside them rents, and dearth, and incompleteness. There is silver on the table, and the covering of your chair has holes. All this pains you —you, the Englishman, who are accustomed to neatness, and to prefer earthenware and tidiness to plate and disorder. And you are so pained, because your host is such a gallant gentleman, so chivalrously courteous, so generously hospitable. His bearing, too, so independent and

manly, has a charm for you. The faded splendour in no wise disconcerts him; he is unconscious of it, or he seems so. But it disconcerts *you*, and you are sorry. You feel sorry too,—with a different, more tender regret, —for that gentle lady who, quite unwittingly, has been delighting you with her grace, and her natural, sweet womanly ways; so graceful, too, in the very imperfection of her German speech, which she utters so very prettily.

But in that other mansion it is worse. The *façade* is imposing, the dimensions of the whole building are large, and it was built evidently with regard to state and the exercise of hospitality. But how neglect shows everywhere! You drive up to the grand staircase, where, in the large doors and windows, many a pane is wanting. The cocks and hens are walking up the staircase, and now dash against the glass in fright at your approach. In the sitting-room of the master of the lordly house, dilapidation stares you in the face. The wall is discoloured by damp; the stucco has fallen away and been partly replaced. The same in your large handsome bedroom. The paint is gone in broad horrid-looking patches; the veneering of the bedstead and the table has peeled off in parts. Even the leg of one of the tolerable-looking armchairs is broken, and is lying on the rickety chest of drawers, deficient in handles. If you open the casement, you scratch your finger with the iron, because the knob of the bolt is wanting. The chair is lop-sided, one castor being gone; the furniture is partly costly and partly common: nowhere is there harmony. It is a disheartening sight: there seems to be no fitting appliance for anything. And in the garden the wicket is off its hinges, the steps to the little summer-house are in ruin, the flower-stand of the lady of the mansion is rickety with decay. Wood is being chopped on the lawn in front of

the house; and you can hardly tell where the garden ends and the farmyard begins. All this could, of course, be changed, for money is not necessary for maintaining a certain order.

But it is not so everywhere. I could name a mansion which might vie with any establishment in England for good arrangement and superlative cleanness. The rooms, the corridors, the court, are absolutely spotless. The servants are neat in their dress, and clean in person; the service rendered in a fitting manner. The greatest order prevails throughout; there is a time and place for everything. There is no luxury, no superfluous elegance; but in every room, and every article in it, is the very perfection of neatness.

In all your relations with the Hungarian nobility, you are sensible that the device "Noblesse oblige" is not forgotten by them.* Thought is taken for your plans and wishes, and it is done so naturally and with such evident pleasure to him who is making the arrangement, that you are quite prevented from feeling any embarrassment on account of trouble you may occasion. And should your host be himself unable to do for you all he would wish, his friend or neighbour is taken into requisition on your behalf, and the way in which the demand is answered by him, shows that what he does for you is not considered a favour, but looked on as a matter of course.

I spoke above of certain objects which ill agree with the other household arrangements in juxtaposition with them. But these things—handsome articles of furniture, plate, etc.—have not been brought for show. Your host

* And in no relation does this show more favourably—to their honour be it said—than in that existing between themselves and their tutors and governesses. It is marked by kindness and respect. The demeaning treatment which a governess so often receives in England would be an impossibility here. People would be ashamed to behave so, and very justly.

is too thoroughly a gentleman for such vulgar pride. What you see are the remains of a former time, when his income was abundant, and when he was able to command all the luxuries of life.

In Klausenburg I found several ladies who spoke English perfectly well, and our authors were the favourites. A bookseller showed me a copy of Schiller and Goethe on his shelves, which had stood there unsold for five years; but in that time he had disposed of twelve copies of Shakspeare and Byron. Of works not Hungarian, the greater number of books bought are French, and the reprints of British authors. Now although Hungarian literature has made considerable progress of late,—more works having appeared in the last ten years than in the preceding fifty,—it still cannot supply the place of that which Germany offers in such rich abundance. German is a language that associates the Hungarians with the civilized world,—the language of a literature that has remodified Europe. This ignoring of a neighbouring literature is part of a system, and does not arise from an imperfect acquaintance with the language in which it is written; for every Hungarian of education speaks German well. It is like the present strict adherence to the national costume on the part of the men, a demonstration of political feeling rather than anything else.*

Hungarian literature flourished in Transylvania, and from the period of the Reformation produced more good

* This demonstration exists only since the revolution. Formerly it was different. "To us strangers, French was the language in which we were commonly addressed, but amongst themselves German was universally used." (Paget, 1839.)

The same with dress. "I suppose I ought to describe this ball; but what points am I to seize on, by which to distinguish it from a ball anywhere else? There is not a dress or a costume of any kind that differs a particle from those of London or Paris." (Paget, 1839.)

fruit than in Hungary itself. And it may be accounted for in this wise:—Transylvania had its own prince, and was thoroughly independent, both which circumstances fostered the development of a national life and national feeling. This existed in a lesser degree in Hungary. Indeed, it is asserted that, but for the freedom of thought and action predominating in Transylvania, when the acceptance of the new doctrine was general, the religious movement in the sister country would have been utterly crushed. The persecuted fled here; and Transylvania soon became the home of some of the best and great Hungarian men of learning. The Reformation, too, independent of its tenets and its enlightening mental influence, did this for literature: books were now written in the language of the country, which before were composed in Latin. They were thus open to all, and a taste for literature was soon diffused over the land.

Some persons deny that the Saxon clergy or professors are in any respect of higher standing than the Hungarian men of science or letters. But others—themselves Hungarian professors—acknowledged to me that the superiority was on the side of the Germans. And it is natural that it should be so: the Hungarian clergy are badly paid; some have two, three, four, or five hundred florins a year, and are consequently unable to purchase books and obtain the same advantages as their Saxon colleagues.* Moreover, they do not study in Germany like the others, or, if so, only for two years.

Indeed, as I have attempted to show, the culture of the Saxon clergy in Transylvania is quite remarkable. And how ready they are to impart knowledge for knowledge' sake! They do so, as the Hungarian renders hospitality;

* The (Hungarian Calvinist) Protestant church will not receive pay from the State, as by doing so it is thought its freedom might be circumscribed.

each gives of what he has. And whatever may be the shortcomings of the Germans, here or at home, it is useless to think of denying the paramount influence they have exercised, and still do exercise, on the progress of knowledge. And no people have more profited by it than their Hungarian neighbours: their sons go to Berlin, Jena, and Göttingen universities, and, at home, they have for them German tutors and governesses. But they cannot bear to acknowledge the benefit; there is too much bitterness for that. One is reminded by it of the feeling existing between the English and French in Canada. At Quebec the inimicality is strikingly perceptible. There the two races do not blend, nor here either.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MAROS UJVÁR.

THE most extraordinary sights in all Transylvania are the mines. The enormous dimensions of the salt-works, the peculiar way of working them, the vastness of the halls which thus are formed, the gloom and the transient illumination, overwhelm you with astonishment and wonder, and a vague sense of awe. I do not remember ever to have seen anything which impressed me like the salt mine at Maros Ujvár. It leaves behind a recollection you cannot get rid of,—seizing hold of your mind with an irresistible power; it fills it entirely with its undefined and seemingly endless greatness. For me, the sight of these dim chambers was an event in my life; and had I seen nothing else in Transylvania, I should not have considered my journey had been unprofitable.

The salt bed lies two hundred fathoms from the river Maros, the average height of which is on a level with the surface of the salt; and there being danger in such close neighbourhood, a new channel was dug for the stream to carry it further off. This was done, lest in time the water might wear its way through the soil and reach the

salt, inundating the mine, and otherwise working mischief. All danger from that side is now averted.

The space covered by the salt is 350 fathoms long by 300 broad. The known depth in the earth to which it goes is 70 fathoms. Thus far has the boring-rod penetrated, and always pure salt has been found. The yearly produce at present is 1,000,000 cwt.; the selling price 4*fl.* 50*kr.* per cwt.; the cost of working is 60*kr.* per cwt., thus leaving an immense profit to the Government.

But let us descend the mine. Broad wooden steps lead in a zigzag direction down a shaft; you soon perceive crystals which have formed on and between the planks which serve to board the sides; a step or two more, and no planking is needed to keep back the soil,—the well-like passage being now cut through a hard crystalline mass as firm as a rock. You have already reached the salt, and now on all sides, turn where you may, or descend for more than a hundred feet, you still have above, below, and around you, floor, and wall, and ceiling, of this seemingly greyish marble. You come to a landing; the stairs cease. To the right, a portal is cut in the crystal wall, and a gallery leading downwards with a slight incline is hewn through it, like the passage running behind the boxes in a theatre. Of course it is very still here, locked up as you are in the centre of this dead hard world; but as you sweep round, sounds of knocking and a din of confused noises rise up about you. One step more, and you stand on a brink, looking out on indefinite, it may be endless, space. The eye cannot at first penetrate the gloom, but you see here and there a light twinkling far, far below you, and you feel by the air that a vast space is in front, a vast expanse like the ocean, over which a breath is moving. It reminded me of my childish notion when a boy, that it might be possible to stand

on the world's edge, and look over into the unfathomable beyond. And here I was now verily looking over into what seemed chaotic night.

It is difficult to describe, not so much the place itself, as the conflicting feelings that arose and quickly fought for possession of the mind. At first you are stupefied at the mighty height, and depth, and breadth which you gradually apprehend is there. Then comes wondering curiosity with a sudden rush, but still all is vague in your senses; and you stare at the roof which you can touch with your hand, and follow it, hanging over that tremendous abyss as far as you can, till your sight is unable to reach any further. At last, a conception of the truth steals over your brain, and you understand that the place where you are is a gigantic hall, and you, a mere fly, are creeping along the cornice of one of the walls, high up in the air, on a few boards of overhanging scaffolding. On one side of you is the continuation of the wall, but whither does it go? all yonder is hidden in obscurity, and your imagination whispers of distances interminable; but suddenly below in that chaos or Avernus, in that bottomless gulf or everlasting night,—for at moments it is each and all these to you,—a bright blaze kindles. Great Heaven, what a sight! As the pile of straw flickers into flame, the shadows are forced back. Then in the partial glare, perpendicular walls are revealed, such as no rock-hewn temple, still less one built up by men's hands, has ever yet shown. What is the famed Elephanta to this? a puny puppet's house with its columns ten feet high; here the pillars, were any needed, must be near 200 feet in height; for at that elevation, the flat ceiling stretches across, unsupported, from wall to wall, though 120 feet apart. And all is cut out of the hard salt rock,—strong and cohesive, even as though it were granite.

The light is imperfect; it gives hints of other halls further on, of passages broad and high, but whose size, direction, and meaning are involved in the impenetrable obscurity. In the neighbourhood of the blaze are human figures, naked from the waist upwards, standing in rows and wielding hammers, which as they fall on the hard floor raise the din you heard at your approach. From the ceiling close to your head, stalactites of salt crystals are hanging. The platform where you are standing is formed by massy beams let into the wall, on which the flooring rests. This was done while the floor—now so fearfully low down—was as yet but a few feet beneath the ceiling. All was prepared then, in anticipation of the time when the present gulf would be below.

The gallery goes round two sides of the hall; suddenly it stops, and instead of continuing along the wall a bridge is flung across to another wall, for here is one of those side passages which the flame partially lighted up just now. As you look down while crossing the strong beams, and hovering—literally hovering—in the gloom, the thought occurs of that terrible bridge of Dante.

> "Per me si va nella città dolente:
> Per me si va nell' eterno dolore:
> Per me si va tra la perduta gente.
> . . . . . .
> Lasciate ogni speranza, voi, che 'ntrate."

But you pass on, and are now on firm ground, that is to say, on the rock of salt, and a corridor hewn through it brings you to a spot exactly facing that, where on entering you first suddenly emerged from the wall and had before you that great chamber. From one side to the other is 240 feet across.

I now went down by a broad stair with a succession of landing-places, to reach the floor where the men were at work. At different stations a date was chiselled in the

wall, stating the year in which the excavation thence had been begun; for in that vast chamber the working had gone down step by step, till at last the whole floor, always descending, had left the ceiling at the height I have described. Every few years, when the floor had been thus lowered five or ten feet, a new flight of steps was added to the stair, and at the last landing-place, on a tablet or niche in the salt rock, the month and year were inscribed. A very curious phenomenon was here discernible; all engraved forms remain as at first; the cut lines are sharp, and unchanged as though cut on stone, but the whole figure or letter has contracted and is reduced in size. The process goes on equally, for there is no disproportion anywhere. The design or writing is exactly the same as it was originally, only the letters have all grown smaller than when put there ten years ago. A gallery hewn through the rock is on every side firm and smooth as marble. When first formed, it was full three feet wide, yet on measuring it after sixty years it is found to be some inches narrower; yet there is no inequality anywhere, no rifts in the side walls, no deflection. Thick beams of wood placed as scaffolding in a shaft or passage in the salt, are in time so pressed together, that the strong pine stem is forced to bend, and gets crushed to such a degree that the very filaments are separated. Nor can it be otherwise when we consider the force employed; some million tons of matter are moving, not owing to disruption or in obedience to the law of gravity, but of themselves, as by an instinct, blindly accomplishing an irresistible decree. For the rock literally grows, by slow degrees expands, and the two sides of the passage in that subterranean place will for a thousand years be uninterruptedly getting nearer to each other. And an age will

come when the space between them has been passed over, when the gap that kept apart those two walls, inanimate, yet tending forward with irrepressible striving, has ceased to be, and the long separated will again have met. Thus that seemingly inert mass *does* move, and with the certainty of fate; yet with a slowness, with so slow a creeping motion, that the mind even is baffled by it and loses itself in the interminable time.

I was now on the floor of the chamber. Looking up, I tried to get but a glimpse of the ceiling, but long before my sight could reach it, there hung in mid-air impenetrable darkness. I still endeavoured to follow upward the line of perpendicular wall nearest me, to let my vision creep up it, as it were, and try to reach the gallery where I had been, just beneath the ceiling, but it was all in vain, the distance was too great. In that place the Monument might nearly have stood. But now a bonfire of straw was again lighted, and on high I could see some forms. At, may be, 120 feet from the ground, the walls ceased to rise perpendicularly; they advanced in gable form towards each other, till the two inclines were not more than thirty-six feet apart.

The cohesive power of the salt-rock is here at once made intelligible. The walls of the chamber were 120 feet apart, yet no beam, or pillar, or arch was needed to support the broad ceiling, horizontal like that of a room.

As was said above, the excavation takes place literally by steps. On the floor a long line of salt, like the step of a stair and about as high, is gradually loosened. Several men stand on it side by side, and each swinging his pickaxe brings it down beneath the block on which he is standing with immense force. They all strike together; this causes a greater vibration throughout the mass than if the blows were separate, and the long square

block is the more easily detached. A wedge, which one might suppose would facilitate the work, is not used, because more salt would be lost by employing it. A greater quantity would be broken and fly off than is the case with the pickaxe. After a time, levers are put beneath it, and the men working at them at last uplift the piece; it is a perfectly square column about five feet long. It is then broken into smaller lengths, by a few smart blows on the surface and side, and the blocks split off as smoothly as if sawn into square pieces, each weighing as near as possible ninety-five pounds. For every such block the miner receives *4kr.* They must be less than a cwt. for the convenience of handling them. These blocks look exactly like large paving-stones of Scotch granite, and are nearly as hard. They are thrown about as though they were such, and neither break nor chip.

The men at work here have nothing on except the loose Hungarian trousers, or a petticoat of linen. They are obliged to work so, for otherwise the salt would get between their clothing and the skin, and cause an insupportable irritation. There is an agreeable temperature in the mine which never varies, and for diseases of the lungs the atmosphere is very beneficial. The pick of the miners is straight and sharp at both ends, like that used by stonemasons; its weight is fifteen pounds, and the force of the blow is greatly augmented by the elasticity of the handle, which struck me as being out of all proportion to the size of the iron instrument; but I was told it was purposely so thin and elastic, in order to prevent the concussion from jarring, as each blow otherwise would do, the men's arms and shoulders. These handles were of oak, and hardly thicker than the hazel saplings used for driving-whips.

I said that the salt was like blocks of hewn stone. In

one part of the mine they had been applied to building purposes, to raise a buttress wall fifty feet high against a partition which was in danger of giving way; an old mine being behind. Nothing could be neater than this masonry. The base was large, and the wall as it rose receded, each square of salt being about a couple of inches behind the other. As cement, the fine salt lying about was used. The whole amalgamated and grew together, and had become like a solid rock.

This cohesion is striking as you climb over the hills of salt formed of the refuse. It has become one mass, and is as firm beneath your feet as the turfy slope of a mountain.

I am afraid to state how many million cwt. are lying here, flung away never to be used. For only the large square blocks are sent up to the magazine, the rest, the fragments, it is not thought worth while to employ. There is such abundance, such an inexhaustible store, that a thousand tons of this small salt, though pure and good as the rest, are quite unheeded. At the salt mine near Dées, 1,200,000 cwt. of refuse salt are lying in the valley, and 400,000 cwt. more are still in the mine; but at Maros Ujvár, the quantity is far more considerable. The yearly produce at Dées is 120,000 cwt. Indeed, the quantity of salt that Transylvania possesses is something bordering on the fabulous. It is said that there is sufficient to supply the whole of Europe for the next thousand years. It lies in the earth as a compact mass, descending to a depth which in some places has not yet been reached. The line of the salt formation may be traced on the map. It begins at Vielicka in Gallicia, and crosses Transylvania till it reaches Okna in Wallachia. On the territory thus passed over the principal salt springs are to be found.

The only purpose to which the refuse salt is applied is

for feeding cattle. In order that it may not be turned to any other use, it is, before being sold, discoloured by mixing with it two per cent. of oxide of iron, and one per cent. of coal. The Government furnish this at the reduced price of one florin per cwt. The poor, however, eat it rather than pay the higher price for the pure salt.

Some years ago, a lake had formed in the Maros Ujvár mine, but by means of efficient machinery it was cleared in four months. The water, which was a thick brine, was pumped into the Maros, and thus again several thousand cwt. of the mineral were lost. There is water in another part still, and day and night the engines are at work to clear it out. Every minute, 25 cubic feet of water are brought to the surface and turned into the river. In every cubic foot are contained 13 lb. of salt; thus every twenty-four hours, 268,000 lb. of salt are unavoidably flung away. This work, when I was there in April, had been going on since November without one moment's intermission. Sometimes the water has its source below, and then it is hardly possible to get the mastery over it. This is the case in one mine near Dées; it is filled thirty fathoms deep with water, and is therefore closed up. Were there but a little more spirit of enterprise than there is in the country, saline baths would long ago have been formed here as well as at Déésakna. The brine has been turned to good account in Bavaria, and bathing places have sprung up, to which visitors come from all parts of Europe, enriching the whole neighbourhood, and bringing life and trade and active enterprise to places where formerly were only a few workmen's cottages. Mehadia shows what may be done when an endeavour is made to raise a place into notice, by providing fitting accommodation for visitors.

I know of nothing equal in interest to such a mine. But those appearances of sparkling and dazzling splendour many persons expect to find in salt mines, are not present; it is the size, and the gloom which adds to the vastness by leaving all so undefined, which constitute the wonder that is felt. As was said, the general appearance of the mass is that of Scotch granite. Only in one part where the waters of the lake had been, the walls gleamed like diamonds; everywhere large crystals were prominent, and as the lights were held up, these flashed with a magical resplendence.

I never before felt of such pigmy size as when in that catacomb, or hall. The men about me, too, seemed very diminutive. I was absolutely as nothing; I had the sensation of being a poor incapable, utterly helpless, creature, while in that place. At last I was able to explain this to myself. If I looked at the wall, up it went, straight up, till, lost in vacancy, I could not see its end. All was indefinite; the only sensation was immensity of space, in which I was but a speck. So it was on either side. If I looked on the floor, away it stretched, smooth and flat, without a single line of demarcation on which the eye could rest, behind, before me, on my right-hand and on my left. It was the terrible smoothness which was so confounding; there was no finite form for me to seize and measure myself with. But directly I got to the wall of salt-blocks, or even to that part of the floor where men were hewing a single step, the smooth equality of surface was destroyed by it; there was a line, an angular form for me to lay hold of; above all, there was an object *smaller than myself* to compare me to.

While standing there, it occurred to me what a magnificent burial-place such a chamber would be. In the centre a high catafalque, and on it the body of the king or pro-

phet, which the saline atmosphere would preserve from decay. If, in making the excavation, rows of columns of gigantic circumference had been left standing—and to do this would have been easy enough—what a temple would thus have been formed! Why it would be a wonder of the world, with nothing on earth to equal it in size or solemn grandeur. Deep down in the earth, hewn out of the smooth rock, a hall with columns 20 feet thick, and rising nearly 200 feet to support the roof above.

I dwelt so long on this fancy, that at last I saw the wonderful work before me, and the myriad torches which, when great rites were being observed, filled all the air with glare and flitting shadows.

The officer of the mine who was so obliging as to accompany me, explained the Roman method of obtaining the salt. Instead of sinking a shaft, and forming galleries, they dug a large circular opening in the ground. The pit thus excavated was funnel-shaped, twenty feet in diameter at the top, and ending at bottom in a point. Up the sloping sides they carried the salt; they never dug low down, in order not to have far to mount with their loads. Arrived at a certain depth, they left the pit and opened a new one, beside the other; taking always only from the surface, and leaving untouched the store that was below. In modern times great improvements have been adopted in the mode of working these mines, so as to do so with as little loss as possible. To the south, a new gallery has been pushed forward from the vast hall already spoken of, for in that direction the salt-rock is supposed to be inexhaustible. On the north side, however, though a thick bed of salt is known to exist, nothing is taken, in order to allow a wall to remain as protection to the mine, in case of any dangers from water that may arise in that quarter.

There is a machine at work here which raises the water to a stage halfway up the shaft, and thence to the surface. The iron pipes are covered with the dripping water, but this being nearly all salt forms a thick crystalline crust around them, and prevents the formation of even a particle of rust. On breaking off the cake of salt from the iron tube, the surface beneath it was found to be as fresh as when first cast. The water of the Maros is so entirely free from lime, that the sides of the boiler in which it is used remain without any calcareous deposit forming upon them,—a fortunate chance which saves much trouble.

Formerly the miners were free from military service, which was a great inducement for them to choose this employment. They are exempt no longer; and, in consequence, are less willing now to adopt mine-work as a livelihood. It is difficult to find men, and the pay has therefore been increased to 20–25*fl.* per month. In one part a side gallery had been formed, and the square blocks of salt are sent down a gutter of wood to the floor below, whence with the rest they are hauled up by a machine. There is a very clever contrivance to impede the progress of these blocks, as they flew down the smooth board with a fearful velocity. The three boards in which they slid formed a sort of tramway. At intervals one end of a heavy plank hung down in this gutter, the other upper end being suspended by a hinge. Thus the blocks in passing down had to lift up this plank every time, in order to pass under it; and as this was often repeated, their progress was retarded, and they reached the bottom with greatly diminished velocity, instead of, as they otherwise would have done, at headlong speed. The simplicity of the arrangement, and adaptation to the purpose intended, were admirable.

To walk about in this strange subterranean world had

a great charm for me, and I was sorry to quit it; but it was time to go. A large network of rope hung down from above, and getting into it, lights in hand, we were drawn upward. I had begged that when halfway up, a heap of straw should be lighted, in order that while swinging in the air, I might look down upon this wonderful place, and take in at one view ceiling, walls, and floor. We gave a signal; the flame burst forth, and its reflection reached even our faces as we mounted in the darkness. I saw the whole in all its grandeur. In a moment we heard voices above us, then there was a burst of daylight, and we were again in the upper world.

Some of the excavations, begun according to the old system, are not continued. In one is an echo that is really quite enchanting in its effect, and long as I stayed to listen to it, I would gladly have remained still longer to continue calling forth those undulating articulations. I stood on a gallery over a large cavernous place, and called. Immediately from unseen vaults the same sound was repeated by a thousand voices, but in two different notes; a modulation like that in a shake, when the learner produces slowly the two alternate tones. That was just the beauty and the charm; it was a waving sound, rising and falling, and not ceasing, but repeating itself on and on, always further and further off, till at last, at a remote distance, you still thought you caught the faint reverberations. And now some one took up a block of wood and struck the floor of the gallery. Rising up out of the darkness, and from places above you, and from caverns, which by the rush of sounds you knew must be existent somewhere near, came a great concussion,—a havoc of rushing voices, all speaking, and all speaking at once in thunder. They came tumbling in on every side; and I might have been excused for fearing I had been too bold;

that I had invaded a realm where I ought not to have entered; and that a world of spirits was threatening and calling me to desist. Yet above the din, the two separate sounds, distinct, yet harmonizing, rose audibly; and as the hubbub subsided, the whole pulsation—that is the very word—kept beating on with equal but ever-declining motion. The two circumstances which so arrested the attention, were the pulsing movement of the sounds, and the fact that the modulation produced by the union of the two always made them seem like human tones; and as they continued so long, you ceased to connect them with their real origin, and listened as though really a host of living voices had of themselves suddenly spoken out in chorus. You heard the tremulous movement to the very end, even when far, far off, the last of it was just ebbing away.

In one part of Maros Ujvár a quite novel method of proceeding has been adopted. The mine is worked like a quarry; the whole is open to the sky, and the blocks of salt are hewn as blocks of marble elsewhere. The rain has no influence; the only inconvenience it occasions is the formation of large pools of water. At the quay there are stores of salt piled up in walls twenty feet high. It might be supposed that remaining thus uncovered and exposed to the elements the blocks would melt or deteriorate, but they are so hard that the weather does not injure them. The rampart is still distinctly discernible which the Romans threw up round the area containing salt. They did it either to mark its boundary, or to protect it from possible inundation.

Though the country immediately around is now bare of trees, it was not always so. On the hills grew formerly oak-woods, but these have been all destroyed. Beech-wood for fuel now costs, at Maros Ujvár, 11*fl.* 70*kr.*

per klafter,* while at Thorda the price is 5*fl.* It is brought up the river in the boats that come to fetch the salt, though it might be floated down the river from Toplitza more cheaply. The vast woods on the Oranyos, near Abrudbanya, do not at present even pay for their superintendence; but were the projected railway carried out which would pass by Thorda and Maros Ujvár—two places on which Government has spent enormous sums—the wood, now useless, might be floated down to Thorda, and delivered here and in the neighbourhood for a few florins a klafter.

Nothing could be kinder than the attention I received from the officers of the works, and with true Hungarian hospitality, one of them made myself and his colleagues stop at his house, as we passed, to take refreshment. He was a jovial fellow, blunt, hearty, straightforward; with all the bluff sterling qualities—without the rudeness—which were supposed to form the staple characteristics of the classical Old English squire. He had fought in the revolution; and to judge by his fine burly figure I should think the blows he dealt were hard ones. His wine was excellent; and we were so merry that it was with regret that I rose to take leave. Everywhere in Hungarian houses, you find, besides a care for neatness, a wish to have a dwelling that answers to something more than the absolute necessities of life. Here there were nice prints on the walls, and pretty furniture,

* A klafter of wood contains 216 cubic feet. The same destruction is carried on in Russia. "According to the Russian system," says Golovine, "the forests gradually disappear, and the dearness of wood is already felt in districts near the great means of communication by water, and where a large quantity is employed in boat-building." The Government is aware of the calamity, but the measures taken to prevent it are insufficient, and imperfectly executed. There, as in Transylvania, "le vol du bois est pratiqué ouvertement, partout et sur une grande échelle."—*Golovine: Types et Caractères Russes.*

and a sort of simple unpretending elegance. My host told me I ought to have come to him instead of putting up at the inn; that he would have been glad to receive me and have done his best to make me comfortable, and I am sure I should have been so.

To me, hospitality with the Hungarians seemed an instinct: they exercise it because they cannot help it. It is quite the same sort of feeling as the English captain imputed to his crew, who vowed they would not fight till some supposed grievance had been removed. "Won't you?" was the answer. "Now I'll tell you what I'll do: the first French ship that comes in sight I'll run alongside her, and we'll soon see if you'll fight or not. Why, when you see a Frenchman *you can't help fighting.*" And so it is with the Hungarians. High or low, they cannot help being hospitable: it is a natural impulse with them to take in the stranger, and make him break bread under their roof. Indeed, you may walk into their dwelling and demand hospitality as a right, and I doubt if any would take it amiss. I have done so; and my embarrassment at what—though I did it—I felt to be an unwarrantable act, was instantly removed by the pleasure shown at being able to receive a guest.

The Hungarians say the Saxons are wanting in hospitality. I did not find this; but I can well understand how the opinion might arise. The Germans altogether,—I do not mean those of Transylvania, but Germans generally,—have not that natural ease of manner, that self-possession, which the French and the Hungarians possess. Nor do they think as quickly; and hence there is not that readiness of resource which is called for on a sudden emergency. The charm of manner in a Hungarian lady or gentleman on receiving you as guest, no one can ever forget who has had the pleasure of expe-

riencing it. Nothing can be more gracefully winning. I confess I have found nothing like it elsewhere.

And it is the same, modified somewhat according to station, in all ranks. The German in his very nature is different altogether from the Hungarian; his manners generally are different, and his manner too is not the same when he welcomes you to his house. There is no awkwardness about a Hungarian; there is a great deal about most Germans. The one feels embarrassed if, unexpectedly, a total stranger makes his appearance; the other is perfectly collected and self-possessed, no matter what his rank or that of the stranger may be. There is as much ease in his manner as though the two were equals; and he has the talent of making you, in the very first moment, feel at home under his roof.

The German generally lives more frugally than the Hungarian. He economizes, while the other is more inclined to say, "To-day let us eat and be merry, for to-morrow we die." He may, therefore, not always be so well provided on an emergency, and by a process of thought—so in accordance with German nature—decides how all difficulties can be evaded and the thing managed. This naturally impairs the ease and warmth of his advances. The Hungarian does not give the matter a thought; he bids you come in; and as to difficulties, if there are any, they will be got over in some way or other. He will give you what he has—his very best—and he naturally believes that you will receive what he offers in the same spirit as it is given.

The German is more *umständlich* (ceremonious and circumstantial): you are quite welcome, but there is no denying that your presence deranges him, or rather, his household, more than is the case with his neighbour. And without his willing it, you possibly feel this.

I said above, hospitality with the Hungarian is a sort of instinct. Although you are a perfect stranger, he at once offers it; indeed, it is just because you *are* a stranger that he is so ready to do so. The Transylvanian Saxon is more cautious in his nature,—the Hungarian says he is suspicious,—and if, though quite unknown to him, you were to knock and claim hospitality, you would certainly not find that unreserve with which a Hungarian would bid you enter. But bring a letter or a greeting from a friend as your credentials, and then all is done to welcome and to show you honour. Any man of education is received with open arms by the Saxon clergyman or professor. They all are only too glad of an opportunity for fresh intellectual converse, and to obtain direct tidings from the great world of letters beyond the barrier of their mountains.

I hope not to be misunderstood, when I say that the Hungarian exercises hospitality like the Arab in the desert, as a natural law, to all comers. It is an inheritance from his nomade ancestors, and there is in it all that characterizes its exercise in the East: the Saxon rather as one who, having passed out of that more primitive state, expects, first, certain observances, which the social institutions of a more artificial state of existence demand.

Two anecdotes related to me by a well-known Saxon clergyman will hardly be out of place here. While making a tour, he, with a party of friends, arrived at a Szekler village, Lázárfalva, during the harvest. The place was empty, all the inhabitants being busy in the fields. At last they met a solitary peasant, of whom they asked the way to the inn. "There is no inn here," was the answer. "But where shall we go? We must enter somewhere to rest and get refreshment." The peasant immediately told them, "I live yonder, at such a number. Here is the

key of my house-door. In half an hour I shall be back with a load of corn. I must go now, or I would accompany you. Excuse my not doing so; but go alone: open the door, walk in, and make yourselves comfortable till I come." The party accepted the friendly offer, and in half an hour the Hungarian returned with his wife, who made a fire and cooked a meal for them.

My informant, whose guest I then had the pleasure of being, and whose thorough knowledge of the people and talent for describing them, is known and appreciated throughout Transylvania, added, "This chivalrous hospitality characterizes the *whole* Hungarian population, down to the very lowest class. You find it in *all*. No German would have done what that Szekler did, and allowed us to enter his house alone, utter strangers to him as we were. But I will tell you another incident, which is also characteristic. One of my farm servants went with a load of corn to the mill, and as he expected to be absent twenty-four hours, he took with him hay enough for the cattle during that time. However he, as well as others who were waiting, was detained longer. Consequently he had no more provender. A Hungarian, who saw this, said, 'Come with me;' and taking him to his stable, gave him the necessary forage. He did not even ask to whom the oxen belonged, or where my man came from."

I have alluded, I believe, to a shade of suspicion which shows itself in the character of the Saxon. More than one of their clergymen affirmed the truth of this. In towns, and among the more educated, this, as might be expected, no longer shows itself; but the Saxon peasant still receives your advances and answers your questions with evident caution. It arises, no doubt, from his position in olden times, when at every moment he was exposed to some vexatious inroad on his rights or his

territory. He consequently looked with distrust on every one who approached that was not of his own nation; and with the pertinacious unchangingness which characterizes every peasantry, this feeling has clung to him, just as he himself clings to each old habit and long since antiquated system.

But my little bright-eyed Hungarian lad is at his post in the waggon, in his capote of black and crimson. I know he is longing to be off, and again rattling along the road. So farewell to Maros Ujvár, and may I live to see its wonders and hear its echo once again!

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SAXON PEASANTRY AND THEIR CUSTOMS.

In all the arrangements of Saxon village life, the one idea which pervades every act of the community, whether it relates to public parish business or husbandry, guilds or the events more immediately concerning each little household, is that the individual is but an integral part of one large family. A family tie unites and holds all together. This notion of family life is the basis on which all their social relations are established: it serves also to explain many a custom which otherwise might appear strange and even unintelligible.

Each individual, as member of one and the same family, was supposed to have an interest in the weal or woe of his neighbour; and as, when viewed in this light, the success or ill-fortune of one concerned all the others, every person was called on, whenever needed, to lend his assistance in getting in the harvest, building a house, etc., and was also expected to participate in his neighbour's joy, and to show him the last mark of respect by being at his funeral. No matter what occurred, it concerned more or less the whole colony.

The words "Father" and "Mother," which were inva-

riably employed as the titles of those who had a superintending office, give proof of this patriarchal state.*

A wedding or betrothal, or any other family festival, is still shared in by all the villagers. Each one sends his present of a fowl, or cakes, or flour, and each comes to dance and to partake of the abundant cheer. Their field labour is even a communal act, and they all decide together about beginning the work, just as the individual farmer might talk over with his sons the advisability of ploughing on the morrow. The "Hann" or "Borger," as he is sometimes called,—the chief elected authority of the place,—summons the villagers to meet him at the church. The men who have been sent out to examine the state of the fields have returned, and now a decision is to be come to about preparing them for sowing oats or maize. All are assembled before the church-door. "On certain slopes," so it is stated, "the land is in a good condition, but by the mill and all up the valley it is still wet and sticky." So it is decided that no ploughing is to be done before next week; and whoever disobeys shall pay a florin penalty.

And the same with the harvest. It is begun by a service in the church, to which all go in holiday dress; and then away to the cornfield; the youths with bunches of flowers in their hats. But generally, as a fitting prelude to an act that is to bring blessed plenty into every house, the whole community share in the Holy Communion,—the authorities having previously decided among themselves the day when all are to go forth with their sickles, and also that on which the sheaves are to be carried home.

When the thermometer stands at 28° R., to swing the scythe the whole day long is trying work; so the mowing is done at night. By this plan time too is gained,

* Léchenvôter, Nôbervôter und Motter, Torbesvôter (Feldrichter).

which for the Saxon is a great thing. The whole community are told to be ready on the following afternoon at four; and at that hour they assemble, each with his well-hammered scythe, and set out from the village. The "Hann" is there on horseback,—like a leader,—and should any deserter steal away, the glittering of his bright scythe-blade in the distance betrays him, and the "Hann" is after him in a trice, to punish him for his delinquency. That night there is not a man in the village, save the clergyman, and his curate, and the village schoolmaster,—always excepting the aged and infirm. And so the "Hann" marches through the street, and keeps a vigilant look-out, lest thieves should come; and to affright any chance prowler around the place, he fires off a pistol from time to time, which also tells the workers in the moonlit meadows that he is watching round their homes.

Thus the work is quickly done. If the weather is fine, the haymaking is got over in no time. Not one goes home to dinner; they have, they say, no time for that; for with the Saxon peasant everything is secondary to the business of his farm,—comfort, health, family ties. They do not even think of marrying except at a time when the wedding festivities will in nowise interfere with the necessary field labour; thus, all the weddings in a village take place on the same day. By this plan no time is lost. The Saxons are probably the only people who carry calculation so far; none understand better the identity of the words "thrifty" and "thriving." In the so-called Haferland, the Feast of St. Catharine (Nov. 25) is the day for marrying. Elsewhere, as in the neighbourhood of Bistritz, it is on the 3rd of February. The anecdote related by one of themselves is very characteristic. It was haymaking-time, when the funeral of a peasant sadly interfered with carrying home the crop. The wea-

ther, too, was threatening, which made it the more necessary to house it with all possible speed. "Oh, Johnny, Johnny," the widow is reported to have exclaimed, amid her tears, "how could you serve us so, and die just when there was so much to do!" And yet when all are busy at work in the hay-field, if the tolling of the church-bell should announce that a neighbour is about to leave his old home and be carried to his grave, rake and fork or scythe are instantly laid down, and all hasten back to show the departed member of their common family the last honours. The inconvenience may be great, but all go and join in the procession and the prayer.

That the interest of the individual should be made subservient to the common weal is understood, and followed by even the most uncivilized communities. But that the community shall interest itself in the welfare of the individual, and all join together to prevent his suffering loss, is a law less generally followed. One of the Saxon customs shows how it is observed here. Should a villager's cow or ox break a leg, or any other accident necessitate its being killed, the "Hann" at once decides how much meat each inhabitant is to take, in order to prevent the one member of the family suffering by his mischance. But for such arrangement the man's loss would be great; in this way he loses nothing.

The farmer who has several fields, and perhaps but one son (in the Haferland the peasant has few children), will certainly have enough to do to till them. They are far apart, and far from his dwelling; and in order to get through his work he will be off betimes, so as to begin labour by daybreak. He returns late, he gets no warm food during the day, and his nourishment altogether is not commensurate with the exertion undergone. He certainly lives badly: he eats little meat, and denies him-

self everything like good cheer. He begins to work hard while very young, and the frequency of an internal injury arises, I was told, from this habit, and from lifting wood and other things too heavy for a boy's strength. But a Saxon peasant allows of no excuse for not working, neither for himself nor others. There are seasons when he sleeps but four hours in the twenty-four. He works so incessantly that he has no leisure for mirth; the fatigue of continual labour disinclines him for merriment, and when the moment for repose arrives, he rests himself and is quiet. This mode of life soon tells upon him, and he looks old before his time. It is the same with the women: constant work and a poor and scanty diet soon destroy the roundness of their features. Hemp-washing in the brook in autumn is one of their duties, and while at it they get wet and cold and ill. With them, too, early marriage tends to give a premature appearance of age.

The distance all the peasantry have to go for medical aid is often severely felt. It is a long drive to the nearest doctor, and the sufferer often pines away, when a little timely help would have saved him.

Saxon village life, or a Saxon household, cannot fail to impress the stranger favourably. It is undeniable that the greatest order reigns in all the affairs of these people, private as well as public. There is an exactitude in everything they do which is probably unequalled. In their communal affairs, in the payment of contributions in kind or in money, in sowing and reaping, even in the places which, according to age and sex, are given to the congregation in church, there is a regularity of proceeding which may be called pedantic, and to which they adhere as pertinaciously as to the cherished faith of their fathers. In the household, too, everything has its appointed time and season. As the days grow short the spinning begins,

and she would be looked on as a bad housewife who was not ready with her work by the sixth week after Christmas. Then the loom is put up, and she sits at it and plies the shuttle so busily, that by the time spring comes the long pieces of linen are just ready to be bleached. And now begin out-of-door duties.

As was said, the first appearance of the Saxon peasant is particularly favourable.

But I cannot help acknowledging that on meeting more frequently with the villagers, and becoming better acquainted with them, it seemed to me as if they all had a conventional air,—a manner acquired or put on, which however may at last, from habit, have become natural to them. In speech, too, as well as manner, there was, I fancied, something Methodistical. It was the uniformity of the exterior which suggested the thought that it was artificial. It is not possible that among a community—among many communities—of men, there should not be wide differences of character naturally influencing the outward manner, which is, to a degree, the reflection of the inner man. But, among this peasantry, the same calm, smooth deportment prevails everywhere; it is the stereotyped form, and has no variety. They greet and preface their answers to you in a certain set phrase, which at first attracts, but which by constant repetition at last tires you. The Saxon peasant has always a well-turned answer ready, in which a certain unction never fails.

Once only, on entering a cottage, the master did not move, but looked at me, after muttering a rather sulky "Guten Morgen," with an expression which seemed to say, "Well, what do you want here?" The man gained greatly in my estimation, by deviating from the beaten track and showing himself as he was. Indeed, in all intercourse with the Saxon peasant, you will find a

great deal of outward formality, and not even our own English slaves to conventionality labour to "keep up appearances" more than he. For this he toils as he does, and feeds so poorly; has often but one child, and forces that one to marry, not according to inclination, but solely with reference to the house and barns of the future son or daughter-in-law. His thrift has become his master; it overcomes other natural emotions; and the affections are put out of court when there is a question of broad acres or hard pelf. I have myself seen how the importance attached to possession is able completely to deaden even parental love.

The Saxon peasant acts in all according to system. Strictly ordered, admirable arrangement has ever been the groundwork of his existence. It was so of his political well-being and of his social life, in times when, but for this, surrounding inimical influences would have destroyed him. We have seen that even now he goes to sow or reap his fields, not when he might be best inclined to do so, but at the time fixed by the commune; so accustomed is he to subordinate his own will to others. And hence, perhaps, it may arise that a want of natural spontaneity is observable in these people.

The way in which a Saxon peasant replies to a question struck me as peculiar. If you ask "Have you any fruit?" he does not answer "Yes;" but, "We have."

"Can that be done?"—"It can."

When a child is born, the church bell is rung, just as it is tolled when a member of the community dies.*

* I heard, in a Saxon village, a word which helped to explain to me an English expression which had hitherto been unintelligible to me,—that of godchild. The word, however, is also a Bavarian provincialism. (*Die Gott, die Gotten, die Gottel, admater, filiola*,—godmother, goddaughter. *Der Gött, der Göttel*,—godfather, godson.) "My Gode is coming to see me to-day," said the pastor one afternoon, and I now comprehended that to

It is very extraordinary how habits and modes of life, induced by a peculiar state of things, continue and become characteristic features when the original cause has long ceased to be.* I have often asked myself if the present thrift of the Saxon peasant may not have originated in the former uncertainty of possession, when now a Vayvode and now a Turkish pasha disputed with him his right to his own; and with regard to his hoarded corn, he still feels happy in the thought that he has a good store in the granary,—just as in those times when a sudden foray might have deprived him of his whole household stock. He likes, too, that his neighbours should see his abundance.

In his dress, also, he would fain show that he lacks nothing. His boots therefore are unnecessarily large, that it may not seem as if leather had been spared in making them. Hence, the more material used the better.

To money, homage is everywhere paid, in hamlet as in town; and even these remote villages acknowledge its power. A household that has but little linen, is obliged to wash often. To do so more than four or six times a year, is therefore considered as a sign of poverty; and, on this account, it is said of the inhabitants of Mehburg, that they would not think of choosing, as their clergyman, one who needed to have a washing-day more than once a year. But then the Mehburger is proud of the piles of linen in

the original word—in itself sufficient—we, misunderstanding its meaning, had added, as expletive, another (child, father, mother, etc.) which was quite unnecessary. By making God of "gode," we helped also to confuse the etymology. It has nothing to do with God.

Another circumstance seemed to me singular. The Hungarian "wad" means wild, mad; the Scotch "wod" too.

* With many of the brutes this is singularly the case. The household dog still turns round and round before lying down, as when wild in the prairie; although the necessity of doing so, to smooth a bed for himself in the long grass, no longer exists.

his house, besides the white large-horned oxen and the buffaloes in his stable.

Formerly, no doubt, each community lived more apart from the rest than is the case now. The dwellers in an adjoining district were therefore looked on as strangers, inasmuch as they were not of "the family," which every village seemed to form in itself. And even now, it is not at all liked that a youth or maiden should marry out of the village, or that from a neighbouring parish a young wife or husband come to settle there. They prefer keeping together; they want no interlopers, and detest innovation.*

And this last is the reason why they have made, except lately here and there, no progress in agriculture; they are suspicious of new methods, as they are of a new face.† This dislike to change, however, is characteristic of all peasantry. Not so, however, the mistrust of a stranger, which is strongly marked in the Saxon peasant. All my inquiries about their fields, their family, customs, labours, prices, made them, it was evident, feel uncomfort-

* I see by a note to a very interesting paper on Saxon customs, by a professor at one of the best public schools in Transylvania, that this dislike to any admixture of a foreign (not of the same town or village) element is not confined to the peasantry; for even he laments the "decomposition" which the national feeling undergoes by such process. He laments the sad fact, that of thirty-five marriages which had taken place in the year, eight of the parties became inhabitants of his native town by means of their new family connection. "Nearly one quarter of the whole number!" he exclaims, in his regret at this proof of what he looks on as degeneracy in his nation. And, in favourable contrast, he states that in 1811 there were forty-three weddings in the town, and but one among the whole eighty-six individuals who was not a townsman; and in the two following years, although there were thirty-three and fifty-four weddings, not a single stranger was among them. If this feeling of exclusiveness—this close-borough system—find advocates in men of really superior education, we may judge how integral a part it is of the nation's mind, and how deeply it must be rooted.

† The Hungarian peasants adopt improvements in agriculture readily. They watch what is done, and, if good, copy it.

able. And even if I were sometimes in a village, visiting the different people daily, chatting with them and playing with the children, and taking part in their merrymakings, they could not overcome the feeling. That I should stay among them at all was quite a riddle. What was my motive? what my aim? They could not make it out.

One evening, on returning after a walk to the village where I was staying, I overtook some peasants going homewards with their carts, so I joined and chatted with them. Presently, one of the men asked if he might put a question, and if I would certainly not be offended. "Of course not; put as many as you like."—"Well then," he said, "just tell me why you stay here among us. The 'Richter' says you are a 'Naturforscher' (a natural philosopher); perhaps you are, but what that is I don't know." I did my best to satisfy him, but was doubtless unsuccessful.

I had been, just before, at a large Wallachian village, and there, too, had talked much with the people, had been in their houses, and, so it seems, asked a multiplicity of questions; indeed, it was this unfortunate habit of questioning which caused all the mistrust. My friendly host told me after I had left, that several people came to him to ask who I was. He told them, "An Englishman, travelling to see the country and the people.' "Don't believe it," said they, shaking their heads, and holding up their finger with an air of mystery; "it's no such thing. The man is a spy; you may be sure he is a spy. As to his questions, there was no end to them. He asked us about *every* thing; there was nothing he did not question us about. No, no; I tell you he is a spy." And no assurance, it seemed, would make them change their opinion. I told this to a Saxon village clergyman, one evening, as we sat together after supper, thinking he

would be as amused at it as myself. "Well," he said, very gravely, "that is what the people say here, too. They do not understand that their customs can interest a stranger, and so they account for your stay among us in that manner."

The ceremonies of the Saxon peasantry are so manifold, that a volume might be filled with these alone. They vary, though generally only in details, in different districts, —according, no doubt, to the part of the mother-country whence their ancestors emigrated. In Silesia are two villages, where the dress and dialect of the inhabitants is quite the same as those of the Saxons of Bistritz. They are, probably, a part of the body of emigrants who passed there on their way to the north of Transylvania, and, stopping, sojourned in the neighbourhood while the others pursued their journey south. In Luxembourg, also, the peasantry speak a dialect which is nearly, if not quite, the same as that of some of the Saxons in Transylvania. The customs, above mentioned, are mostly observed in the so-called Hafer-land. But order is everywhere a characteristic both in and out of doors. Each implement has its place, and even in the build of the house, and the arrangement and adorning of its interior, a certain symmetry is observed,—all pointing to a similarity of tastes and habits. There is the niche in the wall, near the stove (*Katzenhöll*), for the cat to sit and purr in; there is the gaily-painted cupboard, and a portrait of Luther and Melanchthon on the walls, and the large table with a stone-slab, uncovered on Sundays, and the long blue and red locker, in which, with the holiday finery, lie the Bible and hymn-book, and whatever papers it is of importance to preserve.

I have spent many a pleasant hour in such cottages, joking with the women or gleaning information from the

men. They are shrewd, hard-working, and intelligent, and—thanks to their good schools—they possess a fair amount of knowledge. I should be sorry to do them an injustice in my statements, and I think I have not.

The thing is, the whole demeanour of the peasant imposes at first; but this afterwards rather tells against him than otherwise; for when you come to measure him, you do so involuntarily, by a higher scale than you would apply to another in his position of life. Then, if you find discrepancies, you are apt to judge him over-severely; but this is his own fault, for it was solely his air and manner which caused you to apply the standard you have chosen.

CHAPTER XXX.

MARRIAGE, WEDDINGS, AND MERRYMAKING.

Of the system pursued by the Saxon peasantry in the marriage of their children, I was enabled to judge during a stay in one of their more considerable villages. One evening, on going into the room where the family were assembled, I found the daughter, a girl of fourteen years and a half, crying bitterly. On inquiry, the father related that she that day had had an offer of marriage, and refused to accept it. He was in a great fury, and told the girl that, if in two days she did not change her mind, he would give her a sound thrashing. "He had never," he said, "given her a box on the ear even, but she should now have plenty if she proved obstinate." The man's conduct roused my indignation, and I immediately began, as a meddling Englishman would be sure to do, to take him to task for his tyranny and his threats.

The wooer, he replied, was the very best match in the village,—a young fellow, active and good-looking. Who could know if Margaret would ever get such an offer again? The like did not come often, and when they did one ought to profit of them; therefore he was determined she should make no further difficulty about the matter.

But he forgot to mention a fact or two which I knew, and which, even setting aside his daughter's repugnance, put the matter in a very different light. The suitor had been separated from his first wife six weeks after their marriage, and as the young creature, whom I happened to know,—she was only a little more than sixteen,—was as mild and meek and gentle as she was pretty, the divorce was a fact not very much in his favour. He had already asked for the hand of another peasant's daughter, and everything was settled, when, some offence having been given or taken, the match was broken off. He straightway went from the house of his betrothed, which was only a few doors off, to that of my landlord, and without any more ado asked for little Margaret. As she was to supply the place of his discarded "bride," as the future wife is called, the wedding must have been celebrated in a fortnight with the rest.* He had known nothing of the girl previously, nor she of him; but among the Saxons this is of no importance.

This, then,—the sudden appearance of a suitor in the house,—was what had caused such commotion. The father was raging, the mother passive and conciliatory, the daughter, in a corner, on a bench by the great stove, sobbing bitterly. After a joust with the father, in which I took good care not to spare him, I had a chat with Margaret. The poor child told me she did not want to marry,—not yet at least. "I am just out of school," she said, "und ich möchte bei der Jugend bleiben (and I would rather stay with my young companions). Later perhaps I might say yes, but now I can't." But the old man would hear of no delay. "Either she takes him now, and marries him in a fortnight, or the affair is over at once; I will have no betrothals and puttings off. Who

* The weddings taking place all together.

knows, if she accepts him and delays the wedding, that she meanwhile may not see a youth that pleases her better? and then jealousy will arise, and the match will be broken off, and my daughter is no further than she was before."

There was so much to be said, which even the most ordinary common sense would dictate, against the offer of this suitor, that I resolved to talk with the father the following day, when he would be cooler. He had ready answers for all my arguments about the youth of Margaret, her utter inexperience, and the probability that one so changeful as the youth in question had shown himself to be would also soon get tired of his daughter, and then she would be again in her father's house as a divorced wife. Indeed it was surprising how the man talked, how volubly, and, from his point of view, how well; but all the Saxon peasants have this facility.

Knowing that my landlord's married life was a very happy one, I did my best to make him comprehend that peace and content in a household were better than granaries and land, and inquired as to his choice of a companion. Here I found just the facts needed in support of my argument: his wife was poor, but he had lived with her most happily, and, lame and ugly as she was, he would not change her for any one he had ever seen. She was his own choice, "for he saw at once that she would suit him," and married her against the advice of his relations. I had but to turn his own arguments against himself; yet notwithstanding, though for a moment he somewhat relented, he would not change his resolve about the contemplated marriage.

The next day I was leaving the house, when he met me on the threshold. He stopped me, and said, "Herr, ich danke Ihnen für Ihre Belehrungen" (I thank you

for having set me right).—"Well, and do you still intend to force Margaret to marry the man she does not like?"—"No," he replied, cheerfully; "if Margaret says 'no,' I won't force her. She can do just as she chooses now."

I afterwards saw him in his farmyard at work, in a good humour and cheerful, and as if a weight were off his mind. On Margaret's round childish face one smile had been chasing the other, ever since these words were uttered; she was pleased, as if she had just got a holiday. She can now "remain with the *Jugend*," for she is as much a child as any in the village.

This is an average specimen of Saxon wife-choosing and betrothal among the peasantry. The father himself told me first, in answer to my arguments, that the marriage would hardly prove a happy one, and that he would in such case soon have a separation. A wife or a husband is a thing which, should circumstances incline that way, may for convenience' sake be put aside or changed at pleasure.

It often astonished me to find those persons with whom I spoke about the frequency of divorce treat the subject as one of far less importance than assuredly it really is. Divorce is a thing of such everyday occurrence, is decided on so lightly and allowed so easily, that it has become a marked feature—indeed, a component part of—Saxon rural life. A separation of husband and wife after three, four, or six weeks' marriage is nothing rare or strange; and the woman divorced will frequently want six or eight months of being sixteen. It is just this very circumstance—the youth of the wife, and that she accepted her husband either from being forced to do so, or without any previous acquaintance—which is the cause of so many unsatisfactory unions. Among a portion of the Saxons, marriage may almost be said to be a merely temporary agreement between two contracting parties:

very frequently neither expect it to last long, and may have resolved that it shall not.

In the village near the Kochel sixteen marriages took place in one year; at the end of twelve months only six of the contracting parties were still living together. In the place where I write this, there are at this moment eleven bridal pairs intending to celebrate their wedding a fortnight hence. Of these eleven, the schoolmaster observed there would probably not be many living together by this time next year. The clergyman, too, was of opinion that before long many would come to him with grounds for a separation. Of these eleven, one is the divorced wife of the man who came to ask for Margaret's hand. She is just sixteen, with large blue eyes of a most sweet expression. She, pretty and young as she is, the daughter, too, of one of the foremost men in the village, will marry a poor man, and one in whose personal appearance there is nothing to recommend him; he will cut a very sorry figure at the wedding beside his tall, bright-eyed bride. But her father is afraid that if she lets this offer slip no other may follow, and his daughter will then, as they say, *sitzen bleiben*,—being a sort of matrimonial old maid. For here seventeen and sweet eighteen are already considered to be on the verge of that terrible old-maidendom, escape from which at any price is hardly ever held too dear.

Another, my next neighbour, is just fifteen,—a wicked sprite and ripe for fun or any roguery, even to cheating her husband before, as well as after the wedding. He is a diminutive, stupid-faced fellow, and looked on quite tranquilly the other evening at a dance, while another fondly kissed her as they were all talking together.

A little further are two sisters; one seventeen, the other fifteen: one pretty, and the other plain. I have not seen

their future husbands; but I dare say their chances of happiness are on a par with the rest. At the end of the village is the beauty of the lot: her future husband has no house of his own yet, and small as the one room is where the father, mother, grandmother, and two maiden aunts dwell, the young couple will still take up their quarters in the same narrow chamber. The bridal bed touches that of the old couple, the two forming an angle in the corner of the room. Such trifles as these, however, in nowise disconcert the people here.*

The betrothals took place in the different families some days ago; and with the beginning of next week all will again be busy in baking bread and cakes, and preparing the roast meats for the wedding. For, as we know, they are all to be celebrated on the same day.

Since writing the above, I have learned some facts which show even still more clearly than what has already been said, how the peasant, in marrying his daughter, thinks of, and cares for, nothing but the acres and the house and chattels which the suitor brings with him. The mother of the bonnie young wife with the large mild eyes, blue as ether, told me she was married when 14½ years of age, and that she and the child's father had forced her to marry in spite of all her opposition. Scarcely was she

* In the dwellings of other peasantry, and where we should hardly expect them, such arrangements are also found. "They had," so relates Hugh Miller in his autobiography, "but a single apartment in their humble dwelling; and I could fain have wished they had two. My bed was situated in the one end of the room, and my landlady's and her husband's in the other, with the passage which we entered between them; but decent old Peggy Russel had been accustomed to such arrangements all her life long, and seemed never once to think of the matter; and—as she had reached that period of life at which women of the humbler class assume the characteristics of the other sex, somewhat, I suppose, on the principle on which very ancient female birds put on male plumage,—I, in a short time, ceased to think of it also."

married, when her husband cast his eyes on another young wife, and hoping that she might get divorced, already calculated on taking her as his second spouse; he was not successful, however, and his own wife, after five weeks of matrimony, obtained a separation from him on the plea of infidelity. Now all this must have been known to my landlord when young Lovelace came to ask for his child, for in a village every family occurrence is known to the rest; and yet, notwithstanding, he was determined that Margaretha should marry him against her will.*

There is great outward decorum among the female Saxon peasantry: they are neat in their dress, and there is quietness in their manner; but, in some parts at least, the strictness is more apparent than real.

The quartering of cavalry soldiers in the houses of the Saxon peasantry is not without a baneful influence.† This the clergymen acknowledge also.‡ But on many points they are themselves in the dark, for it is natural that to them the best side only is shown. On speaking to one of the opinion I had formed from matters which had come under my own personal observation, he was greatly surprised, and was not, he said, aware of what I told him; this, however, be it observed, was not in his own, but in a far distant parish. A very great deal depends on the influence of the clergyman,—on his activity, on his mental

* The suitor after all returned to his betrothed, whom he left when he came to ask for Margaret.

† The Wallack villages are exempt from this burden, as there is no place for the horses; for the stall, where the ox or calf is kept, would not do for the cavalry soldier. The convenience for the man himself is also too imperfect; moreover, the peasant and his wife are out great part of the day, so that there is no one to do the cooking, which the soldier has the right to require. The quartering, therefore, falls the heavier on the Saxons.

‡ It is but justice to add, that in this even there are exceptions, and that some villages keep free from blame, in spite of the constant quartering of the soldiery. But the general influence cannot be otherwise than bad.

qualifications, and his capacity for making himself beloved by his parishioners, and gaining their thorough confidence. He can accomplish much if he set about his work in the right way; for his power over his "children" (*Pfarrkinder*), to take the literal German word, is almost unbounded; and they look up to him with a trust, and respect for his office and authority, which will hardly be found elsewhere. At ——, where I was, not one girl or married woman could be induced to take part in a dance, to which many persons from the neighbouring village had come, because, they said, their pastor had forbidden it; some few came to look on, but as to sharing in it, that was out of the question. Their obedience was put to a hard test, for dancing is, for them, a great enjoyment. In two villages close together, I have been told there was considerable difference between the propriety of behaviour of the women in each case; the qualifications of the clergyman manifested their several effects. Constant supervision and active participation in all that concerns the mental and moral progress of his parishioners must necessarily have visible results. When this is less the case, the want of it will also be perceptible.

According to the law of the land, no girl may marry before her sixteenth birthday; that is to say, she must be fully fifteen years old; but this is constantly evaded under one pretext or other. Indeed, to use the expression of the country, "the shoes of childhood are hardly worn out," before the young thing enters on the duties of a wife.*

* A Saxon author, describing the wedding ceremonies of his nations, mentions the saying "of a practical old Saxon," which was to this effect:— "Among the peasantry, it is not the youth who marries the maiden, but acre marries acre, one vineyard the other vineyard, and a herd of oxen the other herd." They are more aristocratic in their "manners" than they are aware of.

This and the compulsion used are strangely at variance with all the pious speeches and forms of speech which accompany everything relating to the wooing, betrothal, marriage, and departure from the parental roof. All this is beautifully patriarchal: the usages, the words uttered, seem to transport you to the time and the society of the Pilgrim Fathers; only you must not look behind the scenes, or know anything of what preceded the arrangement.

It is usual for the friends of the youth to go to the girl's parents, and in his name to ask for her hand; this generally takes place of an evening. In some places, the father receives the ambassador in the corner of the room, seated behind the large table. The wooer never prefers his request himself; it was an old German custom that this, as is still the case among personages of highest rank, should be done by deputy. Then followed the "Handschlag" (the hand was given in pledge), and the matter was so far settled. But though I have got over it so quickly, it took much longer in reality; set speeches, according to prescribed form, were repeated by both parties, with circumlocution, repetitions, and as many involved sentences as in our own legal documents.

A few days after, came the "Brautvertrinken," a feast in honour of the betrothal. Till this moment it might have been possible to break off the match; but after such ceremony, and the exchange of rings at the parsonage, it could not well be done. I saw them come into the clergyman's room one evening, each party with a large nosegay, near two feet high, of artificial flowers, and covered with gold-leaf and tinsel. A short exhortation was made, a question or two was asked, and the matter was settled.

At one village, it is customary for the father of the youth, when all the guests are assembled at the feast, to

make a speech, addressed to the father of the maiden, to beg that he may henceforth be considered as father of the two; then the other father does the same. Afterwards, the betrothed party follows, and each asks to be looked on as a loving and affectionate child, by the future parents-in-law. At last come the other relations; so that of speeches there is no end. Indeed, in this matter the Saxon peasant is an adept.

But as the wedding-day approaches, there is plenty to do. Any season for the ceremony is acceptable that does not interfere too much with household work or farm labour, except that between Easter and Whitsuntide. This is an evil time, according to popular belief, and old proverbs confirm the superstition. People do not even like to change lodging, or have a new clergyman, or do anything of importance in this interval. The house will be burned down, they say; and the new pastor will bring no blessing at such a season. As to weekdays, Wednesday is the favourite.

The neighbours send presents of eggs, butter, fowls, flour, etc., to the house where the wedding-feast is to be held. There is abundance; but there had need be, for many are the sharers in the hospitality, and long and incessant are the demands made. On Friday and Saturday the women all come to help to prepare; the meal is sifted for certain cakes, bread is made, and all is got ready for the great day of cooking now near at hand. Sunday, other smaller matters are attended to, and the invitations are also issued in form. Dressed in their best, two youths, each with a white wand in his hand, and at the top of it a posy bound with a red ribbon, the ends of which flutter in the wind, go about from house to house to ask the guests to be present. The speech made on this occasion is also in a prescribed form. Each youth has in his hat a

large nosegay of artificial flowers, glittering in gold-leaf. Some near relations are invited three times, as a mark of respect; others, again, are only invited for form's sake (*Ehren halber*), and these do not appear, but send a contribution to the dinner. In reality, however, every one comes, whether invited or not: the whole village keeps holiday. In all parts the music is heard, and come who may, he is welcome.

Monday, the bread is baked,—no small piece of work for so many mouths. At two in the morning, the women who stayed over-night in the house of the "bride," go through the village with a clatter of shovels, tongs, etc., to wake and call together the friends who are to assist. Should any not come, she is fetched bound in chains on a sledge.

Tuesday is devoted to cake making and baking, plucking the fowls, fetching the wine, etc. The youths, too, are busy bringing water for the kitchen, wood for the fires and the oven. All this time, jokes are being carried on, old observances carefully attended to, mutual presents made with ceremony and form, certain dishes prepared, distributed and eaten, songs sung, and all sorts of mummery enacted. Posies are bound up by the girls, who all meet together for the purpose, to give to the youths invited to the wedding. This is on the eve of the marriage. On this evening too, it is sometimes customary for the girl to take leave of her young friends, embracing them all, while they in chorus sing a certain song.

The grand day has come at last, and the whole village is agog. Betimes the bridegroom sends his betrothed a present—the "Morgengabe." Sometimes this consists of a pair of pretty shoes to go to the wedding in, or a kerchief and apples, in which pieces of silver money are stuck.* She, in return, sends by some male relation her

* The sumptuary laws of Hamburg, 1291, decided that the present of

own handiwork. When entering their cottage, I had often seen the girls busy at work hemming and embroidering, and on asking what they were making, was told it was the shirt their lover was to put on at the wedding. The whole of the bosom was cunningly embroidered; ears of corn, and flowers, especially the carnation and the rose, were spread over it in profusion; and the ruffles were also embroidered, and had a sort of lacework. This garment the bride invariably makes for her future husband. It is kept the whole life long; and the same garment that the youth wore at the first marriage-festival, is again put on when death comes to summon the old grey-headed man to be wedded to eternity.

But we must be stirring, and, with the young bridegroom, go and fetch the bride. His friends have assembled at his house and eaten of certain dishes which at such meal dare not be wanting. Bravo! how merrily the gipsies are playing, as they march in front of the procession! How the shrill tones fill all the clear frosty air! In front dances the leader of the bridegroom's friends, and surrounded by the rest, marches the principal person, decorated with his huge posy with fluttering ribbons and bright gold. I had seen this same nosegay for two Sundays previous to the wedding, placed upright in a socket before the youth, as he sat in church. As there were several going to be married, a row of a dozen or more of such gay nosegays shone in all their gaudy glory round the gallery.

And now the house of the bride is reached. Sometimes the door is found locked, and the bridegroom must

the bridegroom should be a pair of shoes. To present a shoe to the bride was a symbol of her reception among the parentage of her betrothed. According to Grimm, as soon as the bride had put the shoe on her foot, she was considered as having subjected herself to her husband.

climb over into the court, and, opening it from within, admit his companions.* The young girl is then demanded of her parents, and, accompanied by her two bridesmen, she joins the procession, and away they march to church.† The gipsies strike up their merry notes, and now from this side, now from that, you hear music, or see gay groups, all tending in one direction; a youth and maiden the central point of each, and around them, gay and bright and many-coloured, lads and lasses, in new jackets, snowy petticoats, and embroidered muslin aprons, flowing ribbons, and other holiday finery.‡ And at the doors stand groups to see them pass; and at the windows too, heads are looking out, and words of felicitation are interchanged, and good wishes and kindly greetings.

At the church-door, the music suddenly ceases. All take their places: the young brides side by side, and on the opposite benches their future husbands. Afterwards each comes to fetch his own, and they go together to the altar. The ceremony is soon over, and is not impressive: the ten or twelve couple stand up together, and are united at once. Each, however, is of course asked the necessary questions separately, and receives separately the blessing.

Now all stream out of church. The black-eyed gipsies again make the very air resound with their music, and and each party returns home. There everything is ready:

* Occasionally, too, the youth has to hunt for his wife, and get her as he best can, despite flight and opposition. Vámbéry relates that a similar custom exists among the Turkomans.

† It is now, before quitting her home, that she takes leave of her parents, brothers, and sisters, and other relatives, thanking them each one separately, for the love they have shown her, for her education, and for bringing her up in a Christian and godly manner, asking for a continuance of their love, and soliciting their pardon for faults she has committed.

‡ Only a girl who is betrothed wears the gold-lace border round the top of her drum-shaped head-gear, as shown in the woodcut at page 52.

around the largest rooms tables have been spread; the women are busy in the kitchen, and in the cellar are appointed persons to draw the wine and send it up as soon as a can is empty. The clergyman is fetched by a deputation, and led to the seat of honour. But in some places, before going to dinner, a large table is placed in the court or room, and at the head of it stand the young married couple with their attendant youths and maidens. Then the father approaches, and brings as gift a ploughshare, or, if rich, a foal, a calf, silver spoons, or a yoke of oxen. The mother follows with her tears and store of linen, and then come the friends and relations, each laying down his present. The bride kisses each giver, and thanks him for so much kindness.

The dishes are all prescribed; and it would be as impossible to have a wedding-feast without a certain soup, pudding, or cake, as to hold a marriage without a bride. Each guest brings with him spoon and knife and fork, for how else would it be possible to provide for so many? An exception is made in favour of the pastor, or of any guest who, like myself, was specially invited. All sit according to age, to which the Saxon pays always great respect. Should even two women drive together to a fair, the elder one would assuredly have the right-hand side conceded her. At the dinner it is the same. But as in church, the sexes are divided; here all the men, yonder all the women-folk.

How crammed full it is, and at the door you see heads and shoulders still pressing forward to look on. Up on a bench, and squeezing themselves in behind the stove, in order to save room, the gipsies are standing, dark as Hindoos, in appearance wild as their music, and adding to the din of voices by a thrilling Czardas. That is not to be resisted. Hardly has the first dish of rice-soup and

fowl been done with,* than the benches are pushed back, and a few couples, who can withstand the enthralling tones no longer, begin to dance. And so it goes on for hours; now a fresh course, now a fresh dance, and of both there seems to be no end. But this is only an intermezzo. The real dance begins in the evening, when every relation dances with the bride, and then lays a piece of money in a plate on the table; this belongs sometimes to the musicians, sometimes to the young wife.† She, however, gets another present, which is all her own. When at dinner, the roast meat is set on the table, she sends round to her guests a piece of fowl on a fork, with a cake, decorated, perhaps, with a flower or other ornament. This mark of favour is returned as follows:—you take one of the cakes —Klotsch or Kolatschen—and stick into it, not almonds or sugar-plums, but silver coin, as few or as many pieces as you like, and send it as present to the bride.

The dancing and merrymaking go on without interruption day and night. Some, I suppose, rest, while the others feast and are joyful; but guests there are always present, and no one seems tired. How the gipsies could

* At Neustadt, the soup must be of vermicelli; the roast meat is served cold, which the guests carry away with them. A near relative of one of the parties is chosen "Wortmann," whose business it is to see that there is no dearth of anything, and that the guests are well supplied; he goes round and superintends all. Four men are placed in the cellar to fill the pitchers unremittingly brought down to be replenished with wine; this is rather an enviable post. The four sit and smoke together, and there is no lack of society. Every moment brings a new visitor and a fresh supply of chat. They sit, too, at the fountain-head, and, as they deal out to the frequent comers the fragrant produce of the Mediasch vineyards, fill their own glass and drink to the health of their visitors, and of the bridegroom and his bonnie young bride.

† In Göttingen this custom still prevails. The money is collected in a plate, the bride also dances with every guest; the festivity, too, lasts there, as in Transylvania, two or, more generally, three days. The dishes served are prescribed as strictly as among the Transylvanian Saxons, and even the order in which they must be sent to table.

hold out as they did was to me a riddle: they were as fresh and vigorous when they first began; but if they paused a moment, many were the voices that called to them to begin again.

The third day is rather devoted to those who have so diligently helped in preparing to get everything ready. They are now in their turn well feasted and waited on by those whom they before had served.

On the second day, the young wife appears in matronly head-gear. She has laid aside her maiden ornaments; her friends have bound in their place the nun-like bands and wimple of fine snow-white linen, and fastened it with the richly ornamented pins, studded with pearls and garnets. But before this, her long hair has been cut off,—her pride and her simple adorning,—another symbol of her lost liberty.*

This, then, is an imperfect sketch of a principal Saxon festivity. Many a custom—varying with the place—has been omitted, as well as the forms of addressing the several parties, as salutation, or leave-taking; these would fill a small volume. They are all very interesting, for they refer to ancient times, and are most of them founded on rites dating from earliest ages, and mixed up with the mythology of the North.

* The long braid of hair is, in some villages, hung up as an ornament on the wall of the room, adorned with bows of bright ribbon.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DIVORCE.

As the land I am writing of is Transylvania, there can be nothing inappropriate in a chapter on "Divorce" following directly after "a Wedding Festival." Indeed, it is the natural order of things, and I therefore adopt it in my book.

What, it will be asked, leads to a custom which, according to all our Christian notions of love and mutual forbearance, and our views of befitting social relations as observed among civilized people, is not to be lightly adopted? There are two causes; first, the way in which the contracts are formed, and, secondly, the facility with which a separation may be obtained. This latter is, I think, a greater evil than the former.

Few marriages among the Saxon peasantry are marriages of affection. Except in a general way, the parties often know little of each other, and are therefore quite unable to judge of their prospect of agreeing together. The approximation of the paternal acre is sufficient inducement for the parents to arrange a match between their children. A Count would (so I was told by one who knew the peasantry well) be more likely to marry a

peasant-girl, than a peasant's daughter, possessed of property, to take a youth without an acre.

Divorce is so easy, and belongs so intimately to married life, that even before the wedding it is talked of, and, under certain probable eventualities, looked forward to as consequent on the approaching union. "Try to like him," says the father to the girl, who resists the "good match" arranged for her; "and if later you find you can't do so, well, I'll have you separated."* If the one party finds that he or she really cannot like the other, the result is a visit to the pastor, with a demand for separation on the ground of "insuperable dislike," which, according to the 'Ehe Patent' of 1786 (ecclesiastical laws regarding marriage), is plea sufficient.† The clergyman, or, later, the Ecclesiastical Court, when the case is brought forward, tells the parties they must agree and live together, when one of the twain says, "I do not want to separate; I wish my husband or wife still to live with me." An order is then

* As I do not wish English readers, or Saxon readers either, should I have any, to think my assertions are made at random or without mature consideration, I beg to say that these are the words of a Saxon village pastor; and none know the peasantry better than their own clergy.

† Paragraph 57 of the "Ehe Patent:"—"Thirdly: we do permit a disjoining of the conjugal tie also in that case when between the wedded parties a great inimicality (*Hauptfeindschaft*) does exist, or if an insuperable dislike (*unüberwindliche Abneigung*) should have arisen, and *both* parties demand to be separated."

But a supplementary paragraph went further and said, that when *one or the other* party, "out of pure malice," should oppose a separation from bed and board, the Court shall still be authorized, if it find the request for separation reasonable (*billig*), to grant it.

We see how much room is here left for an interpretation that may serve the purpose of a party bent upon divorce.

The laws on this subject were, when I was in Transylvania, being carefully reconsidered, in order to amend them. Many clergymen were of my opinion, that the mere assertion of "insuperable dislike" ought not to be sufficient to constitute a claim for separation.

According to the Prussian "Landrecht," "odium" is also a sufficient cause for divorce. In Baden also.

given for non-separation. If the husband, suppose, is obstinate and will not return, he is put under arrest, and, foolishly enough, an amicable relationship is attempted to be brought about by force. All this irritates rather than soothes, and at last the one who at first was not inimically inclined to his or her better-half grows hurt at such determined resistance, and anger and hate spring up. This party proclaims now that he (or she) too wishes for a separation, and is no longer desirous that it may be averted. The requisite "insuperable dislike" has really arisen, and so at last, after a year's discussion, wrangling and unheeded advice, the two parties are finally proclaimed free and at liberty to remarry. If there be a family, the mother has one child and the father another.

When once a separation is determined on, mere counsel, however good, is of little avail; for though the suit before the Court of Divorce, which consists of a conclave of clergymen, forming a Chapter, costs some hundred florins, the peasant, with that doggedness which is natural to him, still persists in his resolution, and carries it out to the end. A further plea for separation is most usually found in the departure of the wife, who goes back to her parents; there she remains two or three years, till the pending suit is concluded. As the peasants are generally well off, the parents shelter and keep their daughter. When divorce is decreed, both parties marry again, and these second marriages are most frequently happy ones.

If it be found that the husband is of depraved character, and after remarrying seeks again for a divorce merely in order to take another wife, the Ecclesiastical Court steps in, and forbids any new marriage within a certain time—three, four, or five years. In some flagrant cases, indeed, the man is prohibited from remarrying altogether.

This was the case with an individual I know of, who, after having three wives, wanted to take a fourth. The village pastor refused his application, and referred him to the dean. In a village where I was staying, five suits for separation were pending; indeed, such cases are always going on. The clergyman invariably does what he can to calm their complaints,—now of ill-treatment, now of a nonfulfilment of duties, and sometimes of unaccountable dislike. None can see better than these pastors do the defect in the law, for to them are brought all the ridiculous causes of imaginary complaint, which are often so foolish as to be scarcely credible. But just this shows that the facility given to separation occasions them to look to it as a cure for every trifling discomfort,—encourages them indeed to seek divorce. If it were made less easy than it is, the abuse would soon cease, as the following instance clearly demonstrates. There are two villages, Upper and Lower Eidisch, in neither of which a suit for divorce has been preferred. The inhabitants are justly proud of the distinction, and have resolved that, as their community has hitherto remained free from the social stain, it shall keep so; and this resolve has proved enough to prevent a question of separation ever arising. Once only, a woman whose husband had broken the Seventh Commandment, insisted on separation: she would listen to no remonstrance, but still demanded the letter of the law. The "Nachbar Vater," friends and neighbours, came and urged,—"You must forgive him," saying that, for the honour of the village, they absolutely would not permit a divorce; nor did they. At last the parties were reconciled, and no couple was happier.

Thus the resolve has acted as a prohibition. By it the law, which made divorce possible, was virtually rescinded, —for them, at least,—and there being no possibility of

taking a new spouse on the whim of the moment, or on account of some "tiff" or household quarrel, they all live harmoniously together, and never think of "insuperable dislikes." Even should bickering arise or cause of complaint, they find it quite "superable" as soon as they know that even if "insuperable" it must still be borne.

I have talked over this crying evil—for such it doubtless is—with the Saxon clergy as often as I had an opportunity of doing so, and from these I learned how futile the causes of matrimonial quarrels generally are. Elsewhere it probably is the same; but elsewhere the consequences are different. One, in particular, assured me that even in his small village the applications to him were frequent; it sometimes happened, he said, that when he refused to give way, the parties accommodated their difference and lived happily together afterwards. One husband did not believe what his wife had said, and she immediately wanted to be separated, as "she could not live with a man who would not trust her."

Another did not eat his dinner with appetite. "Oh," said his wife, "it seems my cooking does not please you. If I cannot satisfy you," etc.,—in the true Mrs. Caudle style. This led to more words, and off the woman goes to ask for a divorce. The chief cause of complaint of another husband, whose pretty young wife I frequently saw at her father's house,—he was the first man in the village,—was, that she had washed some linen again after his mother had already washed it, and that was a "Beleidigung," an insult, to his mother. This will show the futility of the charges brought forward, in a matter which ought to be approached with greater seriousness.

It sometimes happens that during the first year the young couple live with their parents, and this is an endless source of dissension. The mothers-in-law are the

great promoters of over-sensitiveness and discontent. It was often found necessary to forbid all intercourse with them, and from that moment everything went well.

Indeed if the clergyman, like my present informant, be firm in opposing, a healthful influence may be exercised. Mere advice is useless; the opposition must be invincible.

"Compulsion" to marry, if it can be proved, is a sufficient ground for granting a divorce;* also, "offensive breath" in either party. I have before me a list of separations that took place in twenty villages of one district in 1860, 1861, and 1862, and the cause assigned in each case. The number in the three years, was 30, 35 and 35 respectively. "Abneigung" (antipathy) is the reason most frequently given. "Compulsion to marry" comes next, then "drunkenness," "insuperable disgust," "ill-treatment," "staying out at night," "ill-smelling breath," and "groundless complaining," fill up the list of matrimonial grievances. One reason is a very droll one,—it is "Augenverdrehen," which means that the party, he or she, rolled about his eyes. Another is, "the wife's stubborn ways;" one, the "drunkenness of the father-in-law," which was certainly rather hard on the young couple; and, a single one, what may be called niggling (*unerhebliche Klagen*). Strangely enough, as at first sight it may appear, these domestic squabbles have their seasons. A clergyman told me he had observed that the mutual complaints were most frequent "after the vintage, when there was wine in the cellar." At such period both parties were more excited, and neither would give way.

Faithlessness on the wife's part is seldom or never the cause of separation among the peasantry; at least, I have

* Six months' imprisonment is the penalty for forcing a daughter to marry against her will; but it is not enforced.

not heard of any case in which such reason had been assigned! The chief positive cause is, as we have seen, drunkenness and ill-treatment,—the latter being a natural consequence of the intemperance of the husband. But in towns, I am told, it is faithlessness on one side or the other, or on both, which generally leads to divorce.

Later, I found, that among the Hungarian population, divorce is also very frequent. It seems to be considered a natural state of things, quite as much as among the Saxons; and, what to us would seem strange, every one advocates the facility of divorce. The opinion that as soon as any dislike exists between a married couple, it is best to separate and choose again, is held by all. Every one considers that divorce cannot be made too easily attainable. It is not the thoughtless merely who are of this opinion; I have heard it pronounced by a lady, whose high position, whose exemplary life, and whose dignified bearing might well make her an authority on any question of right and wrong. I have heard it advocated—warmly advocated—by a clergyman, as zealous in his pastoral duties as any man can be.* It has become so part and parcel of social

* There is, undoubtedly, nothing to be said against divorce, when sufficient grounds are present for severing the bond of union. It is the futility of the reasons assigned which makes the practice reprehensible. While these sheets were in the press, the following observations on the subject appeared in a weekly journal, and are so much to the purpose, that I transcribe them. "No one can think that there is any gain to virtue or society in having two persons remain in the closest relation, who have no real attraction but the iron rivets of the law. But the hostility of society to divorce is a part of that general economy of nature, which insists that the paramount care shall go for the protection and development of the fruit. Severe divorce laws are the thorny burrs that are meant to protect the child, and preserve a home and training for it. If it were not for children, divorce laws and social customs would be sufficiently facile for all cases. But no philosopher has yet presented a new marriage theory that included a sufficient protection to the child. Until this be done, marriage will remain, as it is now, the most fortified of human institutions."—*Reader*, April 15, 1865.

life, that it is looked upon—as indeed it has grown to be —an integral portion of it.*

No disturbance in the intercourse is necessarily caused by such separation. The wife marries again, and the former husband visits in the house, and is received like any other guest. Sometimes the old affection, or some thing akin to it, re-awakens; and the divorced pair marry each other for the second time.†

Indeed, as I have repeatedly said, when talking on this subject, I do not see the utility of going through any formality at all before living together as husband and wife; for the ceremony of marriage has sense in it only when it is considered as something that is, to a degree, binding. A mere registry of the pair that have resolved to live together for the future—time indefinite—would be quite sufficient. A directory like any other address-book would thus be formed, and if published every year, or still better, every six months, the pairs that were living together in nominal wedlock could always be ascertained. I speak quite seriously, for I am utterly at a loss to discover what advantage of any kind is attained by such "marriage;" or what real difference there is between it and a connection formed by a mutual understanding, to leave each other when one or both of the parties shall please. For, as it is, they marry, unmarry, and remarry at will, changing about as in the *chassés croisés* of a country-dance.

* In a Hungarian town of somewhat more than 4000 inhabitants, there were pending, in 1862, no less than 171 divorce suits. All these were among the Calvinist population.

† I knew one case among the Saxons of a man of education, who, for some fancied cause of complaint, obtained a divorce and re-married,—his wife remaining single, and continuing to live in the same town. After a while, he regrets his haste in seeking a divorce, the old affection for the former wife revives, and he visits her repeatedly. How it will end I do not know, but I should think the second wife would at last feel hurt and neglected, and probably, before long, sue also for a separation.

The cause of the frequent unhappy marriages among the Saxon peasantry, was at last made clear to me by what I saw and heard. But among the Hungarians, especially of the higher classes, the same causes were not present. I therefore asked the opinion of a Hungarian lady, and her explanation was, that the men were far less well educated than the women, and in their tastes, amusements, and pursuits, not well fitted to satisfy a woman of education. I beg it to be understood that this is no opinion of mine; it is an explanation of the frequency of divorce among the Hungarians, given by one of themselves, but whether correct or not I do not undertake to say. The lady, whose view I have given, is a woman of understanding and a cultivated intellect,—sedate, too, and therefore not likely to be wholly wrong. On such a matter a woman's judgment has a certain worth.

Another view also of a Hungarian is, in my opinion, more likely to be the correct one. "To say the truth," observed my informant, "divorce has become *a habit.*" The ease with which a legal separation is obtained, is one reason why marriages are contracted when the incompatibility of tastes and characters allow but little hope of lasting happiness. Each party knows that if the two do not suit each other, they may choose again,—a knowledge which not only encourages a reckless thoughtlessness in making a choice, but acts after marriage most perniciously. Knowing with what facility the present contract may be broken and another new one entered into, any sudden passion or admiration, any momentary impulse, instead of being combated, is at once given way to, there being in reality no obstruction to a new connection; it is like the bar of a turnpike, which is made to swing aside at pleasure, to let you pass through unhindered, on paying a small toll.

Divorce being so common an occurrence, even that restraint is powerless, which every one of fine feelings acknowledges,—the unwillingness to stand publicly in an exceptional position. There, any embarrassment of this sort cannot exist, as there *is* nothing exceptional in being divorced, and, in having taken in a second marriage the party whom you knew after the first had been celebrated. There can be no doubt, however, that the moral feeling is blunted by such a state of things.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SOUTHWARDS.

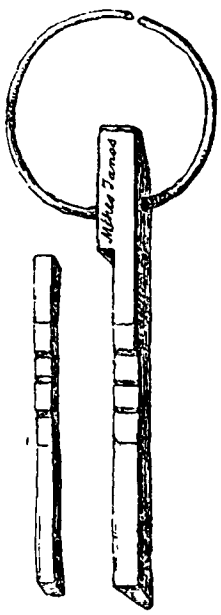
My merry young charioteer soon brought me to Enyed (Hungarian). Nearly every house bears traces of the fury with which the revolutionary war was waged. In other days, it was twice stormed by the Turks, but I doubt if such horrors were then committed as were perpetrated by the Wallack bands, when this devoted town was got possession of by them; it is sickening to hear the tale. The place still looks as if it had been bombarded.

The Protestant Gymnasium here is one of the most flourishing in the province, and the number of students is large. The college has extensive possessions, vineyards among the number, and, to learn the value of their produce, I visited the vast cellars in the town.

It was here that moneys and documents were deposited in the revolution, and by great good fortune escaped discovery. The Wallacks had a clever method of learning whether the ground in the cellars had been recently moved to bury valuables, and of finding at once the spot. They let water run in and cover the ground; and when it sank into the earth they knew it had been lately dug up, and that therefore something was hidden there. At Enyed

the precious papers had been walled in between two buttresses, and thus evaded detection.

Close by, are the mansion and vineyards of the nobleman already mentioned, in the chapter on Wine, as doing so much for the improvement of the vine. It was here I saw the tally in general use among the labourers on the estate. It is the simplest way possible of keeping accounts: the owner of the estate constantly advances money to the peasants, which they repay in labour. A written agreement is useless, as the peasant cannot write. On such a piece of wood therefore, bearing the man's name, thirty or more notches are made, as the number of days the man has to work as repayment of the loan. At the end of each day he brings the piece of wood in his possession, and when it is fitted into the other half, kept by the steward, a notch is sliced away from both, and the one part returned to the owner. These labourers are always inclined to cheat, and especially to dispute about the number of days' work; but by this means an end is put at once to all contention, for on the two pieces of the wood being put together, it is seen at once if they tally or not, and how many days are still owing as payment.



A little incident afforded me considerable amusement. When the servant came into my room, he remarked the shoeing-horn on the table, and, by the way he took it up, turned it round, and hopelessly put it down again, it was evident he was quite unable to make out what it could possibly be for. Soon after, I was about to use it, and

he stood, with countenance full of expectation, for what was to come. He waited till the mystery should be solved. He saw me stoop, and his eyes were fixed on the shoeing-horn; but as yet he had no clue to its meaning. I put it in the shoe; the lad, full of expectation, watched me anxiously, when down slid my heel with a thump into its place. Now he looked up; a pleased smile played over his whole face; his astonishment was great, but he had comprehended the process. His eyes, turned wonderingly towards me, plainly said, "Well, that *is* a masterpiece!" At the moment it appeared to me odd that he should never have seen such instrument; but I afterwards remembered it was not so, as people here either wear boots or sandals, both precluding the necessity for a shoeing-horn. The youth often looked at the instrument afterwards, and then at me, evidently associating the two as intimately belonging together. Perhaps he thought that I was the inventor of the admirable contrivance.*

There is a Saxon church here, with wall and towers, bearing date 1333.

After leaving Enyed, the zigzag mountain ridge draws nearer, and on the upland, on your left, villages are everywhere scattered. The Kokel winds towards the Maros, and makes large bends among the willows and clumps of tall trees, and on nearing Karlsburg the middle-land slopes down in one long gradual descent to the road along which you are travelling. White buildings dot the hillside with square campanile-looking towers. An opening is in the hills before you, and there, on an elevation, stands the fortress of Karlsburg. Within the castle walls is the palace of the Roman Catholic bishop of the pro-

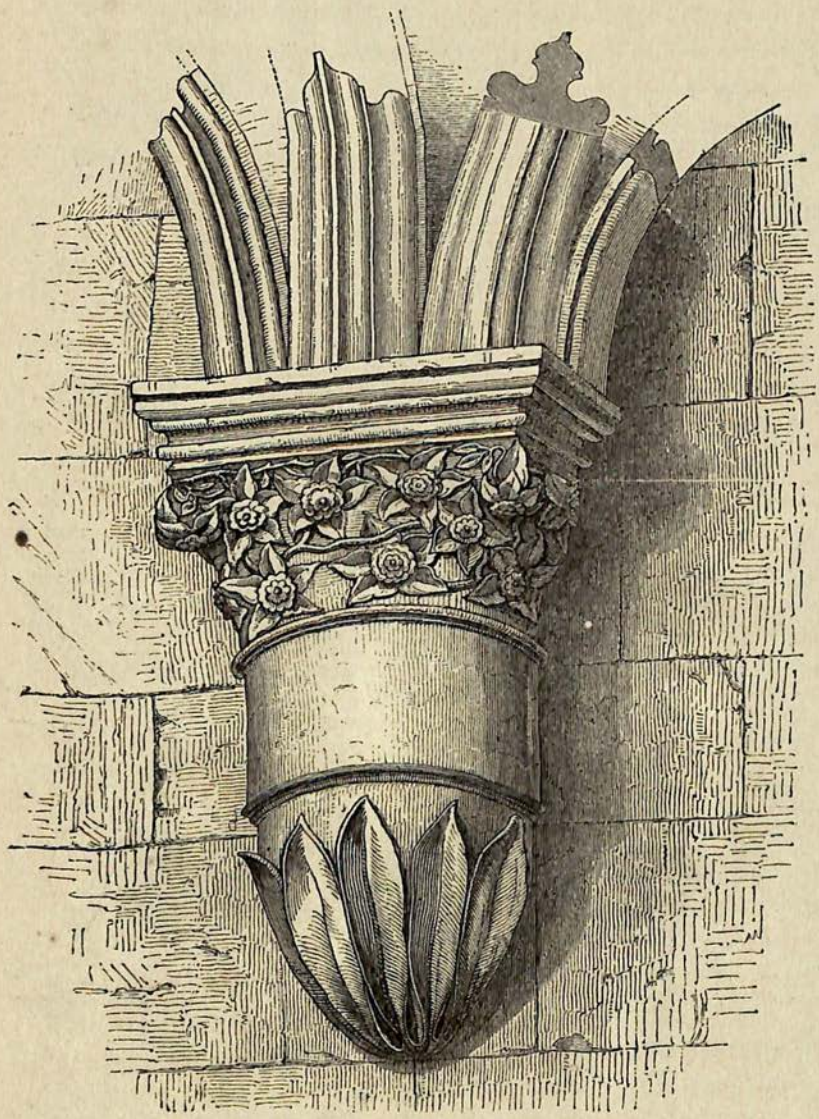
* Bootjacks, I should think, were also unknown. I only saw one, all the time I was in the country.

vince, then absent, and as I had a letter to his secretary I drove up to the fortress. I was lodged as though I had myself been a bishop; and in the handsome apartments surrounded at table by the gentlemen of the chapter, and with marked attention shown me as to an honoured guest, I almost began to fancy I had been under a delusion hitherto, and that I was in reality a high dignitary of the Church. If so, it was dangerous to tarry here too long, for I was living as at a court, and in such style and profusion, that my heart could hardly fail to be puffed up with pride, ill becoming an ecclesiastic. Karlsburg, as was said, is famous for its wines; and of these at every meal a variety was served. The soil of the vineyards here is clay and limestone.

The fortress is large, with streets and a square, and good-looking buildings; there also is the Mint, an observatory and a library, rich in MSS. and illuminated works. The academy now in Enyed was formerly here.

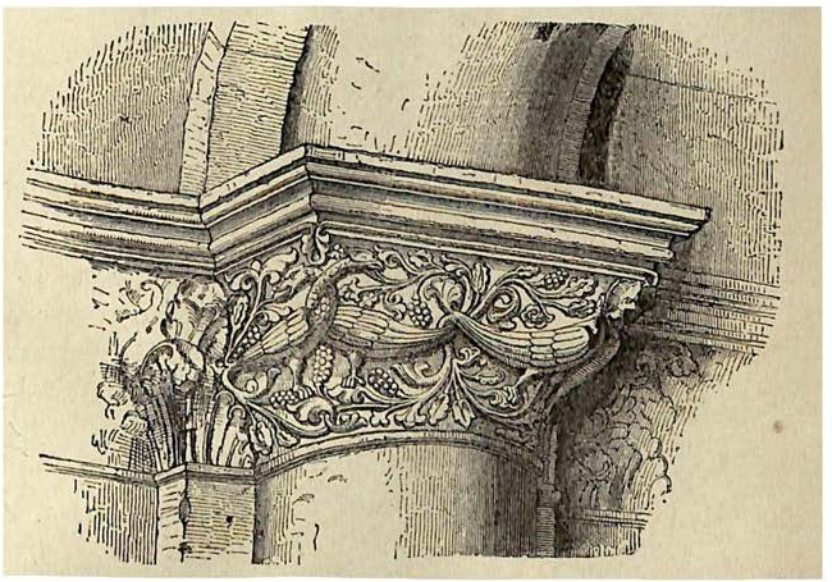
But the cathedral dedicated to St. Michael is the monument of chief interest; it is the most important church edifice existing in Transylvania of the period of the Romanesque style of architecture. It was built in

1275. The side aisles are low, and separated from the nave by massy columns rising out of a square base. The



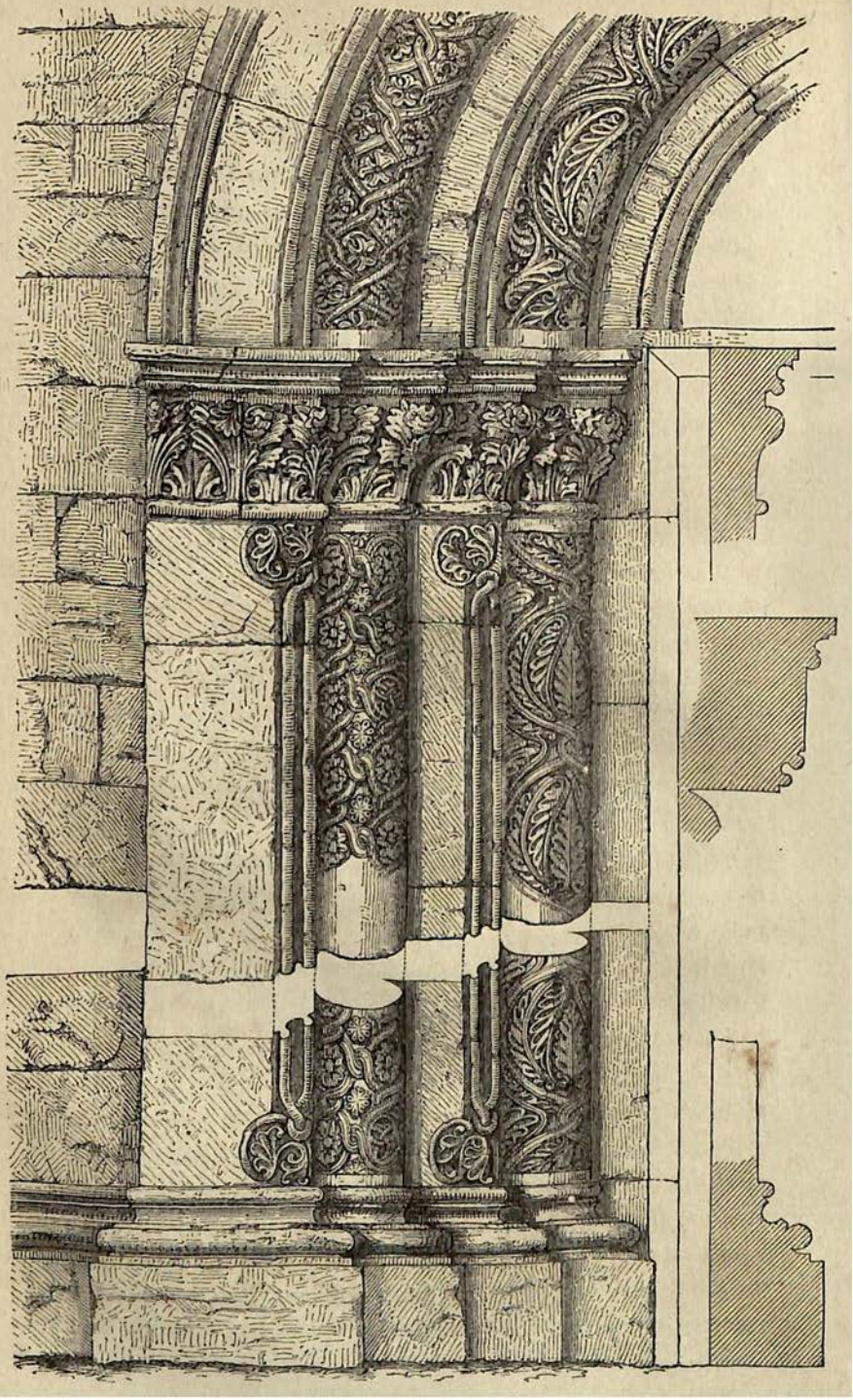
groins of these side arches rest sometimes on mouldings

in the outer wall, tastefully ornamented with leaves and flowers. The capitals of the columns are all richly carved with tufts of fruit and leaves, in endless variety, while some on the north side display human heads and birds in fantastic intertwinings.



The whole of the interior shows an endless diversity of forms. There is something grand and solemn in the heavy massiveness of the pillars, and in the dimness which the low vault and the thick walls spread over the side aisles.

As usual, this most curious and interesting building was spoiled by the want of taste and knowledge which seems to prevail here in all such matters. The columns and their capitals, the vaults and groining, had been painted all sorts of colours, but, thanks to the present bishop, all these blemishes are being gradually removed with loving care under his own inspection. The rector of the public school at Schässburg, Friedrich Müller, with a thorough knowledge of his subject, has given an account of this



unique monument, as well as of other remains of this peculiar style of architecture extant in Transylvania.

The cathedral has suffered in all possible ways, now by fire, now by bombardment, explosion, and destroying hordes. The south portal, at present walled up, is particularly tasteful. The leaves on the corners of the capitals are bent downwards, to indicate the ponderousness of the superincumbent weight. In the field above the portal is a representation of Christ, the right hand raised to bless, and on one side St. John, and on the other an older apostle. Two doves, symbolic of the Holy Ghost, brood beside their heads.

The way in which the flat surface was made to look light, and diversified, and graceful, is shown in a cornice on the north side, where animals, and foliage, and grotesque forms are brought together with happiest skill. The two figures here given are from a window, one of them standing on either side.

There is in the fortress a new barracks, with officers' dwellings, built with lavish extravagance. The cost was 500,000 florins, and while looking at it I could not help saying to myself, "That's the way the money goes." Near the town stands a cross, to mark the spot where a bishop

fell in battle against the Turks. In the struggle a Kemyn also died to save Hunyadi, being purposely dressed like him. The Turks had vowed to slay the leader, and when they had succeeded in reaching and killing Kemyn, they thought their great aim was accomplished.* But he suddenly appears; the consternation is great, and the battle is decided against the infidel.

This place—once the Roman colony Apulum—was the station of the thirteenth legion, Mühlbach also. There are churches for all creeds here now: for Lutherans, Calvinists, Roman Catholics, Jews, and those of the Greek and Latin Church.

All along this road traces may be found of the German population that once was spread over the district, but which has now dwindled into a few small colonies scattered here and there.

You pass presently through Mühlbach, and your attention is irresistibly attracted by the church standing in the middle of the town. Its various parts are the work of different centuries, and hence the greatest beauty and elegance will be found united with heavy and cumbrous forms. But the union of styles, of Gothic and Romanesque, makes a study of the building one of extreme interest. And this not only in an artistic sense, but also because the mode of construction and the materials used are

* So in "King Henry IV." part i., act v., scene 3:—

"*Douglas.* All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.
Hotspur. Where?
Douglas. Here.
Hotspur. This, Douglas? No. I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnished like the king himself.
. . . . . .
The king hath many marching in his coats.

Scene 4:—

Douglas. Another king! They grow like Hydra's heads."

closely connected with the history of the builders, and the stormy times in which they lived. The whole church presents so many episodes of Saxon history. One part dates from the twelfth century, the tower and portal from the thirteenth and fourteenth. The choir is considered the grandest work of the sort in Transylvania.

In this little place I found again in the Saxon Protestant clergyman one of those men who by their acquirements have contributed to spread culture among their countrymen in Transylvania, and to keep up that reputation for solid knowledge which Germany is so proud of, and so thoroughly deserves. These village pastors and schoolmen, exercising imperceptibly beneficial influence, unknown to and unseen by those beyond their immediate sphere, always reminded me of the brooks rising out of the earth in some remote dell or wood, or on a hill-side, or among the rocks, where no one passes, save a shepherd boy, or village girl, but which run on and on uninterruptedly with quiet equal flow, doing good everywhere, and spreading freshness and verdure around. No one takes account of the rivulet, yet many come to drink, and the ceaselessly humming brook gives health and gladness to all.

The influence of such men in maintaining a taste, or rather *respect*, for knowledge has hardly been sufficiently estimated. It is they who by their exertions and their relations with the great intellectual world, have, as regards culture, *kept their nation up to the mark.** Without their mental activity, the peasant and the burgher, surrounded by a people so far behind the dwellers in Western

* The words of a clergyman at a public meeting at Mediasch show the point of view these men take with regard to science and theology. "With science, in the most extended sense of the word, the Evangelical Protestant religious teacher cannot dispense; he must rather conscientiously and perseveringly advance with it."

Europe, would have sunk to a level with those about them; they having to toil themselves for their daily bread. They would at last have learned to care only for bodily necessities, and would have forgotten that they still belonged to, though separated from, the West. They would have lost all deference for knowledge, all wish for its acquirement, all sense for the value of its possession. But, like true apostles, these men, distributed over the land, have everywhere spread light; their presence alone makes darkness impossible.

And not one, perhaps, has contributed so much to this diffusion of a taste for intellectual acquirements, and to keep up the union with the mother country, as he who may be called the Nestor of German scholars in Transylvania, John Charles Schuller. Not only has he largely contributed, during a long and active life, to our stores of knowledge, but by his bright example, and the interest of his investigations, has impelled others of his countrymen to follow in his steps, and to give the Land beyond the Forest a literature of its own. It would have been a graceful and a well-deserved acknowledgment of his great merit and services, if the Academy of Vienna had elected him a member. The addition of his name would have been no less an honour to that body than to himself.*

Near Leschkirch, on the road from Hermannstadt to Agnetheln, the ground rises, and the long Forgaras mountain-chain presents a magnificent sight; the peaks are sharp and jagged, and the whole aspect is as fine as in the Tyrol.

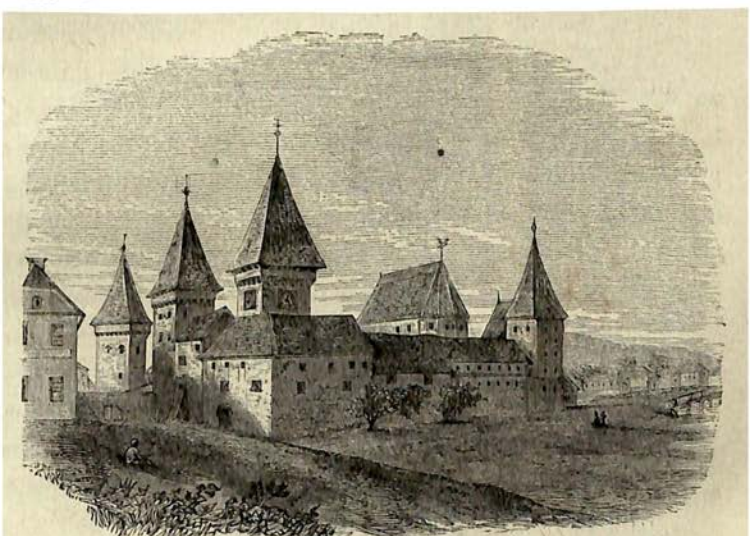
I passed a village with the church on a neighbouring hill. When Hermannstadt was founded it was the same;

* While these sheets were going through the press, the sad intelligence reached me of this excellent man's death.

the houses of the first settlers were below, but the stronghold, where was the place of worship, stood on the higher ground.

The Saxon church at Leschkirch is another good specimen of these citadels. It is surrounded by two walls, and over the portal of the inner one hangs a portcullis. Six or seven strong towers rise above the wall, and give the little fortress a most picturesque appearance. Leschkirch is Saxon, but the keeper of the inn where I halted was Hungarian.

We turned off into an oak wood, and then came into a plain filled with large-horned white oxen and bleating flocks; and soon Agnetheln appeared before me, with its square-walled enclosure and towers at the corners, and the remains of a moat in front.



CHURCH AT AGNETHELN.

I passed here a most pleasant time, in company with the accomplished historian of the Transylvanian Saxons. His countrymen are proud of him, and they are right to

be so, for he would be an ornament to any society in any country. It pleased me not a little to find that he knew the great work of Buckle, and fully appreciated it.

A hill, near Agnetheln, is still called "Csetate," or Burgh, by the Roumains. Thus, from generation to generation, has the remembrance of the Roman fort, which doubtless once existed here, been handed down.

The road from Agnetheln to Gross Schenk is very pretty. On mounting a hill, a sudden turn brings you again in presence of the Alps. Marienthal lies below you, nestling in a vale. There you pass a village with a curious church, a tower being at either end, and the chancel *in* the tower. And soon, if you have as fleet horses as I had, you will come rattling into the large Saxon market-town of Gross Schenk. The streets are broad, the houses large and well built, and to judge from the appearance of them, their owners must be well off in the world. I had an opportunity afterwards of judging how comfortable they were, and how neat; for I passed the night here as guest of the lawyer, who I found had studied at Heidelberg and Vienna; and was present at a large dinner given by the burgomaster of the town. There was a convocation of the clergy held on that day; and it was no easy matter for me to evade the many kind offers I received to pay this or that house a visit. Every one seemed to vie with his neighbour in the wish to show me hospitality. With one clergyman I had a conversation in English: he was overjoyed to have an opportunity of speaking the language he had so diligently studied. I found, here, Macaulay and Shakspeare as familiar names as with us.

The taxes a village clergyman, not far from here, had to pay, were 130*fls.* 27*krs.*, out of an income of 1100*fls.*; a proof how heavy these burdens are. All along the

road the same thing was told me,—"People absolutely *cannot* pay any longer." I am very sure, that at the seat of Government, there is no correct knowledge of the state of Transylvania, whether as to the impossibility of pressing out much longer the imposts levied, or as regards the capabilities of the province. Were these latter known and appreciated, were men to perceive what an advantage to the empire so rich an appanage might become, they never, for their own sakes, would, year after year, treat the valuable opportunity with neglect.

Fogaras lies in the plain, at the foot of the mountains, which rise immediately from the fertile fields. I took a walk betimes to reach a hill, whence a good view is obtained over the surrounding landscape. It is well worth seeing. For forty miles the long plain stretches out beside the barrier of rock, down whose sides the barbarians, wherever there was a pass, used periodically to pour. All along the mountain-range, innumerable streams flow through the meads below, and, in a short distance, thirty-two brooks, strong and full of water, may be counted, beside perhaps twenty other smaller ones, all having, on an average, a fall of one inch per furlong. But this abundance of motive power is entirely unused. And yet in Gross Schenk, Agnetheln, and about twenty-one other neighbouring villages, there is not a single water-mill.* To the right, the mountains of the Rothen Thurm Pass were visible, and far away, eastward, those near Kronstadt. The Alt, fed by many streams, is here broad, and meanders along dallying on its way.

In the town of Fogaras is a fort, with walls and a broad moat, built by Prince Gabriel Bethlen. In the suburbs

* A steam mill has been built at Agnetheln, wood being there but 4 *fl.* per klafter, and the inhabitants moreover being a busy, active, trading set of people.

of the town was formerly a colony of "Germans," who were Catholics, inhabiting a street called the "Wildgarten." They had separate rights from the other inhabitants, and distinctive privileges; but, since 1848, this state of things had ceased. I only mention this to show how multifarious and complicated were the various relations in the land, and that an idea may be had of the difficulty of disentangling and simplifying them.

Two villages in the neighbourhood were named to me, in each of which the pope was a noted thief,—the one as a horsestealer, the other was known for stealing bees.

Of the 4–5000 inhabitants in Fogaras, more than one-third are Germans. There are five teachers at the school, one of whom is a university man. At Gross Schenk, too, where are 3000 inhabitants, there are four academical and two other teachers; good proofs of the efficiency of Saxon schools throughout the land from one end to the other.

At Klein Schenk (German), where I stopped, on my road I learned that the population, in two hundred years, had diminished from 840 to 519 souls. Here, also, the Roumains send their children to the Saxon school. They look upon a knowledge of German as a great accomplishment. He among them who speaks it is considered an educated man—a proof how well aware they are of German superiority.

I heard everywhere that the Wallack children learn well; especially while they are in the two first classes, and this not so much on account of superior quickness or ability, but because of their intense perseverance. They are determined to get on. For history and syntax they have no taste; but they write beautifully. Village children especially, so the schoolmasters find, progress well at first, and they ascribe it to the circumstance that the horizon of

the pupils is more bounded, and they have not so much to distract their attention and excite their fancy. Their mind is more concentrated on what they are about than is the case with the town children. The Wallacks are more easily roused than the Germans; this a Saxon clergyman told me (*begeistern*—"to fill with enthusiasm"—was the word he used). If the Germans do not bestir themselves, and get rid of their slow habits, their unbusiness-like ways, and their unpunctuality, they will soon find themselves distanced by their striving competitors. As of old their perilous position forced them out of their original nature, so now it is to be hoped the necessity for exertion, to guard against perils quite as threatening as of yore, may goad them into greater activity. In Germany the inhabitants would, I dare say, be the same; but there they are borne along by the strong tide of busy European life, and are forced forward, whether they will or not.

The wonderment which the power of the screw causes alike to Wallack and gipsy is very indicative of their degree of culture. It is to them what the thunder and lightning of fire-arms were to the savage who had never seen a European; an inexplicable contrivance calling forth their marvelling admiration. Hence, when the Wallack sees something extraordinary, which at first sight is utterly beyond his comprehension, he exclaims, "Lukru ku schruf!" which means, literally, "Work with the screw!" but which is used by him merely as an exclamation of astonishment, at something surpassingly ingenious, as we should say, "Wonderful!" for to him the screw is really the perfection of art. It is a machine whose working he cannot fathom; it is in a concrete form "the incomprehensible," and he stands in presence of it overwhelmed with a feeling of his incapacity.

The expression is supposed to have originated in the smithy of the gipsy, who is able to unite his plates or bars of iron with nails only, and not with screws. When, therefore, he meets with workmanship in which the latter are used, giving of course unusual strength and tenacity, he, fully appreciating the power gained by such consummate art, exclaims as he gazes at it, "Lukru ku schruf!" and thus the words have become the expression of wonderment generally, let the subject-matter be what it may.

The Saxon detests soldiering, and would do anything to evade the conscription. He is, so officers assured me, "effeminate" (*verweichlicht*), and does not make a good soldier. "In the revolution," said a Saxon clergyman to me, who had seen much of it, and been himself actively employed, "the Saxons ran away. They were miserable fellows, but the Wallacks were still worse." As to the cowardice of the latter, however, every one agreed.

It interested me to look at the book-shelves of my hosts, and I almost always found, in addition to a good stock of modern German works, translations from English authors. It surprised me to find once in my bedroom good prints of Hogarth. At one place was Lewes's 'Life of Goethe,' which was greatly admired, and the book led to a conversation with one of my companions about Göthe himself. My informant had been at Weimar while the poet was there. On Saturdays, so he told me, when the students were admitted free, the best pieces of Schiller and of Shakespeare were always given at the theatre, and the house was crammed full. If all did not go on well and as it ought, Göthe grumbled (*hat gebrummt*), and so loudly that it was unpleasant, as it disturbed the audience. "It annoyed me," he continued, "and I got quite angry at last; and, in future, I made a point of choosing a place

further away from where he sat. He always was in the lowest tier in the middle box, where he could see best. If the actors performed well, he applauded warmly. The actors were constantly looking towards him, for it gratified them greatly when he was satisfied. But, in reality, the representations were always admirable. . . . Göthe was often rude to people, and there was in his manner a certain self-sufficiency. He used to walk through the town *in sich gekehrt* (lost in thought). Everybody, professors, students, etc., greeted him as he passed, but he took no notice of them. Once, a professor who had arrived paid him a visit. Göthe asked him, 'What is it you read?' 'History,' was the answer. 'Ah, well,' replied Göthe, 'people like *mährchen* (tales).'"

The old Saxon church towers were built in a manner to serve as sun-dials; their direction was south, and thus, directly the shadow fell on one side of the corner line, it was noon. In the church at Klein Schenk, fortified as usual, was not only a well to supply the besieged with water, but a mill also for grinding corn. It was the only one in which I had seen such arrangement. In the tower and on the parapet were the stones which had been laid ready to hurl down on the invaders.

A good drive further on, and lying away from the road and near the river, is the village of Kerz. There is a fine ruin here of a Cistercian abbey, founded 1173, which King Matthew, in 1477, suppressed "ob dissolutos conventionalium mores," and made a present of to the Church of Hermannstadt. In any other country this monument would have been kept with care, and would attract visitors to wander round its crumbling remains. Here, what Time spares Man demolishes. At the bottom of the house-stairs were two handsome capitals, and even in the villages portions of the abbey were to be found. The dwel-

lers here, although Saxons, had been originally vassals of the monastery; they remained in a state of villeinage till 1848.* The soil around was bad and stony; the villagers, like the Savoyards, go far away to foreign lands to get a subsistence, and return home later with the little fortune they have made: some have been as far as

RUIN OF KERZEN ABBEY.

Constantinople. The families were rich in children, even those who had possessions. It was noticeable also that in eleven years there had been but one divorce; for the clergyman would not hear of it, and told the parties they *must* agree. But a little further on the influences alluded to in Chapter XVII. were again in the ascendant

* In walking through the village, the peasantry addressed their pastor as "Herr Vater." They did not say "I wish you a good morning," but "Dem Herrn Vater einen guten Morgen," and on leaving "Gott segne dem Herrn Vater." There was the same kindly relation between the clergyman and his parishioners which exists in all the Saxon villages.

among those better off, and there was no houseful of children, no pleasant hubbub of their cheery voices.

In the church porch I saw the same stone hanging up *in terrorem* for the frail as in the other village mentioned at page 372. The Protestant clergyman had been a traveller; he had passed some time at Copenhagen and at Odessa. From him I gained a piece of information relating to the Russian war which interested me. His wife's family lived in Odessa, and knew the commanding generals and it was from them they learned, when the war was over, that 300,000 Russians had found their death in the Crimean campaign. The flora of this country is especially interesting, because here the east and the west are united. You find on the same spot plants of the Caucasus and of Spain. For the exploration of the botanist therefore, there is not a finer field than Transylvania.

The researches of the philologist also would be amply repaid. Any who should come here possessing a knowledge of the Celtic language would unravel many a long-hidden mystery; but till now no one thus prepared to investigate has appeared. In the language of the Wallacks (Roumains) there is a decided Celtic element; and this is natural; for their ancestors,—those Romanized Dacians, who lived here after Trajan's time,—were, there is no doubt, a Celtic tribe; and this is proved, not only by the language of their descendants, but by the numerous gold and bronze remains found so abundantly in Transylvania, and which are *never* discovered but in Celtic lands. And, moreover, all records of that ancient time whence these remains originate make mention *only* of the Dacians as a people that had permanently settled there.

And now Hermannstadt is reached again, and I drive once more to my old quarters in the inn.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

RUIN.—HUNYAD AND DÉVA.

One of the most beautiful as well as most interesting parts of Transylvania was still to come,—all that district where the precious metals abound, where the peasant still digs his lumps of gold out of the mountain, washes the sands of Aranyos "the golden" to find the precious dust. The country passed through abounds in scenes of grandeur, and the traveller, who should follow my steps and see what I saw between Hermannstadt and Klausenburg, would consider his tour memorable from the enjoyment it had occasioned him.

It was dark when we arrived at Hunyad, and I felt ashamed to disturb the forester so late by tapping at his window to mention the name of an acquaintance, who had told me to go to him. But Hungarians are never "disturbed" when hospitality is to be exercised; and as gaily and as pleased as though I were an old friend just returned after a long absence, he had the doors opened, and quickly dressing, came out to welcome me. His wife, too, prepared my room—how neat and pretty it was!—refreshment was served, and all was done without ado or difficulty.

I opened my window in the morning to look about.

There stood, on a steep limestone rock, the most picturesque of castles, that of the great Hunyadi, ruinous and blasted by fire, but still grand in its proportions, and imposing from its commanding and massy forms. I was impatient to be among its walls, and directly after breakfast my host and I set off. Two rivers meet at the foot of the rock on which the castle stands, and high up in the air a bridge led across from the steep bank to the portal of this royal palace. But it is all gone save the beams of the drawbridge, immediately before the entrance. You wander through large court-yards, and pass long corridors, leading to bow-windowed chambers overlooking the roaring current beneath; and you stroll into the chapel defaced and desecrated, and examine the mighty cellars once well stored with luscious Transylvanian wine; and from the broad regal terrace you look out upon the plain; and the more you gaze, the sadder are the feelings which will not be shaken off. There are so many remains of what is beautiful, that it is painful they should be thus left, uncared for, to the wild powers of Nature, which perform their work on everything alike,—unrelenting, unsparing, and without any sympathy.

A fire broke out here in the night of April 12, 1854, in one of the towers, and spreading with fearful quickness, soon made the noble castle what it now is—a place of desolation. Here and there some roofing had been raised to prevent the rains from deluging the rooms; but beyond this, nothing has been done. There is one magnificent vaulted knightly hall, built 1452, with stone columns down its whole length: the damp and snow enter by the windows, and from above the wet penetrates and disintegrates the stone. Bit by bit, fragments loosen and fall down. It is a shame and pity that it should be so. Before long, it will crumble and be gone.

When the Houses of Parliament were burnt in London, the ruins of St. Stephen's Chapel disclosed many an ornament unseen before. The heat had calcined the mass which had covered them and caused it to peel off. So here, owing to the fire, I discovered that in many of the rooms—those of state, no doubt—the walls had originally been elaborately painted with figures and landscapes. There is nothing extraordinary in this; but I found not one stucco layer merely on which was colour, but three of different dates, and different in style. When the lower—the oldest—layer was considered to want replacement, instead of effacing the painting, and using the original ground, a fresh thick stratum of mortar was laid over it, and a new painting made. The mortar of the different layers might easily be peeled off each one, and the subject underneath be distinctly seen.

Such a monument as this ought not to be allowed to go to decay. *It is the duty of the Government to prevent it.* And even politically it would be wise to do so; for the Hungarians would esteem most highly an act which would tend to do honour to their illustrious countryman.

Iron here is abundant. Indeed, the whole mountain is iron. Towards the south it alternates with coal, which is greyish in colour, and makes excellent coke, containing hardly any sulphur. This, in the Schyl Valley, is found in immense beds, and in such quantity that it is impossible to say when they may be exhausted. There is primary chalk in a crystalline state, like alabaster, near Riska, a short distance from Hunyad; and here a pale-red marble and grauwacke, with particles of gold. There are evident traces that in this neighbourhood also the Romans sought for the greedily-desired metal.

On a hill above the castle may be seen the foundation walls of a stronghold that once stood here. But as usual,

the stones have been carried away, and are now dispersed all over the village. There is a lovely view here, and of great extent. Below, cottages are nestling among fruit-trees in full bloom; and in the distance mountains shut in the fertile vale. Young corn, green uplands, the red earth,—for here it is everywhere more or less thus coloured,—and the snowy peaks beyond, make up a bright and pleasing picture.

In the village I saw many Roman remains; one, a pedestal, had at each corner a resting lion, and in the middle a female head, perfectly Egyptian in character.

I drove on to Déva. My first walk was to the castle, which, situated on a high hill,—a trachyte rock,—domineers the land. The old walls reach low down the steep, and give evidence of the extent and strength of the fortress. As I passed one gateway, I met two men with a waggon laden with stones; and at the summit were others loosening with crowbars the strong masonry, and toppling it down the slope, to be fetched away later. Chapel, bastions, vaults, chambers, towers, all was being pulled down. The whole extent of the plateau looked like the rubbish-heaps when a street is being removed. All was fresh; and, except here and there, an outer wall that defied the spoiler's strength, no part had the time-worn look of a ruin. It was evident that this robbery had long been going on, and that a vast extent of building had already been carried off.

Here, then, was another proof of lawlessness. Under the very eyes of the authorities—for the castle is before the windows of the commanding officer's house—a Government building is demolished piecemeal, and carried openly away, day by day, for months. A few high walls only are now left standing; but these, and the numerous outworks on the hill's steep sides, rising up as they do at

that height against the sky, make Déva a most imposing and attractive sight. How much more so must it have been a year or two ago, when the buildings, not yet destroyed, showed how extensive the fortress was.

The view from the castle which is very much higher than Heidelberg, is magnificent. You stand on a promontory, and gaze over a vast expanse of plain, dotted with villages, and the river shining on and on among them in the far distance, like a sunbeam that had fallen there; the mountains, with their curious outline, forming the barrier on the north. The rock descends abruptly on the town side, and in places is perpendicular. I could see from afar the village whither I was going, perched up on the summit of a mountain. It was difficult to leave my high look-out, so fine was the prospect which it gave. All, too, was calm and light: sunshine was over the plain, and as you contemplated the peaceful scene, peace and tranquillity stole into your heart.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

EL DORADO.

On the road to Nagyág you mount always, at first gradually, but nearer the village the ascent grows steep. Waters rush down impetuously on the roadside, rocks jut out from the soil; the mountain scenery has begun. Some distance further, and a deep vale opens before you, with crags on every side, and a bare rock, crowned with a Greek church, rising above all. Bernhard von Cotta says that the site of Nagyág is probably the most picturesque of any mountain village in Europe; and, indeed, as I stood at the church door the next morning, and looked down on the world at my feet,—Déva and its rock and all intermediate mountains being now below me,—I could not but think so too.

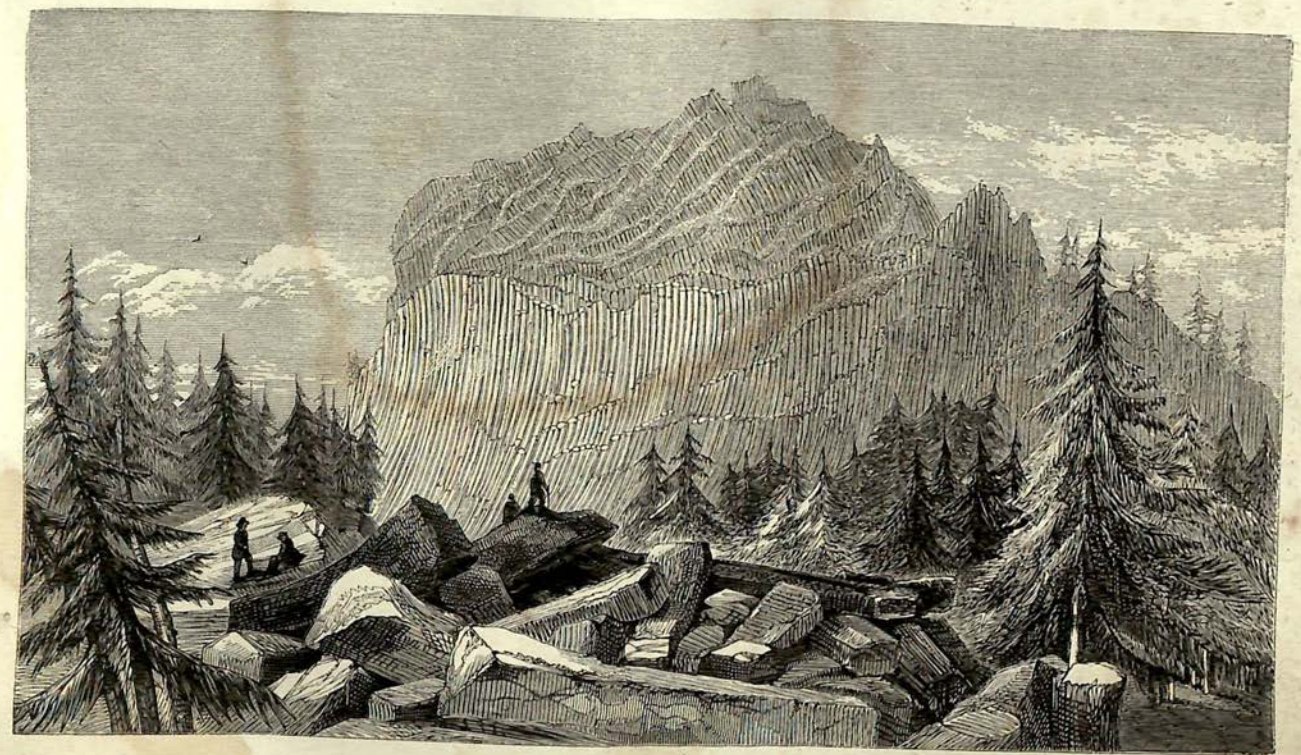
The place is a settlement of miners. At three in the morning, wooden clappers, fixed in various prominent spots, call them to assemble. There is a Mass read, which all attend, and at four they are in the mine; they pray aloud, before beginning work. The horizontal cutting I entered is 271 fathoms above the level of the ocean; it is 1562 fathoms long, is high and broad, and arched with stone,—a handsome piece of workmanship.

Further on, where the masonry ceases, it is hewn through the solid rock. We entered in a car, drawn by a horse on an iron tramway, and the distance seemed interminable: the main cutting, and those diverging from it, taken together, would be 5000 fathoms in length. Where the rock is hewn through, the most picturesque forms are seen. Long points, like stalactites, depend from the irregular roof, and at the sides are grottoes and cavernous places, and strange orifices and narrow passages, which, you tell yourself, must be the abode of gnomes. All this answers more than anything else to one's preconceived notion of a mine: long black and white veins intersect the rock, and in these is the ore. There is a shaft from above leading to this part, 120 fathoms deep. Here gold is found in alliance with black tellurium ore, and the latter is so valuable that the entrance to the mine is carefully locked, and every worker searched each time he leaves it; but, notwithstanding, the miners manage to conceal portions of the raw material in the strangest places, wrapped up in a greased rag; and the experiment has frequently cost them their life. Tellurium is very rare, especially when pure and unmixed with other minerals. Here, however, it is found in this state, and pieces were shown me in quartz, etc., worth £10 and £20, and even more. Arsenic and manganese are also here.

About 2 cwt. of gold and as many of silver are gained annually at Nagyág, the cost being 12,000*fl.* per month: all goes to Karlsburg to be coined.* The clear profit a year is 30,000*fl.*; but this, as I was told, "is the utmost."†

* As a proof how little open violence occurs in the country, I may state, that the gold and silver are sent from the mine to Karlsburg in a cart with a single civil officer, yet no robbery has yet taken place, though at every village where the cart passes people know what it contains.

† If we take 25,000*fl.* as the average profit, this leaves 119,000*fl.* a year for working expenses, and the staff of inspecting officers.



DETUNATA.

There is a school for mining here. There are many Germans at Nagyág, as well as Roumains; indeed, it is not a little remarkable how Germans, all the world over, are intimately connected with mines; they are always the searchers, and foot by foot work their way to the hidden gold of knowledge. The purification of metals by a scientific method emanated, I believe, from Germany; it is therefore not extraordinary if that country should be looked upon as the genuine miner's home.

I rode from here over the hills to Boitza, along bridle-paths, through deep glens, and past little straggling settlements on the borders of the forest. The view before me for the first part of the way was most extensive,—an open ocean of green plain, dotted with spots of sunlight.

Now on one side of me is a bare hill, covered with holes, with heaps of earth before them, as though rabbits burrowed there. Not a step from the wayside stand clumsy doors, just high enough to admit a youth, leading again into the earth: all these are diggings for gold. Everywhere, and on every side, the hill was thus honeycombed. Presently I come to a rising ground, and another totally different panorama opens before me, and I stop my horse to enjoy the new scene. The vale is broad; in front a line of hills suddenly ceases, and the foremost forms a bold headland of bare rock; beside it a second narrower valley begins, and I can look a long way up it from my post on the opposite hill. Villages and church-towers are interspersed at the foot of the slopes, and some are on the middle of the expanse, with orchards and gardens around them, and willows and young corn. At my left is a high ridge of rocks, covered with birch and oak, and this shields me from the setting sun; but the valley is full of it, and I, in the cool dark shade, gaze down upon and into the glorious golden effulgence.

There is a good tidy inn at Boitza, kept by a Hungarian; Landseer's "Bolton Abbey" was hanging in my room. I passed a mine, Draiyka, which is for sale. In a cutting fifty-nine fathoms long, as many pounds of gold were obtained. The spot is surrounded by the most profitable Government mines; it would be astonishing, therefore, if just this spot should not yield abundantly. But money is wanted—£2000 only—to make the necessary shaft of 270 fathoms long; it would be a work of four years,—or of two, if the work be carried on day and night.

The estate itself was also for sale. The meadows yield yearly 200 loads of hay; there are 230 joch of arable land, and 30,000 of forest: the whole was to be had for £2000, or less. This will give an idea of the value of property here. All the road before coming to Abrudbanya is extremely interesting; for a time it runs through a deep valley, then gradually winding upwards for some hours shows, as you reach the top of the watershed, how profound that depth is. On your left you pass the Vulkán, a mighty rock of limestone, projecting abruptly out of the Carpathian sandstone formation to a height of 3984 feet.

At Abrudbánya, a word from an acquaintance to the director here was sufficient to ensure me a most hearty welcome. Nothing could be kinder than my host's reception, or more agreeable than he made my stay in his comfortable house. How neat everything was there, and how scrupulously clean! What excellent fare, too, and how nicely each meal was served! But all this is characteristic of the Hungarian.

Here, too, were vestiges of the fury of the destroyers in the revolution,—ruined churches, unroofed, half-burnt, windowless houses, and rubbish heaps where dwellings once stood. Women, children, and old people were murdered

by the Wallacks, while the fighting men were absent. In Zalathna, also, was a great massacre. I was told that Janko, one of the Wallack leaders in the revolution, often came into the town, and was certainly there now in some mean public-house or other, drinking with any one who would treat him to a dram. We went from one drinking-shop to another; everybody knew of him, and at last we found where he was. The once redoubtable general in rich fanciful uniform, stood now before me, a deplorable specimen of poverty and dirt. He is a tall man; the soles of his boots were loose, the seams lay open and flapping in the mud; he was in his shirt-sleeves, begrimed, muddy, and unshaven. His long hair was dishevelled; his hat such as is seen on a scarecrow. With an unsteady walk, and face red and bloated, he came into the shop, and had a glass of rum given him; he stared about, and then looked at me with a searching look. When we were going away, he went up to my companion and asked him for another dram. Men and children stood around, and called to and jeered the besotted creature as he went.

Around Abrudbánya mining for gold is diligently carried on by the inhabitants. The mountains are tunnelled in all directions in search of the ore, and, as the seeker is a peasant, or day-labourer, or petty tradesman of the town, the whole process is carried on in the most primitive and irrational manner possible. On Monday, those who have gold to dispose of bring it to the Government authorities, who send it Karlsburg to the Mint. The amalgamation is done for those who wish it by the officers of the Crown; they then bring their quantum into the office in little pans. One had a piece as large as a hazel-nut; another, two or three bits the size of peas; and a third, a lump like a large walnut. It is first

tested, then weighed, and its value computed by printed tables. The payment is made in new ducats and silver, and ten, forty, fifty, sixty ducats were often paid to one individual for the gold he brought. I asked the people how long they had worked before collecting so much, and they said a month, and sometimes ten weeks. The apothecary of the place had also a mine: for the lump he brought, he was paid sixty ducats. Formerly no gold was allowed to be sold except to the Government, but this restriction exists no longer; it ceased in 1857. Now five per cent. of the proceeds is paid to Government as income-tax; before 1862 it was ten per cent.

The following quantities of gold, brought in to the office at Abrudbanya on all the Mondays in the year, will give some idea of the produce of the mines :—

Year.	Quantity of gold.	Value in florins.
1855	1034 lb.	448,193
1856	1352 lb.	470,768
1857*	984 lb.	426,148
1858	622 lb.	274,460
1859	767 lb.	333,983
1860	539 lb.	237,381
1861	336 lb.	235,048

The private mines are above the imperial mine at Verespatak. This latter has already cost 1,000,000*fl.*, but as yet no profit has been derived from it; but it is confidently expected that a golden future is still to come. The chief adit is 1300 fathoms long, beside many other lateral ones. In the others, as much as 30 or 40 lb. of gold have occasionally been got in two or three days, so rich has been the yield; this was the case in the summer of 1863. One man, in three years, got out of his mine 4 cwt. of gold. I saw the person myself.

* The quantity diminishes, as from 1857 it was allowed to carry the gold to other markets.

I stayed a long time in the office, to see the people bring in their gold; some brought gold-dust from the sand of the river, tied up in a corner of a handkerchief or rag: the whole population seemed to be occupied with the tempting search. Gold-seeking, like the search for diamonds in Brazil, has its own peculiar charm, that tempts always on and on, and prevents discouragement for want of success; for the coming moment is always to repay the past a hundred-, nay a thousand-fold.

The manner of the civil officers (Hungarians) to the humblest individual was friendly and urbane. There was not a trace even of that repelling dictatorial air and speech, which is part and parcel of the nature of the "Beamte" in Germany.

There was a fair, and I went out to see the motley groups. It was wet weather and very muddy, yet in the middle of the street, lying on his back in the mud, his head thrown back on the ground, with the upper part of his body quite bare to excite commiseration, lay a Wallack beggar, ringing a bell incessantly to attract attention and obtain alms. Further on was another, also nearly naked; and the fellows always chose the spot where the mud was thickest to lie down on. Now, another such actor comes towards me with lugubrious cries, one arm all bared, to show how maimed it is, and the other, stretched out at full length, holds a large Greek crucifix, which the bearer thrusts under your very eyes, to remind you how pleasing a thing charity is to God.

And here comes a seller of flageolets, playing and piping as he walks; and girls, with white lambs in their arms; and on large snowy cloths are heaps of seeds, and golden maize. The dresses, too, are often pretty: the men in trousers of white frieze with blue stripes; and their wives have bright kerchiefs on, and large glittering earrings. I

wanted such ornaments, and looked for a long time at some at a stall before buying. While doing so, an adroit neighbour—for others were admiring the gay trinkets too—contrived to steal my note-book. It was very vexatious, as it contained memoranda, prices, etc., not to be replaced.* The Roumain police-director sent for the crier, and, drumming through the town and at the corners of the streets, the loss (not the theft) was proclaimed, and a good reward offered to the finder. To be sure the man did his duty; I went with him; and grieved as I was to lose the book, the part I was playing amid such a scene, inclined me to laughter. The drum beat, and when a crowd had assembled, my man shouted out what he had to say in Hungarian, Wallachian, and the gipsy language. All the people stood, assembled in groups, to talk the matter over; then on we went again to another part of the market-place, to collect another crowd and drum again; but it was in vain,—he who had the book was afraid to bring it back, or, perhaps, was off with his prize before hearing of the reward. There were a great number of gipsies attracted hither by the fair, and it was thought that one of these was the robber. The pope of the place, not long ago, stole a hat; he was caught, well beaten, and let go: the Sunday after, he officiated at the altar as usual. If the teacher be so frail, what can we expect of his disciples?

There were gingerbread-nut stalls, exactly as at a fair in England, and bottles filled with all sorts of liqueurs. And there, too, was glorious, ever-pleasing Punch, with his incorrigible pranks, still delighting the spectators, and causing laughter. He beat Judy and the devil here, just

* I immediately resolved, however, to turn my loss to good account, and to impute all the shortcomings of the present work to the absence of that note-book. The reader, therefore, will be so obliging as to imagine that the deficiencies he finds in it would have been supplied, and every inaccuracy rectified, if I had only had those missing memoranda.

as at Bath when I was a boy: it was the very same I had so often run after, from street to street, hoping it would at last come to a standstill and play; and there was the show, with a little girl outside in gauze and spangles; and the great drum beat incessantly, bewildering the spectators still more; and the peasants stopped and gazed, or wandered from stall to stall, lost in wonderment at all the finery. Others stood in the street, eating little bowlfuls of milk and cream, mixed with corn, very like frumenty. The women wore red boots, the toes turned up in the Turkish style; and on their heads was a white drapery, hanging down low behind almost like a Bedouin mantle: it was very elegant.

From here I rode over the hills to Detunata-goala and Detunata-flokoásza, two basaltic rocks rising on the hill, amid fertile vegetation. These regularly-formed columns belong, says the geologist Von Hauer, "incontestably to the most beautiful formations of the sort in western Europe."

The stone, of which the rock is formed, was forced up here, at some remote period of the earth's existence, in a fluid lava state, and formed, in cooling, into regular four-, six-, eight-sided columns. On one side of the rock they have taken a pleasing curved form. The colour of the stone is dark grey, in some places black. Below is a pile of the fragments which fall from time to time with a loud noise, whence, it is said, the name of the rock, which means literally, "The thunder-stricken naked one."

All about here, the hills are full of holes, where in the most imperfect manner possible gold is won. One village (Bucsum) has a hundred and twelve adits leading into the mountain, another (Korna) sixty. At Verespatak the slopes are like ant-hills,—all is alive with workmen; there are 337 such mining enterprises going on there, with 5000

stamping-mills to crush the ore. These people, with no capital to fall back on, are unable to do more than burrow in the earth in a straight line. The adits are generally very low and inconvenient, and often fall in for want of support; but this constant digging has quite changed the face of the mountain,—it is one heap of rubble. Here and there, huts are built for the workmen. You meet a woman or a girl coming down the slope with a basket of ore at her back, to carry it to the mill below, of which, perhaps, every single peasant has at least one;* thus, basketful by basketful, it is borne home. Occasionally you see a packhorse thus laden, but there are few who can afford the luxury of a beast of burden. It is hard labour this,—in the low adits especially, where a man is obliged to stoop as he wheels out his barrowful of mica-slate or quartz.†

Many of these mines—if they deserve the name—are worked by a company, who club together their little store to carry on the operations. At the mouth of an adit, you will therefore often see so many heaps of stone, six, eight, or ten, as may be; these are for the shareholders. As the quartz is brought out it is divided into such heaps, and each one takes his part, or sells it to another. If the mining were carried on systematically under the superintendence of one person, with better arrangements for transporting the ore to the valley, taking it all to one mill instead of carrying each basketful to the particular stamping-mill of every poor simple worker, the proceeds would undoubtedly be *at least double* what they now are.

* These are of the very simplest construction; sometimes a few stones on the roadside support one end of the axle of the wheel, just as a child would build up a mill out of chance materials of the garden.

† For hundreds of years men have been working here, yet there was no road leading out of the valley; it is only eight years ago that the present one was made.

But to induce such change is almost, if not quite impossible.

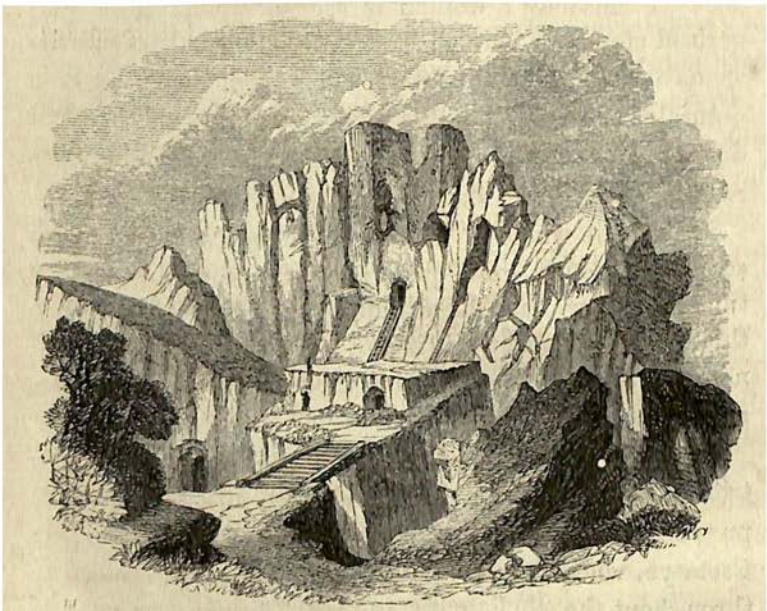
Close together, all along the way to Verespatak, are stamping-mills; you hear nothing but the uninterrupted noise of the beams as, raised by the water-wheel, they fall one after the other; the sound of hammers fills the whole vale. Sometimes a woman is seen scraping up the pulverized stone; or here a man drawing up on the shore the sands of the river to obtain the golden dust; for it is natural that a considerable quantity is not only washed down from the hills, but is furnished also by the innumerable mills all along the banks of the river.

Indeed the whole of this region abounds in gold; it is sometimes found quite pure in leaves, sometimes like a tuft of yellow hair, beautifully fine as the down of a thistle. At Offenbánya it is met with, in conjunction with native tellurium. Close beside these more precious minerals, are also lead and silver.

Near Verespatak is a spot where gold seems to be distributed most largely. The sandstone, already richly impregnated, abuts on the porphyry-like formation of the Csetatye, where the veins of gold run in all directions throughout the whole mass, and reach to the very summit of the mountain.

On gazing at the vast cavities hollowed out, the enormous quantities of the metal obtained here by the Romans is a matter of surprise; but nothing I had yet seen gave me such an idea of their power—of what may be achieved by the uninterrupted persevering toil of thousands of men working on and on, unrestingly for a century—as this mountain, the very form and nature of which they have completely changed by their labour. The mass of rock has been hollowed like a crater, and you stand in the centre of the mountain, and looking up, hundreds of

feet above you, behold the sky. There, too, on the sides are everywhere huge ribs of stone, and ledge above ledge with cavernous openings, and through these portals you penetrate again into the very heart of the rock; and through a dark passage, you creep along and reach thus a second such crater:—this is "Csetatye mica," the little



THE "CSETATYE."

fortress. All around you, and for full a hundred feet upwards, the rock has been scooped out in spiral passages, that wind up and up, you know not whither. Upwards they lead like some marvellous stair; and, at the opening at top, the blue heaven again looks in. As you stand in this hollow and gaze at the walls that enlock you, it is exactly like being at the bottom of a gigantic shell, which has been bored through, showing all its convolutions and inner spiral structure. Here and there, too, as your eye mounts, following the winding lines, you see lateral

galleries leading into the mountain. Millions of tons of stone have thus been taken to obtain the gold, with which the veins running through it were overflowing. The huge rock is now a mere husk; the core has been hewn out and carried away.*

The sight impressed me profoundly; its wildness, and the sense of almost superhuman strength, which the work of those legions of men who had thus dared to grapple with nature, left behind, was not to be shaken off.

In the passages and caverns the traces of fire were visible. As the stone is hard as iron, the labour of those days was immense: powder not being invented, the rock could not be blasted, and, instead of this, large fires were made till it became brittle, and might be more easily broken. The sound of hammers resounded among the rocks, and presently, high above us, two men emerged from a long-deserted gallery; they were seeking for gold where some Roman soldier had begun and then ceased his toil.

* It has been computed, that if 1000 cwt. of stone yielded only 15 ounces of gold, the quantity obtained would be enormous. But there is every reason to suppose that the ore yielded more than this, or the Romans would hardly have undertaken so Herculean a labour.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SKETCHES OF POLITICAL CHARACTER.

I. ANTAGONISM.

"Il n'y a pas de tâche plus compliquée, plus embarrassante et plus ingrate à la fois que celle de tracer le caractère d'un peuple."—*Ivan Golovine.*

"La flatterie éblouit, aveugle et n'éclaire point."—*Ivan Golovine.*

"Ce ne sont pas ceux qui découvrent les maux de leur patrie qui en sont les ennemis, ce sont ceux qui la flattent."—*Bernardin de St. Pierre.*

I WRITE these and many of the following lines in Klausenburg, where I have received much kindness from all sides. Many may think it strange for me to state this, after exposing the present opinions, and may look upon it as a publication of my own ingratitude; but, in the first place, I do not find anything ungrateful in alluding to what I consider weak points in the political conduct of a people from whom I have received hospitality; and, secondly, my reason for dating these remarks from Klausenburg, is to show the English—and, should I find one, the Hungarian reader also—that what is said has not been dictated by foreign inimical suggestion, or by any unkind feeling on my own part; indeed, this latter would be absolutely impossible. On the contrary, these opinions are expressed while I am still under the influence of a thousand courtesies and most winning attentions, of all which, no one can

be more susceptible or more sincerely grateful for, than myself. Though drawn involuntarily towards all these kind friends, by the true amiability of heart, which seems one of their distinguishing characteristics, their exclusiveness, and consequent one-sidedness on all party questions, struck and even pained me; for the harsh, unjust, uncompromising judgment uttered on such occasions against an opponent, seemed so at variance with that warm, open-armed hospitality, which could only emanate from generous feeling, and goodness and largeness of heart. It always affected me like a dissonance.

The bitter feeling existing among the Hungarians towards the German population is so intense, that, in all concerning the latter, it utterly blinds and deprives them of the capacity to form a reasonable judgment.*

I know nothing like it, except the fanatical antipathy of the Protestants against Catholics, as it existed in England some years ago, which distorted every circumstance relating to the other creed. For all the Saxons do, the Hungarians see the worst and most inimical motives; indeed you will never, by any chance, hear a Hungarian speak well—he always speaks villainously ill—of any political opponent. On every other point he is sensible; but though he decries inconsistency and anything like injustice in others, he is in politics the most unjust and unreasonable being you can find. Just as on every occasion he presupposes the worst intentions on the part of Government, so he clings to the belief that, towards him, the Saxons collectively are hostilely inclined; he

* I am aware that I have alluded to this subject in a former chapter, but the matter is too important to be passed over thus cursorily; I therefore return to it.

will not, for a moment, listen to anything that might tend to modify such opinion. This, too, being a part of the programme or political creed, it may not be eliminated or dispensed with.

Now, I happen to know, that this unfriendly feeling does not exist. It is true, the Saxons are resolved not to place themselves under a government whose seat is Pesth; but they are, almost to a man, desirous of approaching theHungarians, and joining with them in furthering the common weal; it is the sincere wish of the best men of the nation. This is the truth, though, for party purposes it may be found suitable to scout it as something which no man in his senses could possibly believe.

As a stranger, I had fair opportunities of learning men's feelings and opinions: to me, as to an indifferent looker-on,—a bystander belonging to neither one side nor the other,—all spoke openly; expressing without reserve their likes and dislikes, and the view they took of others' good qualities or failings. The Hungarians did this, and the Saxons too. The latter had no reason whatever for deceiving me as to their disposition toward the Hungarians; there would have been absolutely no sense or meaning in doing so. On all occasions they quite freely pointed out and dwelt on what they considered a fault in the tactics of the Hungarians, and the weak points in their character; and as freely acknowledged how desirable it was for them—the Saxons—that, in political matters, both should march together;* that it might be so, was the wish expressed by all. I heard but one opinion about it; indeed, the prevalence of kindly sentiments, go where or speak

* To say the truth, I found among the Saxons rather an exaggerated opinion of the superiority of the Hungarians—in all regarding action and politics—to themselves, and very often a feeling, that was enthusiastic, in favour of their fellow-citizens. This, however, only shows the power of their presence, and how winning a charm they exercise.

with whom I might, took me by surprise: I was prepared to find the contrary. As to an inimical feeling, I can honestly assert that, except in a single instance, no expression was ever uttered which could betray even its slumbering existence; yet there was every opportunity for doing so. The Saxons saw I was well disposed toward themselves, appreciating the order and intelligence I found amongst them, and they might therefore not unnaturally have inferred the existence, perhaps, of a prejudice against the other population, and a readiness on my side to become a partisan.

This subject is of importance, because, as long as such senseless antagonism exists, the welfare of all must suffer. I have no hope of converting the Hungarians, for experience has shown me how, when inconvenient to them, they are determined not to be convinced; but I will describe what the real state of things is, that it may be known. For no one will say the unpremeditated expression of opinion such as I heard, is not reliable; that would imply a conspiracy, more cunningly devised and more speedily organized than has ever been recorded, or than it could enter the head of any man to imagine.

Beside the numerical advantage that the presence of the Hungarians, in the legislative assembly, would afford the Saxons, they wish it for other reasons. "The Hungarians," they say, "are greatly superior to ourselves in political education; they are quicker to perceive the bearing of a great question, and far more dexterous in handling it. As public speakers, there is no comparison between them and us. The Hungarian is eloquent, and by his fire and ardour carries his hearers irresistibly along with him." "The Hungarian," said a Saxon to me one day, "bears aloft the standard of freedom, and thus, even when fighting for his own rights only, we and others are

gainers, as he proclaims and upholds liberty. They (the Hungarians) have a courage and resoluteness which we have not, and show also an unselfish disregard of consequences, when maintaining a principle, which does them honour. Such example could not be without a beneficial influence on ourselves. Their patriotism inspires and supports them, and even when on a wrong tack, we cannot help admiring the feeling which enables them to make any sacrifice."

But I give, word for word, some of their observations :—

"For the country, it is a great misfortune that the Hungarians do not enter the Chamber;* they are all men of great capacity."

"They would certainly be in the majority. They would fight against the clerical party, and would introduce liberal ideas. They would make firm, and build up, the Constitution."

"In the Reichsrath, the Hungarians would serve immensely the whole empire, for they have among them admirable men."

"It is most sad that we cannot meet and go with them, for they are an element of culture in the land."

"We will go forward alone if they will not go with us, but we would rather go *with* them."

"The Hungarians might play a great part (in the Chamber and the Senate), from their position as men of property; and because of their adroitness (*Gewandtheit*) and political tact."

"How well I can understand what the Magyar feels at an invasion of his old authority! I feel for him, because

* This the Hungarians know very well, and it pleases them that their absence is so felt; they chuckle at the defeats of the Saxons in the House of Representatives, unmindful of the evil occasioned by retarding wise legislative enactments. In their resolve to cede nothing, they act just like Rakotzi with his pretensions. See, *ante*, p. 116.

I know what we felt when the Wallacks were given equal rights with ourselves,—rights which till then we alone had had."

"The Hungarians—our brothers, the Hungarians—have unfortunately got into a dilemma. They cannot well go back, but the Emperor cannot do so either. 'Tis a gallant, an excellent nation!" ("Es ist ein ganz wackeres Volk, ein vortreffliches!")

Even for the destruction of Sz. Reen, which the Hungarians, for no reason whatever, burned to the ground, a Saxon clergyman found extenuating circumstances. "I excuse that," he said; "it was in the beginning, and there was no order or discipline." He knew that, though a burgher, named Lutsch, was nailed by the ears to his own house-door by them, such things will happen in civil war; and that a whole nation is not to be made answerable for the isolated atrocities committed by an infuriated mob.*

* I happen to have in my hand a proof of the unwillingness of the Saxons to do the Hungarians an injustice, or to let an imputation rest upon them, when undeserved. I was talking on political matters with a nobleman whom I esteem most highly, and whose regard and friendship I value, as they deserve to be. It was the day of my departure from Transylvania, and only an hour before I left Klausenburg. He, full of zeal, was striving to convince me on certain questions, and, seeing that I still held to my opinions, it was a source of regret to him that there was so little time for further argument. In maintaining my views, I brought forward certain facts, as I thought, but which he positively denied; I, on my part, was so sure of their correctness (though it will be seen later that I had misunderstood my informant, and was wrong) that to prove to him they were so, I promised to write to my authority, and to abide by the result. "For you, as well as myself," I said, "must acknowledge the unimpeachable character of the man; his position, as well as his opportunities for information at the time referred to, make whatever he says reliable." (What I had asserted was, that the Hungarian authorities at Szász Régen had enforced the use of the Hungarian language in the German schools and in the German church.) I therefore wrote to ask, was it so, or was it not? The answer follows:—

"During your stay in Sächsisch Regen, we spoke together in presence of

The clergyman, Stephen Roth, was shot by the Hungarian Government in 1848, because he was a German, and strenuously opposed the union with Hungary: this, of course, was not a praiseworthy act, but it is one of those which occur in all intestine struggles. I have heard the circumstance casually alluded to by the Saxons with words of regret at his loss, but without rancour. When a like occurrence happens to the other party, it is told over and over again on every occasion. In this respect, the Hungarians always remind me of an acquaintance who, whenever he meets with something disagreeable, exclaims, "Such a thing could only happen to *me*."

——, about the question, whether, in the revolutionary years 1848, 1849, any Hungarian authority whatsoever ordered that the Hungarian language should be made the exclusive medium of instruction in church and schools, and whether in other places, which were not Hungarian, such order was given? Although at that time I was —— and ——, and, consequently, had every opportunity of knowing, had it occurred in either case, no instance of the kind ever came to my knowledge; nor do any of the protocols, which are open to my inspection, show that such order was given.

"Since receiving your letter, I have made inquiries elsewhere with regard to your question,—and this is the reason why my answer has been delayed,—but in no place whatever have I heard of even the temporary existence of such an ordinance; on the contrary, in the decree of the 21st February, No. 2068/848 of the Articles of the year 1847, is specially called to remembrance, in which it is said, 'In those places where the discourse from the pulpit is held in Hungarian, the correspondence of the clerical with the lay authorities of the Hungarians and Szekler, is to be carried on in the Hungarian language. The clerical authorities of the Confession of Augsburg, both in the so-called King's Land, as well in the middle of the Hungarian nation, shall, on the other hand, continue to use the language they have been, till now, accustomed to," *i. e.* they were to employ the German tongue.

"It is true we, at that time, were often forced to hear the threat, we should not be allowed much longer to speak our Saxon or German. Indeed, some Hungarians of the neighbourhood—but these, we must remember, were only of the lower sort—had made choice of the houses in Sächsich Regen, where, as soon as the Saxons were driven away, they intended to dwell. Such threats and protensions, however, originated with certain ultras only, and cannot, therefore, possibly, in any way whatever, be charged to the Hungarian nation."

Of a well-known Hungarian nobleman, as decidedly Hungarian—and consequently as decidedly anti-German—as it is possible to be, I have heard Saxons say: "I respect him highly, he is a truly gallant gentleman."

"Nicht wahr? das sind prächtige Leute, ritterlich, gastfreundlich!" (They are famous fellows, are they not? chivalrous, hospitable!) said once a Saxon to me, with generous warmth; yet he who spoke was in politics resolutely opposed to them; and one who had fought against them in the revolution told me, in order that I might have a just opinion of Hungarian character, "Der Ungar ist hochherzig; jedermann muss ihn achten." (The Hungarians are magnanimous; it is impossible not to respect them.)

These expressions are, I think, sufficiently indicative of Saxon sentiments and opinions. They are a few only of those I heard pronounced by Germans *in every part of the province.*

With the Hungarian, every question becomes crystallized into one of nationality: this warps his judgment, for he thus regards even those which are most diverging from one sole special point of view. Argument is then at an end, and a rabid state begins. A quality which by some was thought characteristic of Sir Robert Peel, "amenability to good reasoning, from whatever quarter it came,"* he lacks totally.

Owing to this extreme party-feeling, the Hungarian is not at all reliable in his statement of a case; circumstances which tell against him are left out altogether. All relate their story in one way, and keep to it. They do not observe the same honesty in dealing with political questions as they would consider themselves bound to do in transactions of social life. Like Lord Bacon, in his

* 'Companions of my Solitude,' p. 228.

explanations of natural phenomena, they presuppose certain conditions which are to their purpose, and having posed these, argue accordingly. Consequently, the version given is rather in accordance with the presupposition than with the reality.

The Hungarian loves especially to dwell on the "historische Standpunkt"—to take his stand on history. Against this nothing is allowed to have weight: neither civilization, culture, nor expediency. On the other hand, however, he does not heed the "historische Standpunkt," when it tells against his wishes. The fact that Transylvania was definitively separated from Hungary when it fell to Austria is disregarded. Because, before that, the countries belonged together, and because he would wish the addition, in order that Hungary may be aggrandized, the Hungarian demands that they shall be so considered now.

How *verrannt* he is, how he has "wedged himself in" among a certain set of notions, I had frequently an opportunity of observing; he abides by a decision in face of the most undeniable evidence. Here is one example: every possible assistance was rendered to the starving emigrants from Hungary by their countrymen in Transylvania; the Saxons, I was told, did nothing for them. The Hungarians, also, gave notice to these poor wanderers that they were not to go to the Germans for relief. Thinking it hardly possible that help should have been refused, I inquired of various Protestant clergymen, if it were so or not. "Whenever they came, they were assisted," was the reply. "Here," said one, "sometimes ten or twelve came in an hour; at every house they got something, corn, bread, flour, etc. I have myself given in money 20*fl.*" I afterwards told the reason of my inquiry. The reply was, "Es thut uns Weh, das zu

hören"—It pains us to hear such things (said of us by the Hungarians).

In considering the relation of the two people, there is something more to be taken account of besides the difference of nationality. The Hungarians form the Faubourg de St. Germain of Transylvania. It is, therefore, not merely the Hungarian who has to do with the Saxon, but the noble in juxtaposition with the free and law-protected plebeian. There is, therefore, a gap existing between the two here as elsewhere, and this has not been sufficiently kept in view. No blame on account of it is to be attached to the Hungarian as such; it is not a fault pertaining to his nationality, but a natural consequence existing in every mixed society all over the world, even where the political atmosphere, which all alike breathe and live in, tends to make disparities cease.

Between two classes, living in separate worlds, with differing tastes and views and occupations, there cannot be much sympathy. Belgravia and Little Britain do not feel drawn towards each other,—it would be unreasonable to expect it, or that they should have many points of interest in common. "Der langweilige Sachse,"—the tiresome Saxon,—says the Hungarian of his neighbour; and it is no wonder that the more elegant man of the world finds him so; neither would my Lady Duchess find Mrs. Nupkins, Mr. and Mrs. Raddell, or the society of Miss Stiggs, all of Ebenezer Terrace, City Road, very amusing, though they are worthy people and "highly respectable." The difference of education causes this; and that it should be so, unless carried too far, is no reproach. The Magyar is light and sprightly, while the Germans are slow and plodding.

But the Hungarian nobleman, as we have seen, is beginning to occupy himself with what, till now, he left the

commoner to do: he attends to his estate, and tries to improve the breed of pigs and sheep; the growth and preparation of hemp; to establish a trade in wine, and to get a better price for his rape-seed. He bestirs himself *and works.* Thus the noble has begun to quit his exclusive sphere; he occupies himself with the simple pursuits of the simple citizen, and finds an interest in the same results as he; he will, therefore, be able to comprehend him better. They are walking in the same path, and, by doing so, might, if they chose, approach each other. In the Senate, too, would the Hungarian but enter there, he might, with his powerful eloquence, call attention to certain aids to trade, now that his own experience and his own interests have shown him their necessity.

When he refused to take his place in the Chamber, he hardly, perhaps, foresaw all the bearings of the act,—that he was thus cutting himself off from promoting enactments which, in his new position as trader, would tend to benefit himself in the directest manner, viz. by increasing his revenue.

The dislike—the hatred, I may say—of the Hungarian is felt most strongly for the Saxon of Hermannstadt; he is, in truth, different from those of the other Saxon towns.* This the inhabitants of Kronstadt, Bistritz, and Sz. Reen also allow. In former times the Saxon of Her-

* "Taken altogether, the Saxon is good by nature, but the 'bureau Saxon' is quite different," said a Hungarian to me. We must not forget either, that in the Saxon the Hungarian sees a German, and it is against what is German that all his antipathies are turned. In Canada, it is the same with the French and English inhabitants. At Quebec (see 'Hochelaga') it is strikingly perceptible; there the two races do not blend, nor here either.

This dislike to the "bureau Saxon," as my acquaintance calls him, cannot be wholly without foundation; for I find among my notes the following memorandum relating to the Saxons:—"Many of them are dissatisfied with their own nation; with the 'Beamten'" (civil officers).

mannstadt looked on himself as a patrician; and hence it is possible, though I cannot assert it, that somewhat of the bearing which such a sense of greater importance would give, descended to, and was retained by, a later generation. If so, this might also help to account for the dislike spoken of, as anything approaching only to superciliousness would be especially offensive to a Hungarian. Being the seat of Government, a large bureaucracy is established at Hermannstadt; and, in the mother-country as well as here, the bureaucrat has an impress of his own. He has especially all those qualities which are contrary to the Hungarian nature; and his being here an organ of Government, is an additional reason for the Hungarian's aversion. Then the fact that Hermannstadt is looked on as "the capital" makes him of Klausenburg not a little wroth.

This rivalry plays a part in the railway question, which unfortunately is still pending; the Hungarians want the road to enter Transylvania by Klausenburg, the Saxons by Hermannstadt. Irrespective of other facts, each party would oppose the wish of the other, if it were only on account of the question which shall be the "capital." Just as the Hungarians are most irate against the Hermannstadters, so, too, I should say, it is these latter who are least amicably inclined towards the Hungarians. The position of the Saxons here brings this feeling with it; they are more influenced than the inhabitants of the other German towns, and less free in their opinions and views.

After what is written above, it is but fair to give also the view the Hungarians take of Saxon character, when called upon to show itself in any political question,—a view which certainly is justified by experience. The Hungarians, like all who look for an ally, demand in that ally decision of character, so that when the hour of trial

comes there may be no doubt as to his resolution. Unless we can place full reliance on him who is to act with us, it is far better to be alone. The Hungarian can neither comprehend, nor will tolerate, that petty personal considerations should stand in the way of action that has once been resolved on; being himself ready to make any sacrifice for his convictions, he expects the same willingness in another who, up to a certain point, has marched along with him. Having, also, in a high degree, what in German is called "Selbstgefühl," or feeling of his own personality, he has no exaggerated respect for, or servile fear of mere authority, or its representatives in office.* Now in all this the Saxon differs from him. In former times, I am inclined to believe the difference was less than at present, for the German then was, morally and physically, constantly in action; had he not been, he would have succumbed, and have lost irretrievably the fortunate position he occupied among the other dwellers in the land. He was obliged to show a bold face to authority and power in order to remain what he was, and this helped to give and to maintain a self-confidence which was rather forced upon him by circumstances than an original inherent feature in his character.† But the Transylvanian Saxon of to-day is unlike his ancestor; the Hungarians say that, as a political ally, he is unreli-

* The Germans, aware of their weakness, and their propensity to bow to every petty representative of authority, say of themselves:—

"Mit dem Hut in der Hand,
Kommt der Deutsche durch das Land."
("Hat in hand,
The German makes his way through the land.")

† This verifies what was said by Varnhagen von Ense, that the Germans are dependent upon outward influence. It is the revolutions in other lands which spur them to action. In all the late popular movements, the motive power came from abroad; but for that, they would still have gone on patiently enduring.

able; but this accords with the constitution of the German mind,—there is no self-reliance, no decision, no quickness of action; it tries, and doubts, and tests, and re-examines, and at the last discovers, just when bold action is wanted, that the moment for action is not yet come.

There is something unmanly in this indecision, and, to a character impetuous and prompt for action, like the Hungarian, it causes something like pity and contempt.

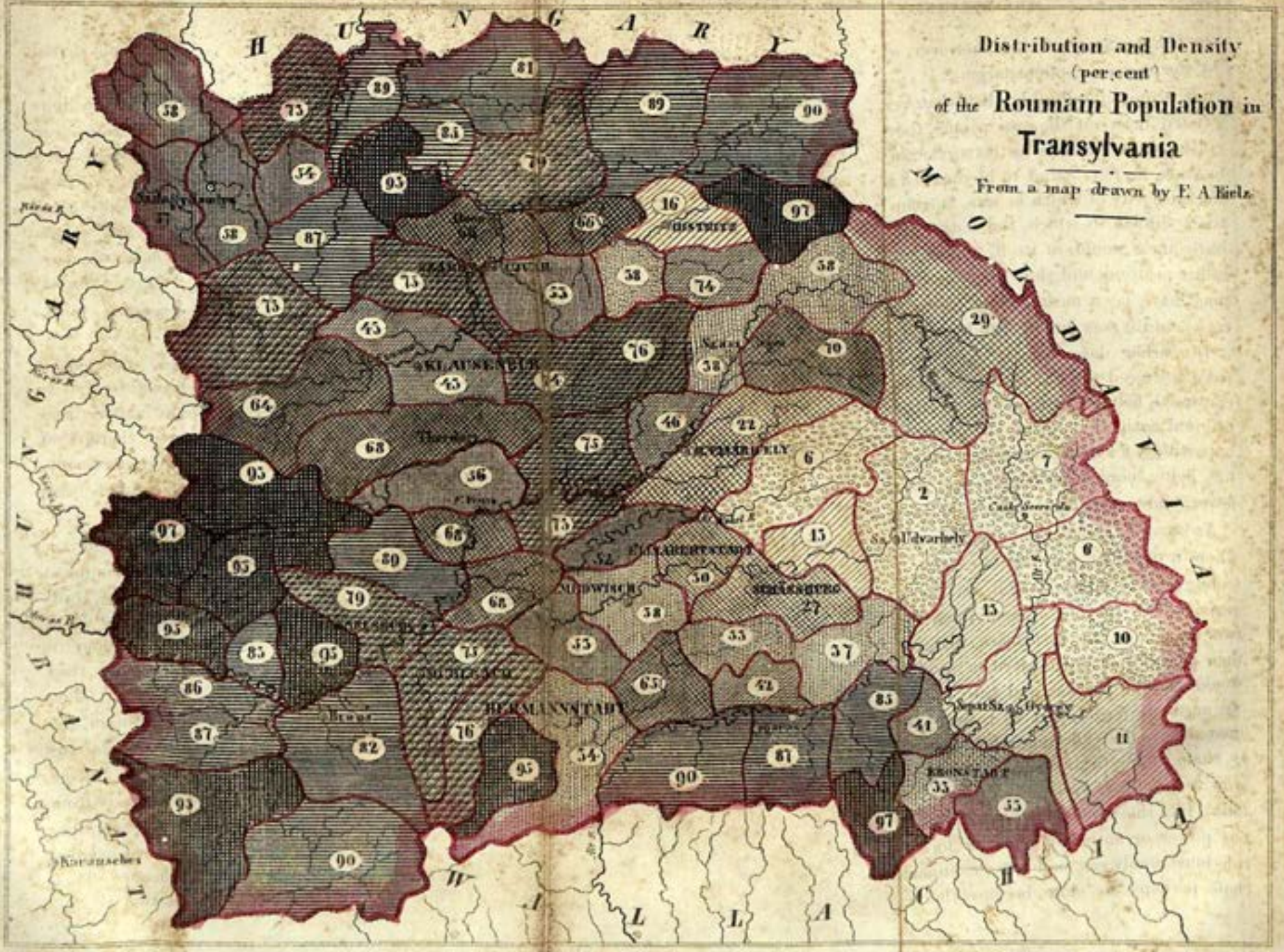
It was said above, that there is no hostility on the part of the German population towards the Hungarian, and I firmly believe it; but from what I have been told, by Saxons themselves, it would seem that in former times a certain jealousy did exist, giving rise to chafing when the two parties came in contact with each other. Then, also, it was the bureaucrat with whom the noble had to do, and on whom, consequently, the whole amount of his dislike was concentrated. The Hungarian studied law, and the constitution of his country; he understood both well. Among the Saxons, it was only those in office who knew anything of law or government; all the others had their own business to attend to, and left public affairs to those whom they had delegated for the purpose. These officers were brought, not unfrequently, into collision with the Hungarian at public meetings, or in the law-courts, and the latter made them always feel the difference between the noble and a citizen. The Saxons, in return, lost no opportunity of annoying or prejudicing the Hungarian. The Government, in all emergencies, sought to win them to their side, under the plea that they were Germans, and that both spoke a common tongue; and thus, for the sake of advantage or favour, as well as out of spite for the slights they had to endure, the Saxon bureaucrats were always ready to act inimically toward

the Hungarian,—a feeling, however, which was not shared by the Saxon people at large.

It is quite intelligible, that whatever divergent feelings existed between the two people, they should have been collected into a focus in the servant of Government. For as such, he felt bound to be opposed to one who resisted the authority of which he was, in some sort, a representative; added to which, the native self-sufficiency of the bureaucrat would, of itself, incline him to make the most of his position, and show his importance. This, of course, must have been most galling to the independent nobleman; and it was intended to be so.

In earlier days, when Saxon municipal institutions were scattered throughout the land, such collisions were continual, helping to keep up, or rather to increase, the original antipathy. Now, all being changed, there is no opportunity for their occurrence; the plan of Government, too, being more concentrated, the "bureau Saxons" are fewer, and are confined to a single town.

As was said above, the hostility toward the Hungarian, where it did exist, was that of a class. That the inimical feeling should continue still, on the part of the Hungarians, with the old intensity, may be accounted for in two ways. In the first place, there is more ardour in their nature than in the German; and, once hating, they would feed the passion, and hate on unabatingly. Then we must not forget, that as regards social position, the Saxons have lost nothing, while that of the Hungarians is changed for the worse: they are the losers, and he who loses always feels bitterness. Self-debarred from office, like the royalist *noblesse* in France, they are without power or authority, and this to men accustomed to rule must sorely vex, and cause continual rancour. They chafe perhaps the more, because the restriction is self-



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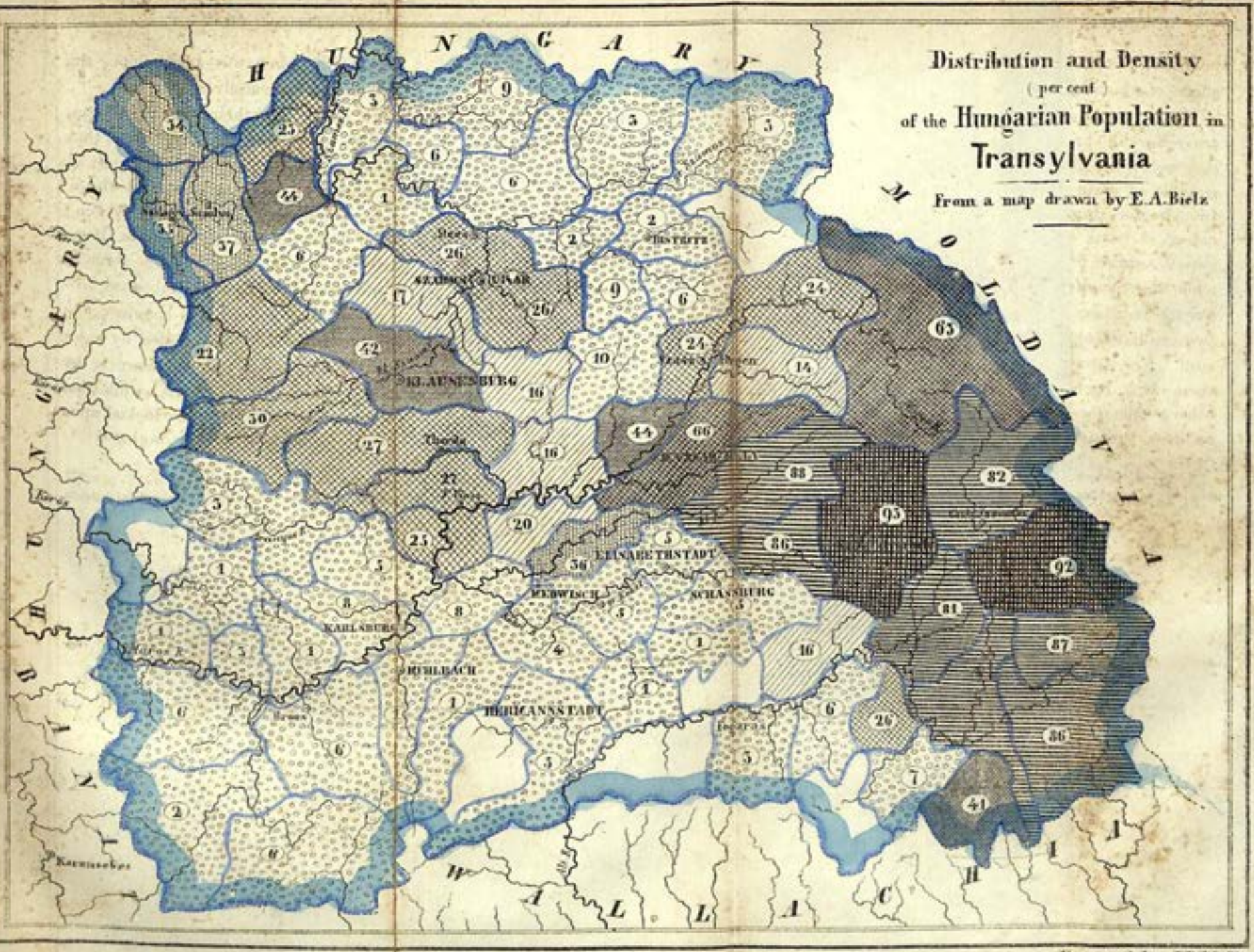

Distribution and Density
(per cent)
of the Hungarian Population in
Transylvania
From a map drawn by E. A. Bielz
HUNGARY
MOLDAVIA
WALLACHIA
KLAUSENBURG
ELISABETHSTADT
SCHASSBURG
KARLSBURG
RUHLBACH
HERMANNSTADT
Longman, Green and Cº London.
Engraved by J. B. Pfeiffer

imposed; because the step taken was a false one, the effects of which have fallen on themselves.

The history of both people, and their present position, are remarkable, and so interesting and instructive that they well repay attentive study. They are as different as possible in nature, education, aims, and political views. In character, they are as unlike as the Irish and Scotch: indeed, I have often thought that the buoyant Hungarian, swayed easily by passion, resembled the former; while the Saxon, toilsome, thrifty, and methodical, frequently reminded me of him of the north country; the two are like gold veins in a rock, surrounded by baser stuff. Yet, from different causes, induced however by themselves, each has sunken in importance; while that other people (the Roumains), whom they once looked upon as dross, threatens soon to overwhelm them both.

NOTE.—The figures on the annexed Maps, as well as on that at page 277, indicate the percentage of the respective populations in the several districts.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SKETCHES OF POLITICAL CHARACTER—*Continued.*

II. WEAKNESS AND STRENGTH.

WHILE speaking of such matters, I must allude to something which, in the present state of affairs, seems to me rather detrimental to Hungarian interests than otherwise. I had hardly entered the country, when, on talking with different Hungarian gentlemen, I was much struck by the perfect similarity, not of their opinions only, but of their very expressions when discussing or explaining to me certain political questions. There was no variation on this or that point; there was coincidence throughout. At last, whenever I met a new acquaintance, I always knew, beforehand, what would be said on certain topics, and my conjecture was invariably correct.

Now, though it is good for a political party to pull together, I think it possible that too little freedom of action may be allowed in its ranks. In politics, the Hungarians order matters and carry out their plans with strict precision. When a mode of action has been decided on, it is implicitly followed; what the leaders have determined, that *all* do. No difference of opinion is allowed, and with most self-denying obedience, each one subordi-

nates his own individual will to that of another, who is higher.

Thus, if an uncompromising resolution is come to, no one ever thinks of proposing a step which would meet the opponent halfway, and lead perhaps to mutual concession and understanding. The discipline is too strict for that; but while confusion and schism are prevented by such cession of personal feeling to the requirements of united action, there is, on the other hand, this decided drawback: of the change which time and circumstances work, no account is taken. Different persons see things in different lights, and here and there a voice would make itself heard, proposing a less rigid bearing, less uncompromising demands; but the fear of being stamped as a renegade keeps men silent. It is the same terrorizing system as characterized the acts of the Inquisition; whoever disagreed with that body was denounced as a heretic. "Many of us," said a well-known nobleman to me, "acted with a moral weakness. Afraid of being suspected by their party, they acted too strongly and directly in opposition to Austria." And, on another occasion, the same gentleman told me that many would be inclined to propose conciliatory measures, but do not, for fear of unjust suspicions.

In the management of an army, the subordination of every member to one directing head is absolutely necessary, for here we have a certain amount of physical force to be directed towards the accomplishment of a distinctly defined end. Now the wheels of this great living machine *must* move together, for if one goes in a contrary direction to the rest, the whole mechanism stops: but a party is not an army; we have here to do with mental, not physical power. The end in view—far from being definitely marked out by boundary lines, which admit of no change—is mo-

dified continually by endlessly varying circumstances. Besides, the aim of an army is, by united action, to overthrow or destroy the opponent, and that too by brute force; the aim of a party is to come to an understanding with another party, by means of argument and an interchange of views, *both still continuing to exist together*. Nor does an army fight for itself, and its own individual interests; but in a party, each individual is defending a cause in which he takes a personal interest, and for whose support he has freely enlisted. Here, therefore, it is not the views of one or two leaders which should be decisive, but it is the voices from the ranks that we want and ought to hear; and this, the policy of the Hungarian makes impossible. The good derived from it hitherto, I am unable to discover; while a less rigid system would, I think, have been attended with happier results.

Intellectual culture among the Hungarians is, it would seem from all I learned, not of so high an order now as formerly. Many circumstances combine to afford an explanation of the change.

In other times the Hungarian nobleman appeared in the public assembly to discuss the affairs of his country; and, in order to do so successfully, he was obliged to bring with him a certain amount of judicial and other knowledge; but these meetings of the nobles, these discussions of the House of Lords, have ceased, and in the public affairs, in the administration of Government, whether as civil officer or otherwise, the Hungarian of to-day takes no part: thus the incentive to study, and the necessity for it, are both greatly diminished. Formerly, too, the Latin tongue was the medium of connection between Hungary and the intellectual world beyond its frontier: the author wrote, as the statesman spoke, in Latin; and as the learned men of Europe published their works in

the same language, the science and philosophy of the Continent was accessible to them; and what the Hungarian wrote was read also in Italy, Germany, and France; and so this Latin, which to the Magyar was almost like his mother-tongue, kept him in contact with the culture of the West. He now cultivates his own language, and as this is seldom studied by the foreigner, that interchange of thought has in a great measure ceased, which to a certain degree once existed between Hungary and the rest of Europe. The literature which is most accessible, being nearest to them, is that of Germany; but though the educated all speak German, the want of sympathy with everything that bears that name, prevents their profiting from it as they might do.

In Klausenburg, was formerly a sort of law college (*Rechts Schule*), where lectures were held in the Hungarian language; here the young men of family invariably came to study. This, at least, was good mental discipline; but there was another advantage arising from this institution,—the Saxon youth came here to learn Hungarian, and as most of them had small means, they added to their income by giving lessons in the families of the nobility. These young men were well informed; they spread around them a knowledge of, and fostered a taste for German literature, philosophy, and science; and, by this communion of the two nations, a better acquaintance was formed, and an understanding and juster appreciation of each other's qualities were obtained.

The present generation has grown up amid the excitement of a great national struggle. Many a youth joined the ranks of the volunteers, when—had the times been quieter—he would have been at work in school. When all was over, it was hardly to be expected that the young soldier would sit down to learn and endeavour by

persevering study, to make up for lost time; he had, too, in the field acquired a taste for ruder pleasures, for a more restless life. All conspires therefore to make his education an imperfect one.

The greater number of the nobles are so reduced in fortune, that it is difficult for them to afford their children the instruction and opportunities they would wish. Ready money is what hardly anybody possesses; yet the tutor, governess, and masters must be paid in cash. The expense of a sojourn at a foreign university, as well as the journey thither, is greatly increased by the high rate of agio. What, therefore, is a parent to do, who, though his granaries be full, can hardly get together enough money to pay the taxes?

Not only from a political point of view, but on account of an interchange of thought, it is most regrettable that the Hungarian holds himself aloof from the Saxon. For among the latter are men of considerable acquirements, and who, their language being the same, follow, as we have seen, with loving interest, the progress of knowledge in Germany. They have, accordingly, what the Hungarians have not,—a vast national storehouse, as it were, which is ever being replenished, and whence they can always draw fresh supplies of intellectual culture.

And even were the mental cultivation of the Saxons less than it really is, it would be an advantage to the Hungarian to mix with men with different opinions, and listen to other arguments than his own, which, as he shuns opponents, and associates only with friends, he has never contested.

Now, thus to always listen to ourselves, and those who think as we do, must have the effect of narrowing our view, and we move at last in a circle beyond whose boundary we neither step nor look. I cannot help say-

ing that this has struck me as being the case in my conversations with many most estimable Hungarians on political questions. The same topics are always handled, and always in the same way; yet it would seem possible that different minds, even while adhering to the same fundamental principles, might discover some new point of view, each grappling the subject according to his own individuality.

And it is this which I have missed in all the conversations in question. The reason for a parity of political opinion I have already accounted for. But this limit which is set to the range of argument among the Hungarians, has its origin in the habit of their associating only, and continually talking over these matters, with persons whose views are the same as their own. No new idea is elicited, for as all agree on the question, there is no necessity for endeavouring to illume it anew.

Thus, the modifying influence of opposing views never reaches them: they do not undergo that social collision with others, which, after all, is so essential in enabling us to get rid of prejudice, to come to just conclusions, and to form a fair estimate of our opponents and their acts.

Such contact, I say, is here wholly wanting. From all not of their party and their opinion, Hungarians keep aloof; they neither associate with them in public nor in private life.* In this respect they resemble the people of Israel, who, even in their days of adversity, kept themselves completely apart from all who were not of the elect.

And what, we may imagine, are the results of this

* Inasmuch, however, as they are apt to attribute unworthy motives to an opponent, and set him down as a rascal, they perhaps could hardly do otherwise.

systematic isolation? Inveterate prejudice, inaccurate conclusions, and a most unfair estimate of all and each differing from them in principle or in aim.

Exclusiveness, too, inevitably begets excessive self-appreciation; and this is the besetting sin of the Hungarian. It was so of the Jews, and would alone have led to their undoing.

In all questions touching only on nationality, this sentiment shows itself in towering strength. It is with something of the feeling of the noble for the plebeian that the Hungarian looks down on others not of the Magyar race. His contempt of the German is nearly as great as his hate; and yet, but for him, Hungary to-day were under a Turkish Hospodar.*

This pride alone, irrespective of other causes, would make negotiation between Hungary and Vienna peculiarly difficult; for the Hungarian not only does not recognize Austrian authority, he neither allows that the Government and himself are on an equal footing. He, simply as Hungarian, has a higher position; and if he does not make this a preliminary, put into words, he shows, by his whole bearing, that it is the ground he takes,—by the imperiousness of his demands, by the haughty rejection of all proposals for concession. The very notion that *he* should concede in anything, were the injustice of the demand not so monstrous, would seem to him simply ridiculous; he dictates to authority what he will have done, which is, according to his view, in the acknowledged order of things, or rather a consequence founded on an acknowledged natural law. In every negotiation with the Government, when he condescends to take such a step, he always starts from one point, viz. that it is an indubitable truth he is perfectly in the right, and the Go-

* In 1686, Ofen was taken from the Turks by Charles of Lothringen.

vernment utterly in the wrong: that it is the Government, therefore, which has to come and sue.

Every one will understand how, with such premisses, obstacles must arise at the very outset, making arrangement impossible. Indeed, "negotiation" is not the right word to use; for nothing of the sort does, or, under such circumstances, can take place. It is simply dictation in another form, on the part of Hungary, to the Imperial Government, as a conqueror, after a signal victory, would dictate to the vanquished.

Another peculiarity struck me. In every explanation given on political questions, it is invariably as a perfectly innocent victim that the Hungarian appears; not a shade of wrong appertains to him, nor is he answerable for one of his misfortunes. All is the work of others: he is merely the sufferer—the *Ur-leidende*, to use a German compound—a sort of modern Prometheus, whose gigantic unmerited suffering appeals, not in silence, but loudly to humanity and Heaven. Lord Byron loved to parade his misery, till every healthy-minded person was quite sick of hearing of it; so, too, the Hungarian glories in an occasion to show that he has been wronged.

Now, whatever cause of complaint the Hungarians may at present have, it is, after all, not so pre-eminently superior to any that their co-citizens could prefer. Burdens weigh on others as well as on them; others suffer equally from abuses and mismanagement, and it is not they only to whom relief comes tardily. They, perhaps, do not deny this; but as to others, that, they say, is quite a different thing. "*We* are Magyars." That at once changes every question. A deficient or oppressive law, directly it reaches *them*, increases in imperfection ten-thousandfold. Another, they would simply find bad; but should it, however remotely, affect themselves or their nationality, it is

then not only bad, but becomes a crime,—an act which no reasoning can ever justify.*

These views, unreasonable and illogical as they are, result from past times; for much as the Hungarian loved freedom (for himself), he would fain have with it all the prestiges and privileges belonging to a feudal aristocracy. No one sets more value on prerogative than he;† all his laws were founded on it. Hence he was monarchical; for in Hungary, royalty was nothing else but a monopoly kept up for the benefit of the nobles.

Owing to his excessive party-feeling, the Hungarian exhibits exactly the same fault which he attributes to his rulers—a dislike to hear the truth. Princes usually hear just what they wish to hear; with the Hungarian, inasmuch as he is able to manage it, it is the same. In the one case, the unpleasant truths are kept back by the obsequious courtier; in the other, the Hungarian himself excludes all and every opinion that could be distasteful, because varying from his own; whatever might "help to work off the dregs of false opinion," he keeps far from him.

There are two passions which I think the Hungarians carry to excess, in their relations with Austria,—resentment and distrust. None are, politically, more uncharitable than they: in looking at an antagonist, they only

* In the discourse of the Hungarians about themselves and their nationality, there is not the remotest approach to anything like logical reasoning. A friend was abusing the Government for the bad arrangements made for enfranchising the land. "But," said I, "it was Kossuth did that, not the Government."—"Yes," was the answer, "but later, no doubt, some plan would have been devised for ordering things better, and to make the burdens easier to bear,"—thus accusing Government not only for what it did *not* do, but for the non-execution of an arrangement which the opposite party *might* PROBABLY have carried out.

† With the Hungarians, it is not so much liberal principles that they care about, as autonomy.

see deformity; and this leads me to speak of a habit greatly to be regretted,—of attributing to opponents the most unworthy motives; marking them, by this means, with a moral brand.

In the so-called "good old times" in England, to which many of us, I opine, must now look back with shame and wonderment, this was done during the fury of an election; but even then, the temporary struggle over, the calumnies put forth were dropped, and were forgotten. Reprobatory as the system was, every one knew it was but a momentary party manœuvre. But it is not so here: the bad character once given to an opponent—and every one is stamped as bad—is persisted in, and upheld ever after. When you hear the leading men of the other party mentioned, it would seem as if all that was worthless had united to array itself against Hungary.

Now, we too have our political differences, and strong party-feeling exists with us also; but the fiercest opposers of Cobden or Peel or Disraeli, never said these men were rogues; nor, when the Reform Bill was carried, or that for Catholic Emancipation, did one side say that the leaders on the other had been bribed. But here it is so; and not to march with the Hungarians is, in their eyes, proof sufficient of rascality. How unjust they are in this respect, carried away by the heat of passion, I have more than once discovered. I have purposely become acquainted with men whom they have thus spoken of, and from the most various sources obtained information about them; but I cannot say that what I thus learned bore out their assertions.

As the lion is said to lash his flanks with his tail to rouse him to the attack, so the Hungarian is always goading himself on by brooding over and recapitulating his wrongs; and not only those of to-day, but of the past as

well. No one denies that he has been wronged, or asserts that Austria is blameless. Ireland, too, was ill-treated, sorely and long enough; but that is no ground for still imputing to the English Government, in all its acts towards the sister island, the worst, most wicked intentions. For everything unfavourable that happens, or has happened to them, the Hungarians make Government answerable. It is, of course, gratifying to our self-love to be told, and to tell ourselves, that not we, but somebody else, is to blame for what we suffer; and, accordingly, they have a dogma to which they cling as though salvation depended upon it, viz. that Government desires to ruin them financially,—in short, to destroy them,—and accordingly plans everything for this particular end. The absurdity of such a scheme is not perceived; but in every enactment, no matter what it be, the Hungarian discovers a plan, direct or indirect, for doing *him* some harm.*

And yet, as will be seen later, the extra tax levied to pay the debt incurred by the commutation of feudal

* It is curious how information is sometimes obtained, unsought and unexpectedly. In talking with subordinate persons, Germans and Hungarians, who had fought in the revolution, as each related his adventures and experience, I learned much that threw light on the events of that time. One individual, as he told me of his harassing marchings and countermarchings, his privations and hardships, said: "In the beginning, orders were continually coming from Government, 'Nur pacificiren! nur pacificiren! Nicht streng seyn,' "—"Pacify, pacify,' only pacify! don't use severity." Yet the Hungarians assert that Austria wished to push matters to extremities by her uncompromising mien. Now I happen also to have learned, that the state of the army at that time was such as to explain why the Government did just the contrary, and anxiously desired pacification. Clergymen, who then were young professors, and with the army, have told me that the troops were barefoot, the artillery horses had all sorts of harness, with Wallacks now, and now with gipsies, as drivers. Sometimes they had only oxen to drag the guns along. The commissariat was execrable, and cheating going on in every department; the captains and non-commissioned officers were excellent, but the generals and staff-officers utterly inefficient. The Italian campaign showed the truth of these assertions.

rights, etc., is as high as it is, because the Hungarian landowners received so much as indemnity,—because in their case the most favourable calculations were made. The sums received by several in commutation were higher than the purchase-money of the estate, and thus some may be said to have their estates for nothing. (See the official Registers—Grund-Entlastung Bücher—at Hermannstadt.) But as the possessors were often deeply in debt, which was not the fault of Government, the personal benefit was not as great as it would otherwise have been. How different the reckoning made in their case from that when the Saxon clergy had their tithes commuted! (See Chapter XVIII.)

The Saxon, too, who had no rights to commute,—as on Saxon ground serfdom might not exist,—pays of course his quota, like the rest, to liquidate this debt, incurred by Government; for it is not possible to make exceptions, and exempt those who derived no benefit from the measure. Government also decreed that those Hungarians, who were indebted to any public office, might pay in Government securities, *which were to be taken at par;* whilst others who offered them had them accepted only at the lower value, as quoted on the Stock Exchange: thus the Government did in reality assist them as much as was in its power. If the case were reversed, and it were the Hungarians who had to pay for a benefit in which they had no share, there would be no end to the lamentation, and the appeals against such unparalleled injustice.*

* The memory of the Hungarian fails him only when an exception has been made *in his favour*. During the revolutionary war, a contribution of 30,000*fl.* was levied on Klausenburg by the Austrian general. Later, this sum was restored by Government; but I never heard any Hungarian mention the fact. Hermannstadt was forced by Bem to pay 50,000*fl.*, but the Government never thought of lightening the burden that town had incurred by its fidelity.

Yet if, in his relations with Austria, the Hungarian's memory is reten-

What I saw and heard in Transylvania, continually reminded me of Ireland under O'Connell rule. As the Agitator diligently cherished detestation of the "Sassenach," so here, by every means, hatred towards Austria is sustained. Each measure of the English Government for Ireland, whether good or imperfect, was alike denounced; and when it was impossible to prove the unfitness, or the monstrous injustice of the new enactment, it was then asserted that some stealthy device for wronging Ireland lurked behind unseen. It is exactly the same in Transylvania now: even as regards the rallying-cry, there is resemblance, "Ireland for the Irish!" "Hungary for the Hungarians!" Under Irish rule, it was said Ireland would grow wealthy, quiet, and happy; were the hated Sassenach but away, there would be industry and order in the land. Yet we all know what was the state of Ireland when she had a parliament of her own, and what that parliament was worth. Without England we know, too, what Ireland would become.

The condition of Hungary, when the nation had their own native kings, is also a matter of history; and I do not think the picture we have of it is such as to justify us in looking on it as a state to which sensible men of the nineteenth century would willingly return.

tive for those occurrences only which tell against the Government, the case is very different with others who have shown him kindness or sympathy. I had once occasion to order something to be made for me, and, when finished, was about to pay for it; but my Hungarian acquaintance would not hear of remuneration; and then he told me, that once, when on a journey, he had met an Englishman, who had shown him the kindest attention, and while at Paris had aided him in various ways. This, he said, he would never forget; and he always sought, and hoped to find, an opportunity of making return for those friendly offices, and to be able to do for an Englishman what his chance acquaintance had done for him. What sincere, intent satisfaction it gave him to be able to do something for me, was evident; I have not often seen the remembrance of a service cherished so lovingly.

I am not aware, that by enforcing national hatred from the tribune and the altar, Ireland has been in any way benefited, or her people made happier. The ferment has ceased now; and men living together in kindly fellowship rather wonder, I believe, that they could so recently have had the folly to regard each other as mortal foes.

The Hungarians are, undoubtedly, perfectly justified in resolutely demanding fair laws, equal rights, and in striving to obtain all the advantages of constitutional government. Nor are they less so in holding up to view the imperfections of the executive, and in pointing to the many faults of its administration; in doing this, however, they give way to an impulse which does not seem to me to be manly; on the contrary, it is more in accordance with the tactics often followed by the other sex. They pick out single detached instances, collect all imaginable circumstances which could tend to prove mal-legislation, or abuse, or the infliction of a wrong, and rear them on high as a banner round which to rally. On every act the most unfavourable construction is put;* but as the great thing is to seize on every opportunity for making out a fresh grievance, such construction is unavoidable. In family life, it is a similar mode of conduct which causes such bickerings, and destroys all household peace. In its effect it is like that of a poison absorbed into the physical system, and which, by laming certain functions, unfits them for healthy action. Now, it imparts a jaundiced colouring to objects viewed, and falsifies appearances; now, the virus acting on the mind with a morbid influence, horrid bugbears—the more horrid the better—

* The comparison is, I know, a trivial one, and for this reason I hesitate to make it; but I own this constant enumeration of every collateral petty circumstance, this twisting and turning each thing into a grievance, reminded me always of Mrs. Caudle.

are hugged and doted on, and cherished as truth: thus every view taken is more or less diseased.*

Thus I have often, with regret, observed how the Hungarians will raise to undue importance incidents which occur all the world over, and speak of them as acts of treachery specially directed against themselves,—as proofs of what black acts Austria is capable of perpetrating. For example, it was one of their chief grievances, that at the elections, bribery, direct and indirect, was employed. I have no doubt that it was so; but they forget that such things happen also out of Austria. Even in our constitutional state, which the Hungarians look to as a pattern, bribery has sometimes been heard of, and is practised on such occasions, so people say, even by the Government candidate.

Amusingly enough, the very gentleman who related, with indignation, this vile conduct on the part of the Government, gave me an instance of the unreliability of the Wallacks. The Hungarian party wanted to bring in their man. "Day after day"—I give my friend's own words,—"we told him (a Wallachian voter) the name he was to say, and paid him brandy enough beside; yet, when the day of election came, so stupid was he, that he did not know it."

"All the law-officers are open to bribery," said —— to me one day, with disgust at such practices. He was, he told me, also obliged to employ that means, when he wanted a suit proceeded with quickly. "It is not done by me direct, but through my lawyer."

Neither of my informants saw, in his own case, the

* In 'The Invasion of the Crimea,' in that succinct account of the "Transactions which brought on the War," Kinglake, with his usual graphic power, describes a parallel state. The Czar's hatred of Lord Redcliffe was so intense, his fancies about his influence "were so maddening," that he was literally blinded by his wrath.

least harm in bribing the voter or the judge; yet, a like act emanating from a Government authority would be held up to universal execration. Neither remembered, or chose to remember, that longing for victory, and the adoption of underhand methods to ensure it, are not characteristics of Austria alone; and that the wish to carry the day in an election or a debate, is no specially Hapsburg frailty, but exist as much at Westminster as in the Reichsrath,—everywhere, in short, where human nature is found, whether at Pesth or Paris, in Potsdam or Peru.

I have pointed to these things, because no well-wisher to the Hungarians can observe them without regret. The system they adopt, makes the duties of their rulers all the more difficult, and has retarded, and does still retard, the very changes they require; it throws obstacles in the way of obtaining the advantages, whose non-possession they make the great cause of their complaints. It is the same in social life; for those whose temper is difficult, their best friends even can do little; yet, strangely enough, it almost always happens that such individuals whose intractability or dogmatism keeps them sundered from others, possess, besides, pre-eminently excellent qualities which all acknowledge. These are the men of whom people say, "They are themselves their greatest enemies;" for their own sake, therefore, I could wish the Hungarians would proceed differently in their political tactics, and in a different spirit.*

* In no way do the Hungarians more injure themselves, and act against their own interests, than by abstaining from all share in the government, and in declining to hold any office; for, by their refusal, men are placed in authority who are unfit for it. Yet while the Hungarians suffer by the want of trust and incompetency of such officers, they chuckle at the abuses and the imperfections to which their nomination leads; they are so many faults more to add to the already numerous subjects of complaint. I was told the following by a Hungarian to whom I owe much information:—A

If I have not dwelt on the deficiencies of Government, it is not because I am blind to them, or wish they should be concealed; but these the enemies of Austria have put forward so often, there is nothing left for me to say. Moreover, the greater or less amount of fault on the other side has nothing to do with the system here spoken of. Were the Government ten times worse than it is, that system would be an unwise one, inasmuch as it compasses nothing useful, and defeats its own ends; neither does reproach for past errors aid conciliation, and it is this which is more wanted than all beside. At present even, it would effect more than the most admirable laws; for without the one, the others would be promulgated in vain.

What, to my mind at least, are faults on the part of the Hungarians, have not been, as it would seem, so generally perceived. Had I remained a shorter time than I did among them, they would probably have escaped my notice also; for at first, I own, I saw things as they presented them to me. Indeed, the whole manner of the Hungarian is so prepossessing, that he at once wins you as a partisan: he appeals to your feelings with such natural eloquence; he touches, so irresistibly, chords which, as they vibrate, find an echo in every Englishman's heart, and sets forth his wrongs, suffered for love of country and freedom and constitutional government, so glowingly, that you are dazzled, moved, delighted, and enthralled. But if you are calm, and not given to senti-

man wanting a loan, went to the Vienna Bank to obtain a certain sum, as mortgage on his estate; and, that the authorities might know its extent and worth, he took with him a paper signed by the first officer (Government officer) of the county or comitat. "I beg your pardon, but with that signature I don't give you a penny," said the authority at the bank. The man went to the Chancellor, Count Nadasdy, to complain; his answer was, "I can't help it, *I can't get officers.*" My friend, who told me the story, did not perceive that it was he and his party who were the cause of this.

mentality, and take the time and trouble to weigh and to compare statements, you will find that all is not *quite* as you first thought. You discover a flaw, where you were led to believe there was no discrepancy, and faults or omission and commission appear on both sides, though at first you believed they all were only on one. By yielding to first impressions, (and, indeed, you cannot help yielding to them, but the thing is to verify and correct afterwards,) strangers who have come in contact with the Hungarians, have flattered their vanity, and thus sustained and strengthened them in their greatest fault.

No one, I think, who has accompanied me through this book, can doubt of the many admirable qualities which the Hungarians possess. But in social and in political life these show differently, owing, in one case, to the observance, and in the other to the want of measure; and hence we see how firm resolve may become stubbornness; how he who, in his daily relations, never forgets that "noblesse oblige," may, as political adversary, be overbearing; how self-respect and national pride may degenerate into vanity. For as certain plants that keep on expanding, removing always further and further from their source of growth, at last change their character, so just the noblest quality, cherished in excess, merges imperceptibly into its opposite; and that becomes a weakness which before was strength.

It was necessary to say all this, in order to show the real state of things, and to explain some that otherwise might be judged falsely. My words, I fear, will give offence to many who will now be less kindly disposed towards me than before; but, by stating only half the truth, false appearance would be enabled to wear its semblance, and still go deceiving. And this is always an evil, and what no man, in any case, should lend his aid to do.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ALONG THE ARANYOS TO TOROCZKÓ.

ONCE more I passed the valley where the stamping-mills were noisily at work, and soon reached Topánfalva, on the swiftly-flowing Aranyos. The site is pretty: a noble background of forest* rises behind the village, and, at a bend in the river, you look far up a deep, narrow side-valley which here opens upon the stream. There is a large Government depôt of wood beside the river, and shingles for roofing piled up in millions. These, and tubs and gold, are the sole exports of the place.

The whole of this valley is very pleasing; it winds and changes often; there is constant variety. When the road leading to Thorda is finished, a more lovely drive than this may not easily be found.

I gave a German, living in the country, a lift in my waggon, part of the way; he told me he did not like the Saxons, they were so mistrustful, and such egotists. Roads, he said, were, in general, better kept formerly under Bach than now: *every* road was good then. Then, too, there was order. The civil officers he appointed were disliked, being foreigners, but they were friendly and humane. Their

* To be sold.

unpopularity arose from having to introduce a new system and new regulations: as if *they* could help this; but they were, my companion continued, far better educated than the "Beamten" now.

The mountain Wallacks (Motzen) that live about here, are considered specially uncouth, revolutionary, and difficult to govern. Several men passed me, with their long black hair braided into a single plait, and hanging over their shoulder in front. The women are said to be handsome, but I saw none that were so.

In the village churchyards were sometimes six or eight tall saplings, twenty feet high, over a grave, all the branches and bark stripped off, with merely a tuft of foliage at the top; these indicated that a youth lay buried beneath. At Brezest I found horses awaiting me, and we went on along the river-side, passing many villages. At last we crossed the river, and began to ascend the opposite steep. All this part of the ride was picturesque in the highest degree: we mounted by zigzag and circuitous paths, now winding round a deep dark gorge, where the rocks fell perpendicularly to the river, which, chafed by the many turnings in its course, dashed angrily against the crags, that suddenly made the passage so narrow. At every step upwards, the view became more novel and enjoyable. I could look down now on high hills, and over others, and see fields and villages on the opposite side; and I was able to peer below into the narrow glen, through which the Aranyos was rushing in intricate windings. And what a sight was revealed to me higher up! There I saw the far-off chain of the Bahár mountains, with snow upon their tops, and vapoury clouds; and the very indistinctness of the outline gave an idea of grandeur and of distance. Between me and them what a vast space! I could see tributary streams

that fell into the Aranyos, and numerous hamlets on their banks; and hills that divided the land, and separated the inhabitants wholly from each other. But for me there were no separations: I overlooked them all. Much as I have been among the mountains, I do not remember any scene that gave me more delight to gaze on. There was beauty, and grandeur, and picturesqueness: an exquisite foreground, whence the eye glanced over a middle distance, varied by slopes and bold promontories, away to the peaks, faintly marking the far horizon.

It took us many hours to cross the ridge. Long lines of packhorses, laden with salt, met us on the way, and we were sometimes obliged to stand aside to let them pass. Close to the mighty walls of rock, among crags and wildness, the path occasionally led where no outlet was visible. But at last we reached the summit,—and descending the other side for nearly as long as we had been mounting, reached Toroczkó at last.

The Unitarian clergyman awaited me, and again I was a guest in a Hungarian family. In the sitting-room, portraits of Shakespeare and Bentham were hanging; Renan's book, too, was here, but I found it everywhere in Transylvania, both among the clergy and laity. The inhabitants of Toroczkó came originally from Styria, or the neighbourhood, to work the mines of the place; but they have become so thoroughly Hungarian that it is difficult to find any one who speaks German. In their houses, however, the people have preserved their nationality; they are the same as the Saxon dwellings. There, too, were the rows of jugs round the top of the room, the piles of bedding prettily embroidered, and the towels ornamented with red.

The dress of the people here is undoubtedly the richest and most handsome of any in the whole province; it is

well worth describing:—In winter is worn, hanging over the shoulders, a short hussar jacket of black cloth, bordered all round, and the cuffs also, with finest lambskin three inches broad. It has a standing collar of dark fur, though this is never put on, and the whole of the sleeves even are lined with fur. Down the front is blue braid, and, in the spaces between, gold thread and crimson silk are seen. At the throat is a large gilded clasp, with amethysts, and garnets, or pearls; and large raised buttons and tassels ornament the front and sides.

The sleeves of the shift, which is as fine as *batiste*, are very large. Across the upper part, six rows of gold spangles overlapping each other form a broad bar, and from this to the wrist a perpendicular line of the same breadth descends; this mass of metal, on the white linen, looks very handsome. At the wrist, the full sleeve is held together by a cuff, five or six inches broad, knitted of red silk and gold thread.

In winter, the girls wear a waistcoat of green cloth, without sleeves, lined with fur, and embroidered with yellow braid; it fits tight to the body, and round the neck and the sleeve-hole, and below, runs a broad border of white lambskin. Over this comes a looser jacket of sheepskin; the pocket-holes trimmed with white and black fur, with fox-skin round the neck. The whole of the snowy white sheepskin is ornamented with red braid. The lawn bosom of the shift is richly embroidered in black. The apron is, like the bodice, of green cloth, trimmed with yellow braid; but this is three or four inches broad, in a variety of patterns. The white petticoat, which reaches to the ankle, is plaited in innumerable little folds. Below, the boots of red leather with small high heels, can just be seen.

In summer, instead of the jaunty hussar jacket, a short

mantle, reaching only a little below the waist, is worn; it is of blue cloth, bordered all round with green ribbon. The girls wear on their head a tiara of black velvet, about five inches broad in front, and the whole of this is covered with gold lace, sewed upon it. At the back of the head a fringe of ribbons of all colours,—red, white, green, black, and yellow, gold brocade and silver brocade,—hangs down to the shoulders, and looks extremely pretty. But the matrons have a charming head-gear: first comes a tight-fitting cap of muslin, embroidered with white braid, which covers the forehead; then a veil of the most delicate gauzy web is placed over the head, and brought under the chin, so that the oval of the face alone is seen; and the two ends embroidered in red, and with a lace border two inches wide, hang loose down on either side behind. The girdle is very Oriental-looking; it is two or three inches broad, and is made of six or more thick red silk cords bound together at intervals with gold thread. The ends, formed of a double green and red cord, hang down in front. A silk handkerchief, not for use but show, of the brightest colours possible, hangs open from the girdle, and the toilette is then complete.

Nothing can be more charming than this Toroczkó costume; it is most becoming, and the materials—at least among the richer peasants—of the very finest quality; a painter, who should come here, would be enchanted with it. There is the ruin of an ancient castle just outside the little market-town, perched up on a steep pointed rock.

The district about Toroczkó abounds in iron; it makes excellent steel, and obtained "honourable mention" at the Exhibition of 1862. The ore contains from 60 to 70 per cent. of iron. The mining is carried on by the peasants, who understand nothing whatever of such opera-

tion; and the mountains are covered with heaps of rubble thrown out at the mouths of the numerous adits. The smelting-houses are fashioned in the most primitive style; and I should think Tubal Cain proceeded in his working of metals much in the same manner as the people of Toroczkó at the present day. A shed erected beside a brook, covers the smelting-furnace, built up of clay and stones; on one side, large bellows blow the fire: a hole is above to feed the furnace, and below on the opposite side is another by which the molten metal is got out. When it is ready, the glowing mass is hauled forth and dragged to a hole scooped in the earth, and partly filled with charcoal; here, with large hammers, it is beaten into a compacter shape, *and then two men, each armed with a common woodman's axe, chop the great lump till it is cut in two.* The time and labour thus expended is great, but it is useless to propose a better manipulation: the people prefer keeping to their own old ways. The ore is so easily fusible, that after being roasted it melts without any ingredient being mixed with it. Were these rich mines worked in a manner only approaching even to the requirements of the case, the iron of Toroczkó would, on account of its excellence, find its way to distant markets, and the inhabitants derive from the mines twenty times the profit they now gain. About 7200 cwt.* of iron ore is produced a year: price 9–10*fl.* per cwt.

The population is Unitarian. At the Communion, bread is used, as with the Calvinists: in the Lutheran Church they have wafers.

From here I drove to Thorda, and saw, in passing, the remarkable cleft in the mountains called the Thorda Spalt.

* This was the quantity named to me by a competent authority in Klausenburg; but I have since read, in an account written by Dr. Andrae, that 17,000 cwt. are produced. I therefore give both computations.

On my right I had always the mountain-ridge, which separated the higher land from the extensive plain southward; on the other side, the Aranyos; and it is through this rocky barrier that the cleft is formed. A mountain stream roars along the narrow channel; and when much rain has fallen, it rises to such a height, and boils and rushes so impetuously, that to pass there is impossible. This passage through the mountain is some miles long; at the bottom it is now six or eight feet wide, now perhaps twenty. The sides of the wild crags are 950 feet high, and very little out of the perpendicular; the only path therefore is beside the stream, or the bed of the torrent itself, where large fragments of rock serve as stepping-stones. The further you go, the wilder becomes the scene. Some distance up the steep sides are large caverns, capable of holding a hundred persons; the entrance to one of these was once barricaded by a bandit, who, in the seventeenth century, had made it his retreat. At the end of the passage, you gaze down on Thorda and the plains beyond.

Up to 1848, Thorda was what is termed *oppidum nobilium:* every one of the original citizens was a nobleman or freeholder, and had particular rights, privileges, and immunities; they chose no representative, but represented themselves.

The mines here are on a large scale. Till 1815, from 400,000 to 500,000 cwt. of salt were raised yearly. The Romans worked them, and vestiges of their labours present themselves continually. In one place, cinders have been found on spots where they sharpened their tools; in another, leathern bags, locked up in the salt in an old shaft, and the remains of ladders of birch-wood, so well preserved that even the rind is still white. The fragments of oak, however, have all turned black, owing to the tannin contained in the wood acting on the iron, and

forming a sort of black ink. Strange to say, both woods were still elastic. Here the strata of salt are undulating, like the billows of a suddenly crystallized ocean; the cause of this baffles inquiry. The neatness with which the miners hew the walls is remarkable; but I was told it takes ten years before a workman learns to do it well.

Wood is dear at Thorda, on account of the disappearance of the forests. All along the rivers, dams are made for driving mills, and these consume an immense quantity of young trees,—oak-saplings of ten, fifteen, and twenty years' growth. The dams are constantly washed away, and as often renewed, so that the rising forests disappear to replace these huge unwieldy structures.

The Wallack population still name the plain round Thorda after Trajan.* On the plateau opposite the mine was a fortified Roman stronghold, called Salina, and in the childhood of my companion a large portal still existed there, but the stones have all been carried away to build colleges and mills. There is everywhere the same utter carelessness about the antiquities of the country.

I stayed at Thorda with a Saxon family who had been long expecting me, and after a sojourn, which was so pleasant that I only regret it was not longer, returned once more to Klausenburg.

Now came the only sorrowful part of my whole journey,—the bidding farewell to those valued friends, Hungarian and German, with whom at different times I had passed so many pleasant hours. I hope they will remember me with the same kind feeling with which I always

* A curious instance of the strictness with which these people observe the feasts of their Church, was afforded me while in the north. I had told a young Wallack girl to go to the photographer to have her likeness taken; but though she wished it, she never went. The portrait was sent me long after I had left, and I then learned that the reason of her delay was, that she had not ventured to be photographed during Lent.

think of them, and that no one will take amiss what is here said of his nation. This book could and ought to be better than it is; but, with all its shortcomings, I can aver, in the concluding words of another of my works, that "in no one instance am I conscious of exaggeration, or that a single assertion may be found which is not truth."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

WHAT I OBSERVED.

My stay in Transylvania has given me an insight into a series of difficulties the Government has to cope with, whose intensity and number is greater than I could have believed possible. They meet you in every conceivable shape, under every conceivable circumstance, and in every rank, class, and condition of the inhabitants. To him whose business it is to examine into or remove them, their magnitude is appalling: it is enough to turn the brain of any one who undertakes the task; so overwhelming must be the sense of weakness in presence of so tremendous a work. When I consider the confusion, the contradictions, the jealousies, mistrust, anomalies, and self-will to be found everywhere, the conflicting rights of the different nationalities, the antiquated privileges still held fast, though at variance with later arrangements, the strife for supremacy, the hubbub of language,—debates being carried on, and ordinances issued, in three different tongues,—all this, and much more besides, makes one wonder that the minister of Austria does not end his days in a mad-house. The present state of Transylvania

constitutes a web so wildly confused, and of such baffling intricacy, that the like is only beheld in dreams, or in those opium-visions of De Quincy, when he saw Titanic piles of architecture, with interminable stairs, ever evolving into fresh flights, to climb which a million of years would not have been sufficient. And as we awake, overcome with horror at what we have been shown,—so diminutive do we feel in the presence of such magnitude, so vain and hopeless our attempts even to thread those weary stairs,—thus, methinks, must an Austrian minister feel with regard to his task as such. One circumstance, however, tends to preserve his sanity: the whole amount of evil never meets his eye. He does not see the inextricably tangled skein, but only a few ends of it which have been got out and unravelled. His civil officers give a plausible account of the state of things, and are satisfied if all presents a smooth surface. Even were he to visit a province, he, as minister, would not get thoroughly informed. A fair outside would be prepared for him; and he would not have the time to devote months to a closer study of the land and its institutions. And yet this is the only way of getting at the truth; as here, for example, are conditions which exist nowhere else: the country, the people, and their requirements are all peculiar, and are not to be judged of, and legislated for, according to the principles which, for Austria Proper, for the Tyrol, or Bohemia, might be fitting and appropriate. Almost everything in Transylvania is in an exceptional state: a system which shall succeed must therefore take cognizance of such peculiar conditions; for these being inherent, it is as useless to ignore them as it would be to ignore a withered limb, and to call upon a recruit to march who had but one leg to stand upon; he may hop a few stops, but he will certainly not go far.

Now the confusion I have spoken of is the accumulated result of years of mismanagement; it is the sum total of all the sins of omission and commission of many preceding governments, but which that one coming last is obliged to bear alone, and, if possible, to repair. In this respect Ireland is again a parallel case, and the ministers of Queen Victoria have had to provide against evils which were sown by the soldiers of Elizabeth, and have been growing ever since. When we consider that this province is only one of several where there are like difficulties to be encountered, though not perhaps as great or as manifold as in Transylvania, the magnitude and difficulty of an Austrian minister's task may, in some measure, be conceived. Whoever undertakes the responsibility of such office might not unnaturally be supposed to be foolhardy, or heroically bold. Nowhere in the world are so many conflicting interests as here; and let him act as impartially as he may, some parties are sure to be aggrieved, and will loudly demand *equal* justice. If, again, all are listened to, and the rights of each one recognized,—as in the question of language, and certain courts of law,—a Babylonian confusion arises, and no one is able to find his way out of the labyrinth. It is an absolute impossibility for the minister to take any step whatever—no matter how enlightened it may be, or how pernicious—without two of the three parties declaiming against it. Nor can it be otherwise; that is the great misfortune: it *must* be so, from the very nature of things here; and, what adds to the difficulty, the declaimers, from their selfish point of view, have, after all, a certain amount of right on their side; for I defy you to move in any direction without somebody's privilege being infringed. There is but one cure for such a corrupt state,—a cure such as, regardless of all hereditary

and prescriptive rights, Napoleon I. administered to the Holy Roman Empire; he knocked down the whole fabric, in order to build it up anew. Something of this sort was attempted by the Government by the February Patent of 1861, when the advisers of the Crown committed what has been looked on as the grave error, of making the Emperor set aside the very charter which his predecessors had always sworn to, and which he himself, but a few months before, had solemnly promised to observe. No storm broke out on the occasion; but men's minds were surging like a troubled sea; and though calmer now, a low murmur is still heard, denoting the intensity of that commotion.

I am quite conscious how hazardous it is to make such assertions; nevertheless it is true, that there are complications so intricate that to undo them by patient unravelling is impossible; they must be *cut* apart, now with the scissors, now with the sword. People are often afraid to assert what they feel to be true; and many, also, when they have taken a necessary bold step, are afraid to go on in the same direction, trampling down what, except on such rare exceptional occasions, must and ought to be respected. Now, it was in the latter position that Austria placed herself: she ought either to have *gone on* deciding *imperatively*, regardless of opinion, or not have taken that first step at all. Of course, when I speak of unflinchingly and unswervingly going on in a prescribed line of conduct, it is meant that every step shall be founded on right and justice,—right, as understood in morals and religion, and unconnected with rights obtained by circumstance; for these, at such a moment, cannot be regarded.

But Austria having taken the initiatory bold step which put her in the wrong, inasmuch as she had not yet

won that success which, by justifying the act, shows that it was right, halted, and wished, if she proceeded further, to do so only in accordance with established laws. She was desirous to keep within the limits prescribed by these, so as not to give an enemy an opportunity of saying that a single act was illegal; but, in the strict sense, that first step of hers was so. What she ought to have done, therefore, was, as I said, to have gone further, and made that illegal act legal by the good which it compassed.*

I think I have already observed, that throughout Transylvania evidences were always presenting themselves to me of a careful avoidance on the part of the Government of anything like arbitrariness,—of an over-anxiety to keep *within* the law, to allow each and every conflicting claim, and to shun whatever might be interpreted as a desire to do away with these. But there are times and circumstances which make such anxiety a fault; for "dangerous as the doctrine is, we see no escape from the admission, that there is such a thing as the right of the strongest (taking strength beyond its original meaning of brute force), not only in fact, but in morals. It is the most ticklish thing to exercise this right fairly, but we all know times when we have felt its truth and force."†

And if ever the doctrine could, however unwillingly, be admitted, it was in the case in point; for I am firmly of opinion that no endeavour the Government could have made to come to an understanding with the Hungarians, about modifying their ancient charter, so as to put it more in accordance with the present advanced state of

* Special cases require to be met in a special manner; so, at least, it was said, when in India we blasted our prisoners from the mouths of cannon, and when that marvellous palace in China was given up to organized vandal destruction.

† 'Quarterly Review,' Oct. 8, 1864.

the Empire, would have had the least result.' Whoever has studied the Hungarian question and Hungarian character, as shown in politics, must feel this *to be a certainty*. For in no case can two persons ever meet in a conclusion where they start from quite different premisses; however they may differ on some, or many points, still there must be certain fundamental truths—facts, laws, name them what you will—on which both agree. Without this there can be no argument, because each is altogether in a different sphere to the other; all relation is thus destroyed. Something they must have in common. Now, this, which is so necessary, is wanting here: the one will only recognize certain laws; of others he denies even the existence. Argument is therefore vain, for one argues about a thing which the other says is not; and thus, again, arrangement is precluded.* It has been seen, again and again, that negotiation leads to nought,—a result, under the given circumstance, as certain as that of a rule of three. If, therefore, anything was to be done that should make an entire change, breaking with the old and adjusting to the new, it could only be brought about by fiat; there was no alternative. The difficulty was one of those into which states, like individuals, some-

* We have just had a notable instance of this, in the position Mr. Hope took up in regard to Liebig. The natural philosopher asserted the existence of certain natural laws, which neither Mr. Hope nor himself could gainsay, and which sufficed to make the scheme of the former impracticable. "There they are," said Liebig; "their existence is no invention of mine, but, being there, we must abide by them." But Mr. Hope denied their existence; he was, he said, "a practical man," and did not care for theories, and would, in spite of them, do what Liebig said was simply an impossibility. Hereupon Liebig gave up any further attempt at explanation, saying, that as Mr. Hope refused to acknowledge certain fundamental, immutable, incontrovertible laws—not concocted by him, but forming part of the great system of the universe,—it was quite useless for him to say a word more, as each thus stood in different regions, having nothing in common with each other.

times fell; whence escape, if to be had at all, can be only obtained by accepting one of two evils.

To have attempted to adjust difficulties or remove obstacles by calm deliberation or the mere force of law, would be about the same thing as trying to turn the course of the Danube, by lading out its waters with a teacup; yet it was felt that things could not go on as they were any longer, with two antagonistic principles at work, preventing all useful action, and that some great change was necessary. Pitt, in his time, came—in a like difficulty—to the same conclusion; he saw that if matters were to mend, others, beside Irishmen, must legislate for Ireland; this was essential. He also saw, "that the Dublin Government must be under the influence of the Imperial Parliament."*

Even he who thoroughly appreciates the blessings of constitutional government, will allow that absolutism has also advantages which the other system has not; and could we only be assured against its abuses, its directness and simplicity would alone make it preferable to the circuitousness and necessary admixture of mediocre understandings to be found in others; but, as this assurance cannot be given, we renounce unhesitatingly the advantages, be they what they may. However, under peculiar circumstances, absolutism for a time is better than a limited authority, for the simple reason, that it can do what the other, from its very nature, cannot accomplish. "Absolutism has ceased a great deal too soon for Transylvania," once observed to me an enlightened, liberty-loving inhabitant of the province. The same opinion was expressed to me, more than once, by a well-known Hungarian nobleman, one of the decided opponents of Austria: he said, "If the Emperor were to

* 'Quarterly Review,' article "Napier," p. 387.

ask me, what do you advise? I should say, introduce an absolute system directly; it will be much better than it is now."

Though I am well aware that both he and his party would find absolutism an evil, directly it came in contact with themselves, still this assertion, so often pronounced, shows that even they now see it is the only resource left, if anything is to be done. The issue of the February Patent was an absolute act, but its great fault was that it stood alone—an anomaly, amid other acts, which were all proceeded in with scrupulous observance of constitutional principles.

Yet, though the Hungarians assert their willingness for conciliation, I must say I am inclined to doubt it. They certainly are in no hurry for it, much as the land suffers by the delay; indeed, they say always, "We can wait," and then add, "We shall see if the Government can afford to do so." Herein we have a proof of the over-importance they attach to themselves, and of their under-valuation of their opponents; for, deceive themselves as they may, the truth is, they *cannot* afford to wait. Every day, of the present state of things, tells to their disadvantage. Of course the Government suffers by it as well; of that there can be no doubt; but it is a poor consolation for a sufferer to know that if he loses another loses too. They say that while the Hungarian difficulty lasts, Austria is hampered in her movements, and that she cannot move with a discontented province at her side; this is true, but it does not ameliorate their condition; on the contrary, for Austria's strength is their strength, and her weakness brings loss to them. The Hungarians have to learn that in following a great aim, we ought for the sake of the end to give up points of secondary importance. Besides, though any clause which they demand is not con-

ceded at once, who says it may not be obtained later? But the system is all or nothing. When talking on this point with my Hungarian friends, I always represented to them that the subject in England, and later, the different parties, did not obtain what they would have *at once;* but, that in every battle for their views or rights, they won only a part of what was sought. This they did not refuse, but took; and made it a means of adding to their strength,—a weapon for more effectually carrying on the fight.

But to act in this wise the Hungarians would look upon as a concession; what they say is, it would be leaving the "historische Standpunkt"—their "historic ground." Herein, perhaps without knowing it, they are deceiving themselves; they are—to use a phrase of eastern Europe—strewing dust in their own eyes. What they really require from the Government is unconditional surrender; the terms *they* will dictate. Now, this is more than the Government wants, or thinks of asking of *them.* The Government, on its part, is prepared to concede; but it cannot do so on all points.

It is not unlikely that this disposition to dictate, on the part of the Hungarians, may arise from, and hence be pardonable on account of, their antecedents. The Magyars formed a feudal aristocracy, with all the faults and weaknesses found in other aristocracies; their own rights were considered of vast importance, those of others infinitely less so. They were as tyrannical as all men in power, whether Englishmen or others, always are and always will be, when not restrained by law or education; and, wherever their own interests were concerned, they cared little about the "equal rights" of others. When, in 1842, they contrived a parliament, in which they and their party so predominated that they could do as they liked, they

were satisfied, and found it good.* They are just as much given to human weaknesses as other men; and an arrangement that flatters their vanity or that gives them a majority, or in short any advantage, is as eagerly seized on and held fast by them as by any other of us sinful mortals. This is not meant as blame; for love of supremacy, and the wish to give force to our views, is natural to us all; it is simply human nature; but I mention it to show the foolishness of such wrathful indignation directly an opponent commits a reprehensible act. It is not my wish—following their example—to pick out instances, which a particular year or occasion might furnish; this is a bad practice, embittering greatly, as it gives undue importance to acts and circumstances, and tends to make those appear special sins, which in reality are

* It is my opinion, founded on utterances of the Hungarians themselves, that they would have entered the parliament at Hermannstadt, had they been sure of a majority. They went there; but when they saw that they would not be able to carry all before them, they said that the regulations laid down for the business of the House were such as to prevent free discussion, and that, under such circumstances, they could not take their seats; this was put forward as the reason, though I believe the other was the real one. At all events, the words of a Hungarian nobleman, who wished to show me how justified his party was in refusing to enter, were these: "We saw the Chamber was so constituted that we should be outvoted; what then was the good of our going there?"

It is very possible that other reasons, founded on the laws of the House (*Geschäftsordnung*), had also weight; but what I mean to say is, that the prospect of not being the preponderating party, made them hold back.

They ought not to have forgotten, as I always told them, that those laws were merely preliminary regulations,—laid down as a groundwork on which to build up better ones. The whole was a sort of "Vor Parlament," to use a word coined during the movement in Germany; to advise on what there was to do, and on the mode of doing it; but the Government, knowing whom it would have to deal with, was *forced*, in self-defence, to be stringent in its regulations. Had it not been so, there would have been an end to business in the first hour of meeting. Without imposing certain limits to be observed by all, the Hungarians, unflinchingly bold as they are, would with their demands and propositions have upset everything. It was never

general ones, incidental to us all; indeed, recrimination cannot lead to good, and I wish that Hungarians would believe this. But, to use the words of the historian of the Crimean war, when speaking of the hatred of the Czar for Lord Redcliffe, their inimicality towards Austria "defies the healing art."

I, for my part, do not understand the distinction they make between Austria and the Emperor; and how they can profess, as they do, loyalty to the one and enmity to the other. If loyal to their king, they should not, meseems, exult in the difficulties of his realm; but they draw a distinction, which to themselves is perfectly satisfactory, though I hardly think it can be intelligible to others. Be it as it may, the irritation which they *systematically* cherish in their minds, is certainly incompatible with those sentiments which alone can lead to a good un-

intended to retain all those restrictions, but for the beginning they were necessary. The same with the so-called "Regalisten;" men not elected, but deputed by Government to sit in the House. Such a system cannot, of course, continue in a state where constitutional principles are to prevail; but I can quite well understand—thoroughly bad as, to my mind, such an arrangement is—that at a moment when an elective assembly was something quite new; when, too, some of the elements were fanatically inimical, and others almost devoid of culture,—it was absolutely necessary to resort to some such measure, in order to make it possible to carry out any sensible preliminary measures at all. And my argument with the Hungarians invariably was, "Why, then, did you not accept your mandate, and lend your powerful aid to build up a better fabric? Why did you not, without first thinking whether you would be in a majority or minority, enter the Assembly, and, raising your voice against any abuse of prerogative, propose better laws, more in accordance with a constitutional system? As you saw the defects, why did you not go and help to mend or remove them?"

A remark made by the author of a paper in the 'British Review,' "Austria in 1863," seems to me much to the point:—"What complaints the Hungarians may utter, one fact it is impossible for them to deny, namely, that the right of measuring their strength with the other races of the Empire was granted them, as to every one beside. The chance of gaining the preponderance was offered them; it is they who did not choose to run that chance."

derstanding between a people and its rulers. Nor can I but think that, by still imperatively demanding, the dignity and respect which should attach to monarchy are impaired. With the word "State," we are accustomed to connect the idea of one large assemblage governed by equal laws; here is an assemblage of different, mutually jealous people, each one demanding separate and peculiar rights, in accordance with its peculiar origin. The rights of one do not suit the other people; they renounce, discard them, because their particular antecedents happened to have this or that peculiarity.

Of all the difficulties an Austrian minister has to deal with, the opposition of the Hungarians is undoubtedly the greatest; and this, because of their intelligence, their boldness, their perseverance and implacability. But there are many others of minor importance, which in every province tend to harass and impede; the contest continually going on for supremacy of language is one of these. Let us fancy to ourselves the Irish peasant or the dwellers on some remote Scottish isle, speaking only his own native Erse, demanding "equal rights" for his tongue; the Welshman, too, making the same claim; and each requiring that, if his particular language was not to be supreme,—which, of course, in law and justice, he believes it ought to be,—at least every edict shall be in his as well as in the other languages. Thus, in Transylvania, official announcements, the debates of the Chamber, etc., are polyglot; there are three columns, one of which is German, the other Hungarian, and the third Roumain. In the Parliament, one speaker addresses the House in German, and is replied to by a Wallack deputy in his own tongue. Hansard would have a difficult task here.

I said above, that what I witnessed in Transylvania makes me look on the difficulties of a minister as some-

thing appalling. If then, but in imagination, we picture to ourselves the task which such a complicated state—running through many provinces*—involves, we become almost giddy at the thought; there is nothing like it to be found elsewhere. It is so different to anything we in England can even conceive of, that without knowing it, we are often unjust in our estimate of what Austria does or has left undone. If no great crisis come, a better condition of the empire will, before long, supervene. To this end a freer and more extended commerce will most contribute; and while to the land is thus brought a positive appreciable gain, another indirect advantage, hardly less important, is obtained. The foreigner, by such intercourse, will be better able to judge of Austria's policy, by taking into account her exceptional position.

WHAT IS WANTED.

To many, it will sound strange for me to say that there is, on the part of the Austrian Government, an over-anxiousness to conciliate the people, and a wish to avoid as much as possible rigorous enforcement of the law; but it is so. This I consider a decided fault; for laws, if they exist, must be carried out, or it would be better to have none. Such leniency is profited of by those very men for whom the restraint is most necessary.

As the very first step, therefore, to a happy change in Transylvania, I should say, "Have the law enforced to the very letter." Before a building can be raised, there must be a foundation; and this is the basis which here must first of all be laid; without it, the system that is developed, whatever it may be, will be unable to work:

* There are thirteen nations in Austria.

there will be, as there are now, constant stoppages, making progress impossible.

The second thing that must be done, and it is, in its way, as necessary as the first, is to introduce an authentic register of the landed property in the province (*Grundbücher*). Until it be done, the proprietors are helpless; they cannot raise money on their estates for purposes of improvement, because no one knows what mortgages may be already upon them. In such register, as in Domesday Book, the extent of each estate is given, and, moreover, every burden incurred by the possessor is inscribed also. Any one therefore, desirous of raising a sum on mortgage, has but to refer to this volume; there will be found an authentic record of the property and the habitation of the owner.

That this should be done is the general wish, from one end of Transylvania to the other; it would be a boon to the enterprising Hungarian noblemen, who are now bestirring themselves, and would aid them greatly: the advantage it brought them would also be shared by all. Estates worth 150,000*fl.* will then not be purchasable for 70,000*fl.*, as is now the case.

Many a landed proprietor pays now more than he ought, owing to the imperfect manner in which the surveys have hitherto been made. Such a territorial survey or *cadastre* is everywhere looked on as of inestimable importance, and, notwithstanding the great cost, governments go on with the work, from year to year, till it is completed. The French *cadastre*, begun effectually in 1802, cost about 8¾*d.* per acre, or £120,000 a year.* How various and wide-spreading the advantages which such a survey brings, may be seen by an extract from the evidence brought before the Committee in 1824, when this

* This expense was incurred, owing to the minuteness of the survey.

work was about to be begun for Ireland. The *cadastre* of Savoy and Piedmont began in 1722, and is stated to *have at once afforded the Government the means of apportioning justly all the territorial contributions,* and to have put an end to litigations between individuals, by ascertaining satisfactorily the bounds of properties."

For the prosperity of Transylvania, railway communication is an imperative necessity: while Hungary has communication with the rest of Europe by water and iron roads, this Land beyond the Forest is without either.* And thus, as we have seen, it is like a field left fallow, although so fertile, as to repay abundantly the slightest amount of toil. Its wine is unknown, its corn remains unsold, the mineral wealth it possesses is imperfectly turned to account. The province is almost ignored by the rest of Europe,† from which, by its remoteness and its position, it is shut out and separated. This want of communication is the reason why, at short distances, the price of produce differs so greatly; why, in one part of the monarchy a people dies of hunger, while the neighbouring sister province has her granaries bursting with superfluity. Railways would not only enable Transylvania to export her produce, which before long could be more than doubled, but they would bring in their train a multitude of advantages, quite as important as the direct gain. For, besides developing resources as yet unemployed, and calling forth new branches of industry, they would act as

* All the rivers of Transylvania run *out* of the country; there is no stream, as is in Hungary, flowing *into* it, bringing wares and people from elsewhere, and forming a great highway *through* the province.

† How little communication takes place in the province, or from without, is best seen by the number of letters sent by post. Except Dalmatia, Transylvania could show the smallest number of letters *of any province in the whole empire.* The number in one year was 1,334,536; Croatia had nearly twice as many in the same year.

a civilizing power on the uncultivated people that form so large a part of the population. In this regard, they would in a few years effect more than, without them, would be accomplished in half a century; and, as has already been shown, their progress is a gain to the empire. Nor would the introduction of railways be without an influence on the system of husbandry; for it is quite certain that in a country merely agricultural, agriculture never improves or progresses as it ought to do. It is only when trade—home and foreign—and manufactories give the stimulus, that it does so and becomes an art.*

On the railway question, as on every other, national rivalry manifested itself at once. The Hungarians were desirous that the new line should enter the province by Klausenburg (Hungarian), which would have given this town great additional importance, and—unless the seat of Government had been removed thither—have had the effect of rendering Hermannstadt (Saxon) a second-rate town. From Klausenburg the line was to have gone to Tovis, Karlsberg, and Kronstadt, the eventual terminus being Galatz. The Government line was intended to join the great European railways at Arad, and thence go to Hermannstadt, leaving Transylvania by the Rothen Thurm Pass, where it would meet the Turkish line to Bucharest

* "Farming is an art" ('Times,' Aug. 24, 1864). Many possibly read these words when they appeared, and little heeded their importance. But there is hardly anything that would ensure greater and more beneficial results than the inculcation of the truth they express. It is owing to the non-recognition of the fact, that we still go on in our empirical manner, at great cost buying experience. We shall only begin to make progress in our system of agriculture, and to profit of the revelations that science has furnished us, when we believe in the really important, but little-heeded truth, that "Farming is an ART," and that, in order to learn it, "great training is necessary." The man who wrote those words is far in advance of his time.

and Kustende. Thus, Transylvania, with the exception of Hermannstadt and its neighbourhood, would have benefited little, as the line left the land almost as soon as it entered it. The Grosswardein, Klausenburg-Kronstadt route, had the great advantage of traversing the whole province, which would go far to compensate for the costliness of the undertaking, owing to the difficulties of the route. If assistance were to be rendered to Transylvania, therefore, this line seemed the one best adapted for doing so. Seeing the impossibility of benefit to the province by the Arad-Hermannstadt line, which was a European railway rather than a Transylvanian one, I became a warm partisan for the one through Klausenburg, in spite of the heavy expense of construction. But later, I learned that it was by no means intended that the Arad line should go no further inland than to Hermannstadt. A branch was to go to Karlsburg and Klausenburg, and, as soon as practicable, other lines were to join the northern and midland towns with Kronstadt;* thus, many advantages which the Klausenburg line presented, were obtained also by the other, and at a much less cost. The sections here given show the proposal of each party.† From a strategic point of view, the military authorities give the preference to the Klausenburg line; the Government, however, though in favour of the Hermannstadt line, will give its consent to either, as soon as a body of capitalists come

* One, also, from Piski into the Syl Valley, for coal, where there are absolutely inexhaustible beds of this mineral. Von Hauer calculates the quantity to be, "at the very least," 10,000,000,000 cwt.; in quality it belongs "to the best coals of the tertiary formation yet known." Its specific weight is 1·326; it gives 60 per cent. coke. An analysis gave as result in 100 parts:—75·0° carbon; 5·0 hydrogen; 8·8 oxygen; 1·2 nitrogen; 0·5 sulphur; 9·5 ashes. 100 parts (according to weight) of the coal were found to be equivalent, for heating purposes, to 190 of dry beechwood fuel.

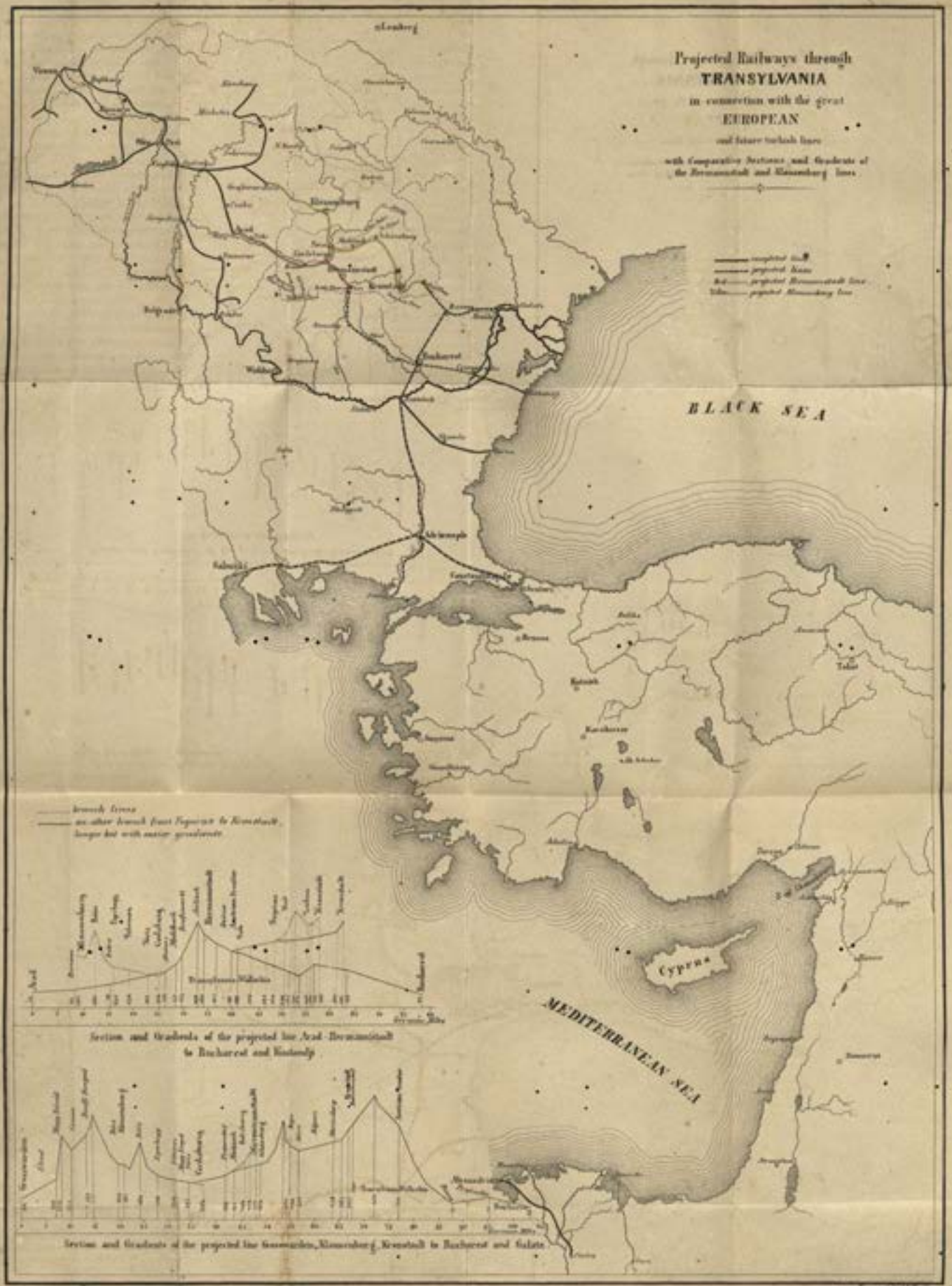
† See Map, page 604.

forward to set about the undertaking. Whoever presents himself with sufficient guarantees, can at once take up which line he likes. Moreover, it is the intention of the committee appointed to report on the matter, to propose to Government to guarantee a certain amount of interest (5 per cent. probably) to the shareholders, and even to those of both lines, should they be undertaken. Indeed, the Government has already expressed its opinion that "the result of the preliminary investigations is, that if the interests of the province are to be fully provided for, the line Grosswardein-Klausenburg as well as Arad-Karlsburg should be built, making Karlsburg the point where the different branch lines, forming part of the network of railways in Transylvania, are to diverge." But the rivalry of the two towns, and the two nationalities, contrived to fling impediments in the way of both.

The interest which these schemes must have for us is self-evident: the contemplated lines stretch forward to meet those railways running from our Indian Presidencies toward the west. I believe I am not mistaken in asserting that, when the road through Transylvania, Wallachia, and Turkey, which will unite London, Vienna, Constantinople, and Salonica, shall be accomplished, fourteen days will suffice to bring us news from India.*

What a prospect, too, is opened before us of future prosperity for Transylvania, by the accomplishment of such plans! We have seen the field, which is lying fallow, awaiting only the arrival of the man with brains and money to make it yield the richest harvests. In every direction are opportunities for commercial undertakings, each one bearing in itself the conditions necessary to suc-

* Now, too, that we have no longer the Ionian Islands, with a station and coal depôt at Corfu, the route by Trieste is, in some measure, of less importance to us.


Projected Railways through
TRANSYLVANIA
in connection with the great
EUROPEAN
and future turkish lines
with Comparative Sections and Gradients of the Kronstadt and Klausenburg lines
BLACK SEA
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Cyprus
Section and Gradients of the projected line Arad-Klausenburg to Bucharest and Kustendje
Section and Gradients of the projected line Szamosfalva, Klausenburg, Kronstadt to Bucharest and Galatz

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cess. As soon as an iron road joins the province, on one hand, with Western Europe, and with Turkey, the Levant, and the vast East, on the other, the propitious combinations become so manifold, that evident as the result must be, one is almost inclined to believe that Fancy is here playing a part and throwing a brilliancy over the contemplated picture. But it is not so; and sober reasoning, incredulous at first, is forced to own that the colouring is real.

To Transylvania, the existence of railway communication with the rest of Europe is of such vital importance, that any line, no matter which, would, one might think, have been eagerly accepted.* The Hungarians, however, were so determined on the Klausenburg line, that every nerve was strained to have it carried out. An important step was to delay a decision being come to on the Hermannstadt line, and this they effected; indeed, the energy and activity of the Magyar, on national or political questions, are not to be surpassed. He has, too, what has been called "the faculty of will," in a pre-eminent degree, —a power to enforce his views and carry others along with him, even against their will and conviction. In the present case this influence made itself felt; the whole matter was brought to a dead stop. I have been told that, but for this opposition and agitation in favour of the Klausenburg line, the one from Arad would already have been begun.† In the map here given, the countries adjoining Transylvania and Turkey are introduced; so that a glance

* While, in the centre of Transylvania, maize costs 1 *fl.* 20 *kr.* per metzen, it was selling at Arad, only thirty German miles off, for 3 *fl.* But the producer could not transport it thither, the expense being too great.

† My authority is one of the members of the commission appointed to examine into the feasibility of the different lines. In a military point of view, he was decidedly in favour of the Klausenburg route, and against the other.

is sufficient, to comprehend, at once, the bearings of these important works.

On the German railways, the goods tariff diminishes according to distance; and a great saving can be effected by taking a whole truck or van and sending it on without unloading from (say) Grosswardein to Rotterdam. A fortnight is allowed for its return. By this arrangement, the transmission of goods, per rail, costs less than the water-carriage, and is of course very much quicker.

The cost of carriage, by rail, from Grosswardein to Rotterdam per cwt.—supposing not less than 200 cwt. to be transmitted at once—is 4*fl.* 3*kr.* or 6*s.* 9*d.*

From Pesth to Rotterdam, by water, the cost per cwt. is 2*fl.* 52*kr.*; added to which, the transport from Grosswardein to Pesth, 1*fl.* 40*kr.*, the whole amount would be 4*fl.* 32*kr.*, or 7*s.* 7*d.*, being tenpence more than the cost of transmission by rail the whole distance.

No permanent elevation of a people can be effected without commerce; and Austria is aware that her sole hope lies in opening up her commerce and endowing it with life. Though, as usual, all goes on slowly, Government has shown a laudable anxiety in furthering whatever might lead to the deserved end. The 'Pro-Memoria,' on the railway question, gives fullest evidence on this point, as well as on the perfect impartiality with which the investigations were conducted. It is very possible that this or that deputed officer may have felt a partiality to this or that party, or have been won over to one side or the other, but I speak of "the Government" as a collective body; and the offers it made show that nationality feeling was put aside, and that it was quite ready to give way

* The length of the lines is given in German miles, the height of the gradients in fathoms. The line from Varna to Rustchuk is not quite finished, but will be completed in the spring of 1866.

as soon as the successful execution of either plan should be assured. My own opinion is, that Government exercised far too little pressure; and that instead of keeping aloof, for fear of seeming to influence unduly, and thus let the two parties wrangle on for years, it would have been wiser to use its authority, and acting as umpire, have settled the question at once; but the Government of to-day suffers for the sins of its predecessors, and, owing to the bad name which Austria had hitherto, it avoids all interference, lest there be again a talk of tyranny and unconstitutionalism. It is this circumstance which makes the task of the men who have to direct the affairs of the empire so very arduous; they must atone for faults they have not committed, and root out evils almost immovable, so old is their existence, and so tenacious their hold. The truth is, an old fabric going to rack and ruin, has caused an accumulation of *débris;* out of this overwhelming rubbish-heap, the minister has to grope and struggle upwards and force his painful way. And this fact must never be lost sight of when judging Austrian affairs, if we wish to do so fairly and come to right conclusions.

There is one thing more that can no longer be delayed, —the settlement of the boundary question in Naszod; this *must* be decided. The mere act of decision would work good, for it would give reliance to the one party, and show the other that authority was henceforward to be respected.

These, then, are the first necessities for the province; until they have been attended to, all measures in aid of Transylvania will remain without result.

Although not to be classed in the same category as the preceding necessities, there is one want too important to be passed over in silence,—that of medical aid in the

different villages. It is not only a great hardship that the peasant must often sink into his grave for want of help, but there is another evil attending the total absence of physicians in places not in the neighbourhood of towns. Certain contagious diseases prevail in many parts, and as there is no one at hand to give a remedy, they continue to rage through a whole village with all their fearful consequences. In Germany, there are official medical men, short distances apart, all over the country; and there is no reason why a similar arrangement should not be made here. I have seen the sick driven for miles into town on a sledge, in winter, to consult the doctor; and as the peasant always waits as long as possible before he seeks the help of science, the state these poor wretches were in was really pitiable. But for want of help near at hand, the patient had to rise from his bed, endure the fatigue of a long journey and exposure to winter cold; the very act of seeking medical aid was therefore, in his advanced stage of illness, sufficient to kill him.

THE FRANCHISE.

The representation of the province, as well as the census, needs revision; the latter is too low. Whoever pays 8*fl.* direct taxation (that is to say, ground rent, income-tax, house-tax, poll-tax), is an elector. Here, too, the election is conducted as in England. Each man records his vote, and the candidate who has the majority is chosen; but elsewhere, throughout the Empire, except in Hungary, where it is the same as in Transylvania, the voters choose "electors"—the men in whom they have most confidence, and these elect the representative for the district or the borough.

The former plan, the direct election, gives greater power to the multitude. It is not without good reason, that a too low census has been always opposed in England. The meaning of a census at all is to ensure ourselves, as much as human precaution can do, against the overwhelming power of those who have nothing to lose, and who, from their social position, may be supposed too ignorant to choose wisely. Now, let us see the class to whom the census in Transylvania gives a preponderating influence. A Jew pays 6*fl.* 30*kr.* poll-tax, a Christian 4*fl.* 30*kr.*; if he pay 50*kr.* house-tax, which is the least sum possible, there remains only 1*fl.* 20*kr.* to make up the necessary sum. Suppose this be paid as income-tax: if we subtract the "Zuschlag," or extra tax, before mentioned, the sum would represent a most insignificant income; yet its possessor has a vote. In Switzerland the voter must have property worth 200 francs, a sum which, at 5 per cent., produces 4*fl.* 20*kr.* interest. Thus, the census here is lower than in the freest states. When the preponderating part of the population is so little advanced in culture, such a liberal franchise works rather harm than good. There are more than 15,000 electors in the province. Many readers will hardly believe that this can exist under "tyrannous" Austrian rule.

TAXATION.

A department in which reform is a crying necessity, is the taxation of the province; it is badly distributed, and is thus more onerous than it need or would otherwise be; it is, too, so complicated an affair, that the mere difficulty of understanding it makes it a grievance. Indeed, no one understands it, even those, part of whose business it

is to do so; for in addition to every principal tax, there is besides a "Zuschlag," or extra rate, levied; and this addition is, in some cases, equal to or more than the tax itself. This is raised to pay off certain expenses, such as those incurred by the war, for the commuting of feudal rights, and other burdens weighing on the peasantry.* The following figures will explain this:—

		Florins.
The ground-rent, in 1862, amounted to		1,260,351
But on this sum was levied again	16⅔ per cent. to pay off War Expenses	=210,058
	6 per cent. „ †Landes Steuer	= 75,621
	62½ per cent. „ Commutation	=781,417
		2,327,447

or nearly double the tax itself. The whole of the *direct* taxation amounted, in 1862, to 4,058,617*fl.*, while in 1847 it was only 1,452,168*fl.* At that time, however, the nobles and the clergy were free from all imposts,

* Generally, in revolutions, old privileges are got rid of with the rotten fabric which is pulled down, and no one thinks of indemnifying the losers. Here, however, it is otherwise: Austria, over-anxious to avoid anything like arbitrariness or illegality, has done as we did, when the emancipation of all slaves on English ground was proclaimed. She made good all the losses incurred, and, by doing so, has bound a millstone round her neck. I am not aware if the possessors of collieries, in Scotland, received any indemnity when the colliers and coal-bearers were manumitted by the Act of 1775, but I suspect not; yet these men were in exactly the same position, with regard to the possessors of the collieries, as the peasant in Transylvania, to the lord of the manor on whose estate he was born. It will, no doubt, startle many a reader to learn what was the position of these workers, in the pits, up to the year 1799; and this, on British ground—in our own island of Britain. "Whereas," says the preamble to the Act of 1775, "by the statute law of Scotland, as explained by the judges of the courts of law there, many colliers and coal-bearers and salters, are in a state of *slavery or bondage*, bound to the collieries or salt-works, where they work *for life, transferable with the collieries and salt-works;* and whereas," etc. etc.

In the preamble to the Act of 1790, it is said that as "many colliers and coal-bearers still continue in a state of bondage," etc. etc. At the time all the men working in the collieries *were born slaves*, and remained so till the Act of Parliament set them free.

† Current expenses of the province.

but still the difference is sufficiently great to make it intelligible that the additional burdens should be severely felt; especially as since then there is no proportionate improvement in the position or condition of the province and its inhabitants. No one can tell what he has to pay without long seeking in his books, and even then he knows about as much as he did before. In order to learn something of the system, I had the books* of an estate brought me by the land-steward. After examining them, I asked for an explanation of something; he looked, and tried to make it out, but the attempt ended by his saying, "I do not understand it either." Certain sums were marked which he had to pay, but how some of them were made out he could not tell; nor was I surprised at this, when I saw the complication.

The illiterate peasant is still less able to comprehend all the items and additions. Every one pays what he finds put down, without attempting to remonstrate or to find out why the sum is levied, or if it be correct or not. If incorrect, he knows it will cost him more time and trouble than the sum is worth to have it remedied,—should he claim the money he had paid too much, he may get it back, perhaps, in six or twelve months; there is no disinclination to give redress, but it takes time for the officers of finance to make out what is wrong. I know a case of taxes being levied twice, when an execution was put into the house because they were refused; there was no intention of extortion, but the system and its working was so bad it led to the mistake. Again, when the receipt had been shown for moneys paid, they still were levied again, because the officer had been ordered to do so, and he must obey. They were refunded later,

* Each person gets a book, like that given in England to a depositor in a savings-bank.

when the circumlocution office had gone through its routine.*

The taxation, too, is not equal: owing to the ignorance of those who had to decide on the worth of the land, the valuation was often wrong; thus, at the Saxon village it was too high. The German, always inclined to submit to authority, has not remonstrated, and so goes on paying more than he really ought.† I once asked a Saxon about the state of things, and especially about the capability of the population to meet the taxes. "Longer than ten years," he said, "we shall not be able to bear it; as long as we can, we shall pay."—"And what then?" —"Das weiss ich nicht." ("I don't know what then.")

Revolutions are expensive things. A tradesman at Szamos Ujvár, who, before 1848, paid 27*fl.* taxes, gave now 200*fl.*‡ The rise in all the imposts is immense, and yet in the means of gaining money, of selling produce, of trading with other countries, all has remained as it was; and in the north of the province the inhabitants are especially badly off in this respect. In the south they are near Moldavia, and have an opportunity of selling; the railway, therefore, about which there is such long discussion, and which never becomes a reality, is for the north a question of existence or of death.

Then, too, a great part of the money raised by taxation goes out of the province; it does not merely change hands, which would be no evil, but the circulation is diminished by the constant drain which is going on. Of

* In one case 200*fl.* were sent back after several years, when the error had been discovered.

† I was told of cases, where the tax for the commutation of the burdens on land (*Grund Entlastungs Steuer*) was paid by individuals who are not yet free, and who have, gradually, to work out their own manumission.

‡ The town of S. Régen, before 1848, paid 8000*fl.*; now, with the direct and indirect taxes, 150,000*fl.*

the nine millions taxes levied in Transylvania, it has been computed that four remain in, and five leave the province; if so, impoverishment is a natural consequence.

I have been told by competent authorities, that if we calculate what the peasant was formerly obliged to give in kind, tithes to the clergyman, corn, hay, and straw for the military, at a mere nominal price, besides contributions to certain foundations, as at Klausenburg, delivering them there also, though so far off—when, I say, we take account of these imposts from which he now is freed, it is a query whether he does not pay less at present than formerly; but the great burden is that the payment must be made in cash, and he has none.*

Now, whether the taxation be light or too heavy, the grievance is that nothing is done for the land to facilitate its payment. Heavy imposts can be borne, and borne willingly, where a means is given, as we say, "of making money;" matters thus are equalized, but it is not so here. In England we can bear the burdens we do, because of the many indirect advantages possessed; no more striking evidence of this can be given than the positive assertion of Stephenson, that the railways *make up for the burden of the national debt.*

The landed proprietor, who has a large amount of taxes to pay, has no money either;† his barns and cellars are full —so full that their contents are in his way,—but he cannot convert what they hold into money; he is willing to give

* This dearth of money, also, prevents the peasant from averting coming evil. By a letter, received from Transylvania, in January, 1856, I learn that the maize crop will fail, and the Roumains have little or none. They see famine coming, and though corn is cheap at the moment, they cannot prepare against the approaching calamity, having no means of purchasing.

† "There are not five hundred persons in Transylvania who do not entrench on their capital in order to live; even 'rich' men do so." Words of —— on talking to me of these matters.

25 per cent. interest for a loan, but even at this exorbitant rate he is unable to obtain it.

Owing to the scantiness of the population, the wages of labourers, when they are to be had, is high—nearly double what is paid in Bohemia: there an agricultural day labourer gets 27–30*kr.* a day, without food; in Transylvania, 40–50*kr.* is paid, and three meals during the day. Moreover, the Wallack is a bad hired servant; you cannot depend on him for a continuance, as he ceases to work directly he has enough for the morrow: yet here wheat costs 3*fl.* per metzen (=40 maass, or quarts),—in Bohemia and Austria proper, 8*fl.* Notwithstanding these differences, the tax on land is the same in both provicences.

All the beet-root sugar factories in the province have been obliged to stop working, owing to the heavy tax imposed upon them, making the undertaking a losing instead of a profitable one. It would, probably, not have been too high,—for elsewhere,* in Moravia, etc., they thrive and are found lucrative,—if better means of transport had been furnished, so as to open a market to the producer; but a tax that in one province is not burdensome, becomes oppressive in another, where the proprietor is cut off from turning his property to account.

There are four towns in Transylvania where a higher poll-tax is levied than elsewhere; one example, of many, of the complications of the system. (The poll-tax, in 1862, brought in 1,153,516*fl.*).

On one occasion, having made an excursion with a gentleman to a neighbouring estate, the conversation turned on the taxation of land, and of taxation generally; he observed that he had to pay poll-tax on every one of

* There are 125 beet-root sugar factories in Austria; some, to my knowledge, thrive well.

his small farms, scattered in different parts of the land, though he, after all, had only one head. I urged him to inquire into the matter, and to learn if this repeated levy were authorized. On asking later the result of his appeal, he told me that the procedure had been sanctioned; for the tax was a "Personal Steuer" (a "personal tax"), and, accordingly, on every farm he had to pay for his personality. It does seem strange that the individual should be called upon to pay for his individuality twenty times over; but what is stranger is that a man, like the acquaintance in question, should for years have been paying a tax under one denomination, and at last discover it to be another than he thought. It shows, however, the confusion existing in the whole system of taxation; for the gentleman here mentioned not only manages his own estates, and examines every detail, but is also one who takes an active and leading part in all political questions, and who may therefore be supposed to be well acquainted, as in reality he is, with all such matters.

There is another evil attending the burdens of taxation: the Government is brought into direct collision with the people, and that, too, in the most painful way; while at the same time it places itself in a most hateful position. The sums imposed must be levied, and when not paid distraining for the amount takes place. The expenses incurred are put to the account of those who can least afford them,—the debtors who are already insolvent; but, as I have said, the hateful position of bailiff, which the Government is obliged to take up, causes enmity and heart-burning,—the wounds thus inflicted by the law being of the most sensitive description. In certain parts you see troops of soldiers entering the villages, and remaining quartered on the inhabitants till the moneys due are paid. It is true, the civil authorities, who always accompany the

men charged with this painful service, are humane, and show as much leniency in the performance of their duties as possible; and as to the soldiery, they—peasants themselves—live with the people on friendly terms; but though their behaviour makes bearable what otherwise would not be so, it does not make the actual burden less, of having to support in your house unbidden guests for days or even weeks. It is, however, true, and this I heard from a Saxon officer whom I met while on his disagreeable duty, and which he certainly executed with all possible consideration and humanity, that many will not pay till pressure is put upon them; then, after a few days' endurance of the extra burdens, they produce the money. Of the 4,058,617*fl.* direct taxation for 1862, there were 1,124,428*fl.* which could not be levied; against 350,849 persons executions were issued, and of 28,658 the goods were distrained, and the estates of seven mortgaged.

The taxation at present is all the more irksome, because it is such a contrast to the state of things formerly, the demands made upon the province being then insignificant; for at no time can it be said that a colonial bondage existed here: it was rather an indifference to, and ignorance as to the wants of, the distant land. This, I should say, arose partly from a monopolizing spirit and a jealousy felt towards the various dependencies, and partly because they excited no interest; the inhabitants being looked on as people in a semi-barbarous state, or at all events greatly inferior to those nearer the seat of government; they were less cared for, because considered less worthy of care. A certain amount of revenue being raised, no thought was taken for improving their condition, and of opening up new and more abundant sources of wealth; indeed, it was long before the Government

turned its attention to the province. Austria had become possessor of a land which, before long, will prove its richest appanage.*

SPIRIT-SHOPS AND JEWS.

I have already spoken of the quantity of spirits consumed in the country,—the corn, for want of markets, being sold to the distillers. In a village in the north of the province, containing nearly 2000 souls, the license for selling spirituous liquor brings in annually 3424*fl.* The quantity consumed is 2000 Transylvanian eimer, or 5000 English gallons, of 18° of strength. If we suppose 400 of the inhabitants to be men, and the rest women and children, this would give 12½ gallons of spirits as the annual consumption of each man. A great evil attending the leasing of these spirit-shops to Jews is the increased number of them who thus settle in every part of the country; their presence might not, at first sight, seem to bear upon the question of spirit-drinking, but it does. It is in close connection with it. "When a Jew settles in a village," said a Protestant clergyman to me one day, when speaking on this subject, "you may be quite sure that the demoralization of the population will soon follow." This opinion only confirmed what I had been told many years before regarding the Jews in Bohemia, and especially in Gallicia. Careful observers in those two provinces had expressed the same opinion. There, too, the small

* Formerly, the value of commerce to a country was not appreciated, its importance not understood; had it been, the ministers of Austria, in the time of the great Eugene, would have seen the wisdom of his counsel, and, giving up Naples, have directed all the strength of the empire against the Osmanlee. Thus he would have been driven back further and further, and Austrian territory might now, not improbably, extend all along the Danube, until the shores of the Black Sea.

public-houses are leased wholly by Jews; they give credit, with interest, for the gin the peasant has not the ready money to pay for,—thus putting it always within his reach. Unable to resist temptation, he gets more and more involved, till at last the inexorable usurious creditor seizes on his goods, his cattle, and his estate. In the two provinces named above, the Jew publican, or he at the huckster's shop, literally holds the whole village in his grasp; it is his interest that it should be so, nor does he rest till this desired state of dependence has been brought about. He knows that once within his net there is no escape, and that each day makes the victim more surely his.

Beside this, the presence of the Jew in country places is harmful, because he is the general receiver of stolen goods. Thus the thief knows he is always sure of turning his plunder to account; for the wide-spread connections of the Jew enable him to find a good market, in towns far off. Not long ago, a collection of pictures was offered for sale in Klausenburg, which there was every reason to suppose had been obtained in this way from Poland.

DOTATION OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

The Academy in Vienna receives a dotation from the state; in 1859, it amounted to 146,650*fl.*, in 1860, 87,212*fl.* No scientific or literary society in Transylvania, that I am aware of, is assisted by Government: the province, however, contributes its share to the moneys for endowing such establishments in Austria proper. If a small sum were appropriated to Transylvania, it would bear good interest, not only in the assistance it would

render, but on account of the good feeling that such an act would call forth. The Transylvanian Archæological Society (*Verein für Siebenbürgische Landeskunde*) well deserves a grant from Government; what it has already done may vie with the labours of any similar society of Europe, and were a small yearly revenue assured it,—say only 500 *fl.*,—still more might be accomplished. I have no doubt that had the society funds, various monuments, now falling to decay, would have been preserved.

I have already spoken of the Polytechnic School the Klausenburgers are so desirous to have. Their demand is well founded, and in this case too Government might come forward, and render assistance in carrying out the plan.

WINE.

I. THE WINE TRADE.

At page 181, allusion was made to the peculiar qualities of the Mediasch wine, and its fittingness for the manufacture of champagne. It was said: "This alone were an undertaking worth thinking of; the continual demand for such wine, and the absence of any neighbouring competition in this special branch, offer the conditions of success."

Since this was written, I have read the report of the Director of the Hochheim Company for the preparation of sparkling Rhine wine; and the balance-sheet presented at the general meeting of the shareholders (April 8, 1865) fully bears out my assertion, as to the profitability of the scheme. The following were some of the statements made on that occasion:—

The results of the last year's business were in every

respect satisfactory. Although the communication with America had been interrupted, owing to the fluctuating standard; there still had been an increase in the sale of wine; especially in England and Russia, the produce was much liked, and in Germany, in spite of the great competition, the sale was increasing. In 1864, were exported 426,886 bottles; in the first three months of the present year (1865) 26,680 bottles *more* were exported than in the same period of the preceding year. The balance sheet showed a clear profit of 154,965*fl.* When various sums had been set aside for certain liabilities, there remained enough to pay the shareholders a dividend of 10 per cent., and to add 8522*fl.* to a reserve fund.

These facts speak for themselves. The mention of Russia, in the report, as being a good purchaser of this sort of wine, tells, too, in favour of the project. In Jassy and Bucharest also a good market would most certainly be found.

II. A HINT.

In order to make Transylvanian wine more known, especially in foreign countries, it would not be a bad plan if the representatives of Austria were recommended to import it for their use. A good wine, drunk at the table of an Ambassador, would soon become known; and thus every dinner given at the Embassy would conduce to this desirable end.

SULPHUR.

In reference to Chapter XX., I would observe that a large English Company has just been formed, for working the sulphur deposits in Sicily; and the calculations made

of the returns show how profitable such a speculation is sure to prove.

TRANSYLVANIA—GEOGRAPHICAL, METEOROLOGICAL, STATISTICAL.

On nearly every side, Transylvania has a natural boundary of mountains. The whole land lies high, even its lowest parts are more than 530 feet above the level of the Adriatic; while the plains of Hungary and Wallachia vary from 100 to 300 feet above the sea. "Thus the high land forms a sort of connecting link between the mountain systems of the central Carpathians, the Alps, the Balkan, and the Caucasus, which surround it; it forms also a point of union for the peculiar animal and vegetable conditions of each of these mountain districts, which, according to as yet unknown laws, incline now in one direction, now in another."

"The mountains which border the country in a semicircle, from the north-east to the south-west, bear the traces of primitive formation, and here Mica-slate especially shows itself in vast proportions: sometimes strata of chlorite slate and limestone are subordinate to it, or occasionally it varies with layers of clayey or siliceous slate, grauwacke, syenite, and very often with calcareous mountains of very considerable extent. The late formations of gradually piled-up stone have been deposited on these primitive mountains, frequently broken by conformations, produced by plutonic activity of our earth, especially in the interior of the land, and on the north-east and western limits, where whole mountains of porphyry and trachyte, as well as subordinate groups of basalt have been formed. These changes modified entirely the former surface of the country, caused the dis-

appearance of that sea which once occupied the whole, leaving behind, however, its saline particles, and many of its organic inhabitants. We find here all the transitions, with their successive sedimentary deposits, from the period when water reigned everywhere to that later one when all was dry; with the different gradations of the most various organic life. All that is found here proves the existence of an extensive sea, of which the surrounding mountains are the shores. The remains of land-plants and animals, found in the later strata of the sedimentary formations, lead me to suppose that a great change has taken place in the climate of Transylvania since the basin was first dried up; unless we suppose that a difference in the organization of those animals which once were here, but now thrive only in the torrid zones.

"On the hills and plains of Transylvania lived formerly many large land mammalia of the tropics, as well as others inhabiting more temperate zones. Elephants, rhinoceroses, the antediluvian bison (*Bos urus priscus*, Schlotth.), several sorts of stag, tapir, and hippopotami; the bones of panthers, bears, and birds of an anterior world, were found in the Almasch cave in the east, and the Dragon's Cave (*Drachen Höhle;* Hungarian, *Hudje ismëilor*), on the western confines towards Hungary, near Bihár. Of birds of an anterior world there are fewer remains. Fishes of an earlier world are the most frequent; these are found in great numbers. Frequent, also, are the remains of amphibious animals, especially of the genus *Saurus*, such as the extinct species *Nothosaurus Brownii* and *mirabilis*, Munst.; *Megalosaurus Bucklandi*, Mant.; *Mastodon saurus Jægeri*, v. Meyer; *Ichthyosaurus communis*, Bronn, from the coarse limestone formation near Porcsesd," etc.*

The highest mountains are 8000 feet high, which is a

* Bielz, 'Fauna der Wirbelthiere Siebenbürgens.'

little below the range of eternal snow. The valleys have a medium height of 1400 feet above the level of the sea; the rivers flow all into the Black Sea, mingling their waters with the Danube, either directly or by an intermediate channel. The principal ones are—1. The Marosch, Saxon Mieresch, Hungarian Maros, Roumain Mureschu, and it has a fall now of 12, now of 16 feet per mile. Rate of flowing, 1·6 foot per second.

2. The Alt; Hungarian and Roumain, Olt. Its fall varies from 22·8 feet to 25·9 feet per mile. Rate of flowing, 2 feet per second.

3. The Great and Little Samosch; Hungarian, Szamos. In some parts the one has a fall of 28·5 feet per mile, the other, in certain parts, one of 43 feet per mile.

4. The Aranyos has a fall of 14 feet per mile.

5. The Great and Little Kokel; Hungarian, Kükülo; Roumain, Tirnava; besides some lesser waters.

The chain of mountains along the southern frontier keep off the warm winds that come from that direction; the high level of the province, as well as the abundance of wood, and the great moisture caused by this, all tends to make the temperature lower than, from the geographical position of the land,* it otherwise would be.

Autumn is most equable in temperature, and most pleasant of the seasons; it is long and warm, and it frequently happens that there is no frost before December. Spring is seldom favourable, the cold lasting sometimes till near May, when suddenly an oppressive heat begins. As the mountains are then still covered with snow, the mornings are very cool, and the barometer on the same day may vary from 8° to 14° Réaumur.

The difference is considerable, according to situation, and depends much on the direction of the valleys. The

* It is nearly in the same latitude as Milan.

mean warmth of the following places was, Karlsburg, 8·253°; Schässburg, 7·930°; Hermannstadt, 7·790°; Klausenburg, 7·175°. As regards the seasons, the mean temperature was—

	Klausenburg.	Hermannstadt.	Karlsburg.	Schässburg.
Winter . .	− 2·440°	− 1·760°	− 1·820°	− 0·525°
Spring . .	+ 7·156°	+ 7·923°	+ 8·135°	+ 7·455°
Summer .	+15·308°	+16·195°	+16·281°	+14·794°
Autumn .	+ 9·089°	+ 8·357°	+ 9·706°	+ 9·281°

The latest official returns enable me to give the following statistics:—The arable land in the province amounted to 2,161,345 joch; vineyards, 46,989; meadows, gardens, 1,575,635; pasture, 913,775; forest, 3,563,511; marsh, 4037. Number of cattle, 75,299,312. Value of landed property, 215,607,312 florins.

Bielz computes the native population of Transylvania at 2,062,379 souls; of these

1,227,276 are Roumains.
536,011 Magyars (Hungarians and Szekler*).
192,482 Germans.
78,923 Gipsies.
15,573 Jews.
7,600 Armenians.
3,743 Sclaves.
771 Greeks, Italians, and other nationalities.

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* The Szeklers are the oldest inhabitants in the land; they did not migrate hither with the Hungarians in the ninth century, but are the remains of the Huns of the fourth century, and remained here in the mountains when the rest had left. They are all "noble," and proudly and steadfastly adhere to and uphold their old rights and privileges,—such as right of hunting and of pasture. They had their own judges, and acknowledged the authority of none beside. Like their ancestors, the Huns, they loved fighting, and were the best soldiers that Bem had in his army. They guarded the frontier, and guarded it well, of their own free will; but they would not be compelled to do so; and the very circumstance that Austria, when the Border System was established, obliged them to furnish a contingent of one infantry and two hussar regiments, sufficed to alienate their regard.

Thus, in every 1000 of the population, there would be

596 Roumains.
261 Hungarians.
93 Germans.
38 Gipsies.
7 Jews.
3 Armenians.
2 Sclaves.

Now, if we take as true the assertion of Sir Richard Phillips, that in England "every acre will support a family on vegetable diet, but in flesh and vegetables three acres are required to live in plenty," and compute by it the number of inhabitants that Transylvania might feed, we shall see how disproportionate to the capabilities of the land the number of the population is; although the Englishman would require more meat than the Transylvanian, I will still keep to the three acres named by Sir Richard, as the requisite quantity of land per man.

Arable, pasture, and garden land, together with the vineyards, gives 4,697,744 joch, or 11,744,360 acres.

As the Roumains and the gipsies too, may be considered as the not-meat-eating part of the population, and supposing *all* the others to use flesh food, we should have 969,894 to provide for, "living in plenty on meat and vegetables." If, for each such individual, three acres are necessary, 2,909,682 acres would be required for the support of them all.

This would leave 8,834,678 acres for the bread-eaters. But for them we only want 1,306,199 acres, being an acre per man, so that we have a surplus of 7,528,479 acres, whose produce could support human life.

And even if we suppose that every individual in Transylvania "lives in plenty (according to English notions) on meat and vegetables," and allow him, accordingly, three acres for his support, we should want, even then,

but 6,187,137 acres for the purpose, and there would still be 5,557,223 acres left, whose crops there was no population to consume.

In size, Transylvania ranks third of the Austrian Crown lands. It is one of the least populous in the whole empire; but the above calculation shows how much greater is the number of inhabitants that the land could feed.

Such is the country: here, there is no "elemental war;" it is not subject to hurricanes, and no frequent tempests render vain the labour of the husbandman. Men's passions alone have hitherto done this, in their uncontrolled fury devastating the fair surface of the land. Mountain barriers protect it from destroying winds; and from the rocks where gold and silver are won, no fires burst forth to scathe vegetation with their lava heat. When the green plains and flourishing hamlets have been turned into arid deserts, it was a fiercer fire than that of volcanoes, which swept onward to destroy.

How fertile the province is, how rich in natural products, we have seen. The greatest commercial enterprises might here be undertaken with success. For the man with brains as well as money; for one capable of comprehending capabilities, with large views, and able to look beyond the immediate present, or the close-lying boundary line, Transylvania presents such a field for activity as, perhaps, is not to be found again in the world. For here the sphere of action is in Europe, among civilized people; free from all the difficulties of distance and pains of separation, from the dangers of wild districts, and all the misfortunes which attend the first explorers of a new country. Here, the man of enterprise has not to be the pioneer, but an organizer; he has not to contend with the opposition of nature, or of inimical aborigines; here, on the contrary, both would unite to aid him, and his

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advent would be hailed with gladness and with welcomings.

Transylvanian corn is heavier than Hungarian; it is one of the best sorts in Europe; an English baker tried it, and found it to be so. How good the wine is, and the hemp, how excellent the horses, we already know. But it is in other directions—in fabricating the raw produce—that so much could be achieved: chemical products* might be made, glue, starch, glass, and earthenware (the finer sorts of each), paper, leather (both the common and the finer sorts), good bricks for building; agricultural implements also,† which are every day coming more into use; introduced as they have been by the Hungarian gentlemen,‡ and all of which are now either brought from Pesth or London. There are no cabinet-makers either; and all the better furniture in the houses at Klausenburg is sent from Pesth or Vienna. How abundant coal and iron are has already been said. And, finally, let those who may read this, not forget the words of my Hungarian acquaintance, when speaking of the possibility of men coming to the country with a view to commercial enterprise: "We will do all we possibly can to help them, for it is our interest they should succeed."

* In Saxony there are 117 laboratories, employing 7843 men.

† In Saxony there are 113 machine establishments; value of machinery made, £675,000. In Transylvania, machinery is especially useful, as it economizes human labour, which it is difficult to get.

‡ On the estate at Gernyeszeg I saw good ploughs, chaff-cutters, clod-breakers, turnip-cutting and turnip-sowing machines, the best harrows, drills, apparatus for steaming food for cattle, threshing machines; and at another friend's farm, besides these, one also for disengaging the grain from maize pods.

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THE END.

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